The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

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Geo. DeWald & Company.

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TOENSING & LUHMANN

Having recently purchased the renovating establishment of Mr. G. Schroeder, at 125 Calhoun street, are pleased to announce that they are well prepared for renovating, cleaning and repairing goods. They invite their friends and the public generally, to give them a call and by their superior quality of work, they will merit patronage.

Toensing & Luhmann.

29 CASES

Of Fall and Winter

WRAPS

Were unpacked by us yesterday, and such delightful

NOVELTIES

FOR AUTUMN WEAR

You never before saw in your life.

There is not a single style out this season that we are unable to show you. There is a decided reaction in favor of Jackets, and we have hundreds upon hundreds of these garments, in Directoire and Rolled Front Styles, both in Double and Single Breasted, 24, 27, 30 and 34 inches long, that we would like to show you.

We can also show you the handsomest line of Jersey and Stockinette Jackets to be seen in the city, and will sell you a better garment for less money than you can buy elsewhere. We also invite you to inspect our line of

Newmarkets, Sacques and Wraps, In Cloths and Plushes.

They are all beauties and the novelties of the season.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

WHO WILL GET IT!

A Boomer Started for General Kneffler of Indiana, for Pension Commissioner--Judge Rea Talks.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 14.—The Grand Army veterans of Indianapolis, have started a boomer for General Fred Knefler, for pension commissioner, to succeed Corporal Tanner, and a petition will be forwarded to Washington at once, urging his appointment. It is generally believed here that he will be given the position unless there are important political reasons for selecting a New York man for the place.

It was said that General Knefler was President Harrison's first choice for commissioner, but that the appointment was not made for political reasons.

JUDGE REA TALKS.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 14.—Judge Rea, ex-commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, said yesterday, in regard to his possible candidacy for commissioner of pensions:

"The office is one requiring no end of hard work and that is something most of us try to avoid. I do not think it need mar a man's political prospects, as it seems to have done in Tanner's case, but I imagine it is so much time lost in ornerous labor, for which there is little reward except the salary. However, I do not imagine that the appointment will even be tendered, so there is not much to fear from it. I do not know whether I would want the office or not."

THE CORPORAL IS MAD.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 14.—A personal friend of Corporal Tanner received yesterday a letter from the ex-commissioner of pensions.

He says that the president sent Marshal Dan Ransdell to him with authority that, inasmuch as an investigation of the pension office had shown that several thousand more pensions had been granted by Tanner than during the corresponding period of Commissioner Black's administration, he considered that the pension office had been mismanaged, and that success to President Harrison's administration demanded the immediate retirement of Tanner.

The corporal writes that, as a solace for his injured feelings, he was tendered the office of United States marshal at Brooklyn, but he says that under no circumstances would he accept such a compromise. The letter is full of bitterness and speaks in harsh terms of Secretary Noble and General Bussey.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—At 9:30 this morning Major Warner, of Missouri, called on the secretary of the interior and shortly before 10 o'clock they went together to the executive mansion by appointment to discuss with the president the possibility of Major Warner succeeding Mr. Tanner as commissioner of pensions.

SULLIVAN COMING WEST.

He Will Give Sparring Exhibitions in the Principal Cities.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—John L. Sullivan has perfected all arrangements to leave the city and will start for Boston this afternoon with his father. He will remain in that city until Wednesday night, when he will return to New York to complete the details for the sparring exhibition he intends to give in Brooklyn a week from next Monday.

In the latter part of the month he will go west as far as Denver giving exhibitions in all the principal cities on the route. It has been decided that Muldoon will run a show of his own and in the future Sullivan says he will look after his own interests. What the reason for this rupture between himself and Muldoon is, the big fellow refuses to state.

GREAT STRIKE ENDED.

The Last Obstacle to a Settlement of the London Strike Removed.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—The master lightermen have conceded the points submitted to them on behalf of their employes, and the last obstacle in the way of a general resumption of business is removed and the great strike ended. The men will return to work Monday.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 14.—At a conference of workmen and a committee of manufacturers which lasted from yesterday afternoon until early this morning the strike of the western window plate glass workers was practically settled. The manufacturers conceded the five per cent. advance demanded by the employes. Five thousand men are affected.

GOES TO DEER PARK.

He Wants to Think Over the Pension Commissionership.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—The president to-day appointed Charles S. Johnson United States district attorney for Alaska. He concluded not to tackle the pension commissioner appointment at present, and left for Deer Park at 11:30 [illegible]

THE SABBATH OF THE LORD.

It is a Day of Rest and Religious Worship and They Who Spend It Thus are the Happiest.

Pastor Northrop occupies his pulpit in the church lecture room to-morrow.

No services at Trinity Lutheran church to-morrow. Sunday school at 9:30.

Christian church, corner Griffith and Jefferson streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. by Pastor Sims. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.,

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. M. L. Reynold will officiate.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, pastor. Services to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. All invited. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector. Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m.

Remember the regular meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion at W. C. T. U. headquarters on Harrison street. Be there promptly at 3:30 o'clock and bring your children.

Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets, to-morrow.—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited. D. D. Speicher, pastor.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will hold a gospel temperance meeting at the Church of God, corner of Hoagland and DeWald street, Sunday evening. A cordial welcome extended to all.

Preaching at the Third Presbyterian church, Sabbath, at 10:30 a. m., in the lecture room entrance on Holman street. No evening service. Sunday school at 2 p. m. in the lecture room.

Berry street M. E. church, corner West Berry and Harrison streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. Daniel Markey will preach in the morning. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Rev. J. L. Leeper, of the Second Presbyterian church, has returned and services will be held at the Y. M. C. A. chapel at 10:30 a. m. to-morrow. Sunday school at 12:00 m. No evening services.

The men's meeting at the rooms of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. will be held at the usual time to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock, standard time. All men are invited. Services close promptly at 4 o'clock.

Usual services to-morrow at the Wayne street Methodist church. Preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young People's Meeting at 7 p. m. All invited.

Rev. Wm. Spray will preach at Nebraska Mission church, Sabbath morning at 10:30, a. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 o'clock, after which Rev. J. L. Lutterall, presiding elder, will preach. No evening service.

Services at the Grace Reformed church at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Topic for the evening service, "Our Boys"—the first of a series of brief talks by the pastor on the subject, "Our Boys and Girls."

Simpson M. E. church, corner Harrison and Dawson streets—Preaching at 10:30, a. m. by the pastor; in the evening by the Rev. H. N. Herrick, president of the Fort Wayne college. Sabbath school at 9:30. All welcome at our services.

The First U. B. church, corner East Lewis and Harmer streets. Communion services in the morning at 10:45. Preaching in the evening at 7:30 by the elder, Rev. J. L. Letrell. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock, standard time. Welcome to all.

St. Paul's M. E. church. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper, at 10:30 a. m., and revival service will be held in the evening conducted by the pastor. At the regular prayer meeting last Thursday evening there was one conversion and four at the altar of prayer. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. A full choir of voices will sing at both services.

MACKIE IN MONTREAL.

Supt. Mackie Reported as Being in Canada, But Nothing Definite Learned.

Information was received over the wire at the Jenney electric light works to-day to the effect that Mr. Robert Mackie, who mysteriously disappeared on his wedding night, had been seen on the streets of Montreal last Thursday.

Mr. Mackie was met, in Montreal by Mr. Kimball, agent of the Jenney company at Montreal, who telegraphed that he met and shook hands with him.

The wedding was to have occurred at Cooperstown, N. Y., on Wednesday evening.

Indianapolis will send six hundred people to attend the dedication of St. Paul Lutheran church to-morrow, and many will come from Peru, Lafayette, Logansport, and other places.

Williamsport Gazette: Mr. [illegible]

HOW IT WORKS.

The Recently Published Small Pox Scare Does an Injury to Our Merchants.

A few weeks ago one of the city papers published a sensational small pox scare and the correspondents of the metropolitan papers sent it broadcast over the land. It has had its effect.

This morning the Anthony Wayne manufacturing company received a letter from Mrs. F. M. Wilkinson, one of their customers at Nashville, Tenn., inquiring about the matter, and saying that if there was any truth in it she wanted the large order which had been sent in for goods from the establishment some time before, countermanded.

The secretary wrote their customer at Nashville that there was no truth in the report. Thus do these sensational reports do injury to our city and the business of our manufacturers and business men.

LOWER PASSENGER FARES.

The Pennsylvania is Thinking of Reducing Its Rates--News From the Busy Centers.

Pennsylvania officials are inclined to think the long troublesome question of Chicago rates is permanently settled. The issuance of mileage books, which shall be transferable, will avoid the temptation to defraud the roads which heretofore has always been with the purchasers. The increase of the price of thousand-mile books from $20 to $25 and the reduction of single trip regular fares will have such a slight margin between the two for the operations of scalpers that the railways do not fear them.

This is regarded as an important step toward a general reduction of passenger rates in the central states. In speaking of it this morning, Assistant General Passenger Agent Dering, of the Pennsylvania lines, said the time is undoubtedly coming when all passenger rates will be reduced. "There will be no need of legislation to bring about the reduction either," he said. "Just as soon as the railway companies can afford to lower fares, they will do so voluntarily. As the population and the per cent. of travel increases, the rate at which people can be carried decreases. The Pennsylvania company is now seriously considering a reduction all over its system in the rate per mile of 10 to 20 per cent., or whatever the business done warrants. The tendency everywhere in passenger rates is downward."

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

Next Tuesday is Pittsburg pay day.

The Wabash pay car will be in the city next Thursday.

James Quinn and A. Haverly, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, are off duty on account of repairs to the furnace.

One of the employes at the Bass works wants to know who the fellow is that lost his pants the other day. There is considerable of a joke about it.

Stationmaster E. T. DeLapp, of the Lake Shore Fort Wayne branch, at Auburn, was married on the 28th ult., to Miss Emma Ashley, of that place.

John MacKenzie, superintendent of motive power of the Nickel Plate, is on a tour of inspection of his department west. He gave the works here, yesterday, his personal inspection.

It is thought that at the next meeting of the directors of the Pennsylvania railroad company, J. N. McCullough, first vice-president of the Pennsylvania company, will be elected the successor of William Thaw as director of the parent line.

Assistant Ticket Agent Orin Ross, of the Pittsburg, telegraphed this morning from Petoskey, where he is spending his vacation, to his brother John E, "I ship you a big string of fish. Look out for them." Ora is having a magnificent time up north.

Nearly all Indiana roads will show a slight decrease in earnings the first week in September as compared with those of the corresponding week last year, but in every case it is for want of care to move the business, the offerings of which are heavy beyond precedent.

James Chamberlain, gatekeeper at the Pittsburg shops, prevented what might have been a serious runaway accident yesterday. A team of horses belonging to Rhinesmith & Simonson became frightened at a locomotive coming out of the yards. Mr. Chamberlain caught them as they were dashing down the street and brought them to a sudden halt.

THE EAST YARDS.

The demand for box cars is great.

The new fast freight train is a hummer.

There are 200 cars in the yard for repairs.

Joe Shay, the messenger, is enjoying a week's vacation.

New cars are being turned out of the east car shops daily.

Engine 227 is a new Jack just turned out of the shops here.

Dudley Poole is building a pretty cottage on Fairfield avenue.

[illegible] Kelland, fifty years, swamp-

as, stopped off here to see the boys on his way home to Pennsylvania. Bill is still as happy as a lark.

We will have a couple of matrimonial items in a few weeks, and they will not be a water Hall either.

Y. Tuckey has been given the work train run and Jim O'Leary has taken his old section again as foreman.

W. L. and Ed Benedict are erecting a cottage on Creighton avenue. What does this mean? Double wedding!

John Kelly, the switchman, is off duty on account of the illness of his boy, who is down with typhoid fever.

A photograph gallery has been established on Horace street. It is claimed that Joe Wells went over to get a counterpart of himself in order to get some pointers on his physiognomy.

Important improvements are still being made in the down town yards. A new cinder pit is being constructed and the entrance to the round house will be changed to a point farther north.

A portion of the business heretofore done in the freight office down town will be transferred to the east yard office and a day and night clerk will also be transferred in consequence.

The delegates to the switchmen's convention are now en route to Columbus, Ohio. The convention opens on Monday, and an immense concourse of people are expected to be present. Governor Foraker will open the assembly. Mr. Ed Morris, of the Wabash, will represent the Fort Wayne union.

A new fast freight train has been inaugurated from New York to Chicago, which is to make the run in from fifty-eight to sixty hours. The train is limited to twenty-five loaded cars and freight of the first, second and third classes. This move will be highly appreciated by shippers, no doubt.

Well, we can scarcely believe yet that Joe Keeler, the freight conductor, is a married man, but nevertheless he has been spliced. We thought Joe was proof against Cupid's darts, but are glad to note that it was his fortune to be subdued. Good luck, old fellow. If you can learn to carve a turkey as well as you are able to get a train out of the yard, you will succeed.

While in the act of searching for some lost memoranda between the trrcks in the yard with the aid of a lamp, Tony Gerard, the yardmaster, met with an experience not becoming to a fellow of his corpulent proportions. A shifting engine coming up from the rear and without any apparent cause for the assault poised Tony on the end of the pilot beam and tossed him some distance and making it necessary that he should cut several figures while en route. However, it is very fortunate that he was not seriously injured and the boys are glad to see him around as usual.

THE KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

About Thirty Sir Knights of This City Will go to the Conclave to be Held at Washington, D. C.

Between twenty-five and thirty members of Fort Wayne Commandery No. 4, K. T., will go to the grand triennial conclave at Washington, D. C., commencing October 8.

The Sir Knights will have special Pullman cars and will be accompanied to the capitol by their ladies.

Knights from some of the surrounding places will meet here and accompany the party from here.

Specimens of the badge to be worn by the Knight Templars of Indiana at the conclave have been received. The badge is of metal, fire gilt, shield-shaped in four parts, one white, one blue, one purple and one black. One part contains the seal of the grand commandery, one the seal of the state, and the other two parts the several crosses of the order, with a Templar's sword running diagonally through it. It is suspended from a bar, which is surmounted by a knight's head.

THE DEATHS.

Twelve Persons Have Bid Farewell to Earth.

The following deaths have been reported at the undertaking establishments for the week ending Sept. 14:

Frank Pfeffer, sixteen days, exhaustion.

Sophia Woebbeking, eighty years, old age.

Catharine Grubel, twenty-eight years, typhoid fever.

Mary E. Daugherty, seventy years, dropsy.

James F. Rockhill, seven weeks, exhaustion.

Augusta Siemon, twenty-eight years, nervous prostration.

Robert W. Johnson, twenty-three years, railroad accident.

Alex. H. Boerger, twenty-two years, rheumatic fever.

Thomas McGrath, seventy-six years, railroad accident.

Wm. W. Irish, twenty-five years, enteric fever.

Vernie Seormahn, one year, cholera infantum.

LAUGHED AT A PLAY

Until She Swallowed Her False Teeth and Died--Killed His Own Brother.

READING, Pa., Sept. 14.—Mrs. Frances Dunsford, while laughing at the play, "The Old Homestead," at the Academy of Music Tuesday night, swallowed two false teeth. She suffered great pain until yesterday afternoont when she died. The false teeth were found in her stomach when the autopsy was performed.

NEW HAMBURG, Ont., Sept. 15.—The boiler in the Hamburg flouring mills exploded this morning, totally wrecking the building and badly damaging several houses in the vicinity.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—A bloody encounter occurred between two brothers in Jersey City just after midnight, in which Morris O'Brien murdered his brother Timothy. The quarrel grew out of trouble over property left them by their dead mother. The murderer is in jail.

MUNCIE, Ind., Sept. 14.—Thursday evening the boiler in Welch's saw mill, twelve miles north of here, exploded, killing instantly one of Mr. Welch's sons. Another son is badly scalded and may die.

SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 14.—A conspiracy of clerks and peddlers organized for the robbery of several principal stores of Scranton has been run down by the police, and nine of the suspected men were arrested yesterday.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Sept. 14.—Jas. A. Bradley, the founder and president of the Law and Order league, has resigned the presidency as the result of the severe criticism showered upon him by some of his prohibition colleagues for advocating a high license law for Asbury Park.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 14.—On Monday morning at 1 o'clock the second tank of the window glass works of Chambers & Mckee, at Jeanette, West Moreland county, will start up and the entire factory will be running.

LEWAS, Del., Sept. 14.—Twenty-nine of the thirty cottages at Point Pleasant have been washed away by the storm and the occupants forced to take the boats to escape.

The towns of Melton and Slaughter's Beach were also partially submerged. The number of lives lost here is variously estimated at from one to four score. The United Press computation of the number of lives lost within a radius of eight miles of Lewes is forty-three. The damage to shipping will be $2,000,000.

FALL RIVER, Sept. 13.—The schooner Wm. O. Snow, went to the bottom of the ocean Tuesday night. Her crew were saved. A barge that came to her rescue went down, and the crew, after much suffering, was saved.

A DISAPPOINTED BRIDE.

Her Lover Commits Suicide on His Wedding Day.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 14.—Thomas Cullinan and Miss Kittie Newman were to have been married on Wednesday at St. Bridget's church. The bride, bridesmaids, priest and spectators were all on hand promptly, but the bridegroom that they waited for never came, and the wedding was put off.

Cullinan and his sweetheart spent Tuesday evening together, and when he went home he left instructions to be called early. Since then he had not been seen until fishermen found his body in the lake this morning. It is supposed to be a case of suicide, but no reason is known. Cullinan has a house furnished and seemed to be looking forward with pleasure to his wedding. Miss Newman is prostrated with grief.

A FRIGHTFUL FALL.

A Lad Falls From a Second Story Window and is Badly Injured.

This afternoon a young son of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight D. Gillet, at 112 East Wayne street, while leaning out of a second story window at his home, fell headlong to the brick walk below.

The child was picked up unconscious and there are symptoms of internal injury.

The little one's life is despaired of.

The Brazil Miners.

BRAZIL, Ind., Sept. 14.—The miners executive committee has decided that the striking block coal miners may resume work for operators who will pay last years scale, but object to signing a yearly scale. This will start the smaller mines. The number of "black legs" in the larger mines is increasing.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—Wheat: September, 77; October, 77¼; December, 78¼@¼; May, 82¼. Corn: September, 33⅜; October, 32⅜; December, 31¼@32; May, 34¼. Oats: September, 19½; October, 19¾@¼; December, 19½; May, 22¼. Pork: September, $10.90; October, $10.90; January, $9.17½. Lard: September, $5.92½; October, $5.90; January, $5.77½. Short ribs: September, $5.00; October, $4.82½@85; January, $4.62½.

ED REED, son of the notorious Belle Starr, who was killed some time since in Indian Territory, has arrived at the Ohio Penitentiary to serve a seven-

MRS. JESSIE BOND.

She Engages With a High Class Opera Company in New York City.

THE SENTINEL recently quoted criticisms from the New York press speaking in high complimentary terms of the talent of Mrs. Hugh McCulloch Bond, nee Jessie Hanna, of this city, as heard at a benefit concert. It was Mrs. Bond's debut, and the manner in which she acquitted herself on that occasion won her a standing in a high standard of opera.

The *Clipper* gives notice of Mrs. Bond's entering upon an engagement with "Aranson's Brigands" opera company, with which she will travel.

AT LIBRARY HALL.

The Grand Fair and Festival Fairly Begun--Notes Caught on the Fly.

The second night of the great Library hall was from a financial point of view a greater success than was the opening.

The booths are fairly loaded down with treasures and contributions continue to come in.

Some of the contests opened up last evening and the voting promises to be lively and interesting. One contest opened last night for a fine road wagon for the most popular man in the shops, the contestants being Charles Hilton, of the Electric Light works; F. W. Dunham, of Olds' Wheel works; Rudolph Densman, of the Bass works; Frank Tyrrell, of the Wabash, and Barney Fitzpatrick, of the Pittsburg.

To-night the famous Mandolin orchestra will render an unusually fine program specially arranged.

Wm. Hubbard drew a basket of flowers.

Michael Clary drew a basket of flowers.

Mr. M. M. M. Slattery's electrical meter and the motor in operation, attracts considerable attention.

There is a letter box for the press.

Officer Jesse Patton acts as watchman.

Miss Kate Sweeney, holding ticket No. 47, drew a basket of natural flowers.

There is a smoking room for gentlemen.

THE BAPTIST FAIR.

The Business Men's Carnival to Close To-night at the Academy of Music.

The first advertising carnival held in the city is the one that opened last night at the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the young ladies of the First Baptist church.

The firms are represented by pretty maidens dressed in unique costumes and decorated in a manner representing the business for which they are detailed. A nice program was given last night and to-night there will be an entire change. THE SENTINEL can not see justice in selecting a few out of the many novel and beautiful costumes last night, so it will not attempt to describe any of them.

A large crowd will no doubt be on hand to-night. There will be good music.

A NEW RELIEF CORPS.

Mrs. James E. Graham, of This City, Institutes an Organization at Maysville.

Mrs. James E. Graham, of this city, was at Maysville, this county, yesterday, where she instituted a Woman's Relief corps.

The new organization is known as David K. Stopher Relief corps No. 86. The officers are as follows:

President—Elmira Hood.
Senior Vice-president—Hester Waite.
Junior Vice-president—Rosetta Traxler.
Chaplain—Sue O'Keefer.
Treasurer—Mary Lake.
Conductor—Miranda Farner.
Guard—Louisa Higgins.
Secretary—Mary Hayes.
Assistant Conductor—Alma Meers.
Assistant Guard—Josie Brown.

There are fifteen charter members.

Fort Wayne College.

The trustees of Fort Wayne college have recently made very marked improvements in the dormitory part of the building by neatly papering and painting the rooms and halls on the second and third floors, and performing such other repairs as seemed most needful. As soon as possible they expect to reroof the main building, make certain needed changes in the internal arrangements of the rooms and put in a good steam-heating apparatus. The indications are favorable for a good attendance at the beginning of the fall term next Monday, the 16th inst.

Prof. G. W. Lahr, a graduate of Fort Wayne college, has accepted the principalship of the commercial department in this institution.

Prof. W. Phillips Winters, B. A., of the Ohio Wesleyan university, and Miss Alice Knause, of DePauw university, are in the city preparatory to entering upon their work next week as teachers in Fort Wayne college.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—[illegible] Rain, slightly warmer; southerly [illegible]

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

GEORGIA has produced another Lulu Hurst, of magnetic fame, in the person of Mrs. Annie Abbott, of Milledgeville, who can lift great weights by simply putting her hands on them. She has lifted five heavy men piled up on a chair at a time by placing her hand on the ears of one of them. She says the feats never tire her, but just before a trial she feels nervous and weary. She sleeps well after throwing strong people about. She must stand on wood and operate with wooden chairs and sticks. When in contact with carpets and iron she can do nothing. Recently, when exhibiting in the South, somebody connected a wire with her body and grounded it, and immediately she was powerless. She is a small, delicate woman, very quiet and modest.

PHILIP A. GREENWOOD, an employee of the Alaska Seal Company tells a reporter of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch how sealskins used to be smuggled. "The miners came to our assistance, and by their aid we succeeded in running hundreds of thousands through the cordon of United States officials at the United States ports. The mode of procedure was to place tightly packed bales of sealskins in the hold of an ore vessel and cover them with old sacks. For the privilege of doing this the Alaska Company, or at least its employees, paid the wages of the crew and the expenses of the vessel. In the early days of mining, when those engaged in working the quartz veins were very inadequately supplied with capital, to be relieved of the expense of transportation was a very important item, and they were more than willing to co-operate with the skin smugglers. On arriving at an American port, generally San Francisco, the papers of the ship would be shown, stating that so and so many tons of sacked ore were on board. Sealskins occupy only a small amount of space and many thousand dollars worth of furs could be carried without perceptibly increasing the bulk of the cargo." This illicit killing has now been stopped, for it threatened to exterminate the seals.

DR. BARNSFATHER, a well-known physician of Cincinnati, who has been for six years a victim of rheumatism, claims to have discovered that this ailment, like so many others, is due to bacilli. Their breeding places, he says, are in decaying vegetation. "Young plants in a room are propagators, and they will come from any place where matters are undergoing decay. The spores from such are carried into the atmosphere by the evaporating of moisture—say the water that is sprinkled on plants—and thence passes into the lungs. The healthy action of the kidneys is destroyed by their presence in the blood. As the kidneys cannot relieve the gathering of the salts, the skin takes up the waste and the profuse acid sweats constitute one of the characteristic phenomena of acute rheumatism. I had always had a great many plants in my house, and after my researches I removed them and took medicine to destroy the bacilli. I have not had a pain since."

A GENUINE blue lobster of good size has been captured at Marshfield, Mass., by Henry P. Taylor. Nothing of the sort has been found before in those waters, although a case was reported some years ago from Long Island sound. Mr. Taylor's lobster is of a pure ultramarine blue of handsome shade. Along the back the color of this singular crustacean is almost as dark as indigo, but at the sides it is as light as a robin's egg, and in the joints of the shell shades away to a delicate cream color. In an ordinary lobster these parts would be shaded in dark and light greens. The claws of the blue lobster are slightly mottled in shades of blue and purple on top and a most delicate cream underneath. Mr. Taylor's lobster car was a centre of interest for the curious. It was caught in an ordinary pot and it differs in no way except in color from other lobsters.

THE will of Edmund C. Billinger, a chaplain in the United States navy, who died recently at the naval hospital in Philadelphia, has been admitted to probate, and is a queer document. He enjoins that no eulogy shall be pronounced over his remains, as he "has seen so much of funerals that has been objectionable and undesirable" that he desires to do all in his power to correct the practice. He adds: "I desire that none of my relatives shall go in mourning for me, and there is to be no head or foot stone at my grave, but rather a rough hewn stone, with no inscription except '1889,' the year of my death, and 'E. C. B.' Let all my poor sermons be committed to the flames, for I feel confident that they will give more light out of the pulpit than they ever gave in it." Chaplain Billinger leaves an estate of $25,000 to his brothers and sisters.

ED CHENEY, one of the best-known traveling salesmen of Ohio, mysteriously disappeared last January. On Feb. 11 Mme. Byan, a clairvoyant of New Albany, Ind., wrote to Mrs. Cheney claiming that the body of Cheney would be found six or seven miles down the river from Ripley and opposite a large building which was in some way connected with a farm. She said that the body would be found by two men and be identified by articles found on it; that it would be some time before it was discovered, because it was being held at the bottom of the river by some foreign object. The clairvoyant declared it was a case of suicide. The body was found as described by the clairvoyant, and she will now sue for the $1,150 reward offered for the recovery of the body.

A WASHINGTON, D. C., dispatch says: The house elevator at the capitol cut up a queer caper the other day, and for a time the elevator man's hair stood on end, with visions of ghosts and witchcraft. As he entered the elevator it started without his aid. He attempted to stop it, but it kept on its way to the top of the building and then refused to come down. He managed to get out and made his way to the engine room. There he found that a muscular tomcat had got into one of the pulley wheels and started the elevator. But, like Samson's destruction of the temple, in performing the wonderful feat the cat sacrificed its own life. From a cat of ordinary length it was stretched until it was nearly a yard long and the last one of its nine lives pulled out by the roots.

ALFRED MCCARTY, of Burdick, a small place west of La Porte, Ind., is the owner of a crazy horse. The animal is not vicious or ugly, but is simply insane. When given hay it will grab a mouthful and hold it in its mouth for half an hour, and in the meantime swing around in a circle, throw one foot out, as if it were dancing, and cut up all sorts of silly capers. When let out of the barn it will walk off a short distance and then gallop back at a terrific rate of speed. If the door is open he will go in, but if shut the animal will dash against it without knowing that an obstruction is in its way. If hitched up it will start to run straight ahead and can neither be turned nor stopped until it becomes completely exhausted.

THE wife of James S. Stokes, of McGhee's Landing, Tenn., was seated with her husband on the veranda, when her youngest child, asleep in the adjoining room, screamed. The mother rushed through a window which she mistook for a door, fell headlong to the ground below, sustaining injuries from which she died in twenty minutes. Mrs. Stokes was formerly Blanche McGhee, a noted Southern belle, who was courted both in this country and Europe by many persons of note for her beauty, accomplishments and wealth. Her father, Miles McGhee, was of Huguenot descent and was the largest slave-owner in Mississippi, if not in the entire South, holding at one time over thirty-five hundred slaves.

ONE of the laziest men in the country is John Curtis, who is serving a three years' sentence in the State prison at Salem, Oregon. Curtis worked in the foundry, and about three months ago took off his boots, on the plea that they hurt him, and then burned his foot so severely that he was laid up. When the burn was healing he put vinegar on it, and aggravated it to prevent its getting well. The prison physician threatened him, and managed to cure the wound. Curtis was set at work again. He worked four days, and then with a hatchet cut off his left hand. It took two blows. One cut through the fleshy part of the hand; the other clean through the wrist joint. He confessed that he did it to avoid work.

A MERCHANT named Leon Santelli, residing at Carupano, Venezuela, has in his possession a giant tortoise. It is called the "morrocoy" by the natives there. The phenomenon weighs sixty-five pounds and is over 100 years old. Ordinarily this species do not weigh more than seven to eight pounds. Its shell is a dense mass of laminated plates and the little children of the owner ride about on it. When it eats anything it shows a preference for bananas or leaves of any sort, but it is not particular, and can beat George Francis Train fasting and give him three months start. A proposal was made to Mr. Santelli to send this "ancient" to the Paris exposition, but this was declined.

ABOUT a month ago a young man named Joe Harpster, of St. Louis, was struck on the back of the head with a pair of brass knuckles by a footpad, knocking him senseless, and for some weeks he lay unconscious. A few days ago he suddenly recovered his senses, but when he did so he could converse intelligently only in the German language. He was born of American parents, who spoke German, and that was the language he first learned. He gave that up, however, and learned English, using it at all times, entirely forgetting his German. Now he can remember nothing of English. Scientists are wrestling with the problem.

AN Indiana Justice of the Peace has just shown that the processes of the courts are no hindrance to business. A saloon-keeper was brought before him for violating the Excise laws. Seeing that there was great public curiosity about the case, the Justice charged 10 cents admission to his office, where the evidence was to be heard. Even the lawyer of the accused had to pay an admission fee. He complained to the courts, and, upon the ground that this payment had been exacted, the accused saloon-keeper was released from prison.

HANNAH PETERSEN'S lover came from Sweden two years ago to win a home for her and settle at Tacoma, Wash. A couple of months ago he sent for Hannah and they were soon to be married. Meantime, to familiarize herself with American housekeeping, the girl entered the service of a Tacoma family, the mistress of which became stricken with typhoid fever. While faithfully nursing her employer Hannah had predicted that the patient would recover and that she, the nurse, would die. The prophecy was fulfilled and Hannah died with the name of her betrothed on her lips.

A NEW ENGLAND manufacturer says that the street musicians are a serious expense to manufacturing companies in country towns. A gypsy girl playing a tambourine recently passed his establishment, and, he says, cost the company about $200. Every employee in the big factory ran to a window, and work was suspended for fully a quarter of an hour. Every circus parade costs them hundreds of dollars, and when a minstrel brass band marches by it costs from $25 to $50.

A PREHISTORIC mound opened near Sparta, in the south of Greece, has yielded the unrifled tomb of some great lady of remote antiquity. Two golden and one silver cup, adorned with cattle, men and trees; a small fish in gold, vases and other articles in bronze, three gold rings, needles of silvered bronze, with amethyst heads, tooth and ear picks are among the spoils. There is a necklace of 90 amethysts and another of 30 sardonyxes and agates. These stones have men, oxen and birds engraved on them.

A PHYSICIAN of Philadelphia has learned that it is prudent to heed a warning given him by his coachman. The physician, Dr. J. C. Guernsey, insisted upon driving a fractious horse and thus disregarded the suggestions of his coachman. The horse ran away and the coachman was thrown out of the carriage, and his skull was fractured and one of his legs was twice broken. Now the coachman sues the doctor, putting his damages at $10,000.

PETER FLYNN, of Red Bank, Penn., is a utilitarian. His dog recently chewed up and swallowed a two-dollar bill. As the dog had no commercial value, he was killed, and the fragments of the bill, including the piece which bore the number, were recovered. The remains of the dog were buried and the remains of the bill were forwarded to the Treasury Department at Washington. A new bill was duly returned to Flynn.

WARREN HUMES, the oldest guide and the most experienced hunter in the Adirondacks, makes an estimate that will be interesting to all sportsmen in the State. He claims that there are today no less than fifty thousand deer and five thousand bears in those regions. Mr. Humes has hunted there for the past forty-five years, and during that time has killed over four thousand deer and more than two hundred bears.

A BUSINESS firm in Chicopee, Mass., offered a prize for the best guess as to the number of marbles in a big boot exhibited in their window. A shoemaker of the town, anxious to win the prize, made a boot, as he thought of the same size, and filled it with marbles. Then he counted the marbles and gave the number as his guess. He was over two thousand out of the way.

THERE seems to be no abatement of the suicidal mania which has of late been prevalent among officers in the German army. The latest case reported is that of Major Luck, who blew out his brains at Wiesbaden with a pistol loaded with water. The effect of this unique method of self-murder was extremely horrible, the victim's head having been literally blown to atoms.

THE big lumber drive down the Connecticut, which started out with 100,000,000 feet of lumber, 800 men and 100 horses, reached Holyoke with barely 100 men and 10 teams. Twenty-three million feet were left at McIndoe's Falls and Bellows Falls, and the men were dismissed 100 at a time as the drive grew smaller and easier to manage.

THE Winnebago Indians in Nebraska do not intend to eat the bread of idleness. They have just broken up 500 acres of land on their reservation and planted flax upon it. Previously they had planted 100 acres of garden vegetables, and 2,000 acres of corn.

AN oyster bed of unusual size and richness was discovered recently by a Danish fisherman near the coast of Jutland. It is some eleven miles from land and fifteen miles long by seven miles wide.

ABOUT GOLD BEATING.

Interesting Account of a Curious Trade—Some of Its Requirements.

Gold beating is a trade of muscle and of judgment. There is judgment in knowing just how to strike the little package on the stone, muscle in the hammer's clock-like rise and fall. The motion is one of the wrist. The workmen's elbow joint stiffens, the hammer falls and rebounds nearly to its starting point. So, actually, it is not the physical effort it seems, even though the hammers, one for each process, weigh eighteen, twelve and seven pounds.

Each beater receives fifty pennyweight of gold, rolled from the bar into the form of a crinkly ribbon, seven yards long and an inch width. Cut into 180 pieces these go into the "cutch." This consists of detached leaves of a vegetable fibre, between each of which is placed a piece of gold. Slipped into a tightly fitting pad, the package is laid on the stone, and the hammer falls again and again, the aim being to drive the weight toward the edges. From the "cutch" the sheets, then leaves, are picked out with curious boxwood pincers. Handling with the fingers, especially at the latter stages, would be most liable to break the leaf. Each leaf is then quartered by a section of bamboo cane on a little implement known as a "wagon," but in reality a tiny sled.

The second pad is the "shoder." It has 720 leaves, and is four and one-quarter inches square. The force of the blows here is greater. The leaves are beaten out to the very edge as they were not before, and the gold oozes out. These particles are carefully brushed off into an apron attached to the stone, for the workmen must account for every one of his fifty pennyweights.

In the third process there are three "molds" of 900 leaves each and five inches square. Each mold requires some four hours' work. The leaves are now so thin that the slightest misjudgment will produce disastrous results. In spite of the heat generated by the blows, dampness creeps in between the edges. Dryness is positively essential here; so, whenever necessary, the mold is placed in a press—not unlike an ordinary copying press—just taken from an oven. A short pressure liberates the moisture.

When sufficiently beaten the molds go to girls, who with pincers and "wagon" make up books of twenty-five leaves each, three and three-eighths inches square. Each workman, from his beating of three moulds, is to fill 80 books. That is called a "tail." For it he receives $5. The molds show a total number of 2,700 leaves. Eighty books need but 2,000. For every other book he can fill, perfect leaves only being used, 6¼ cents is paid. Thus, if every leaf was perfect, he would make $1.75 extra.

As the "wagon" cuts the leaves 3 3-8 inches square there is a continual waste. This, with the imperfect sheets, is put in with the shoder waste. It is all melted into a button and weighed. This must come to 33 pennyweights. For the 80 books 17 pennyweights is allowed, but they must weigh whatever the workman can make them. The thinner the leaf, so long as perfect, the better. Whatever the waste weighs over 33 pennyweights $1 a pennyweight is paid the workman. For every pennyweight under, $1 is deducted Thus, although the gold is used over again, it takes 50 pennyweights to turn out 17. And, again, a man, even though he turns out an over number of books, may have such shortages in his waste as to bring his balance the wrong way.

Three beatings a week is the average number. The skilled workman can make $20, and perhaps a little more. The actual number of men employed is small, there being only 175 in this city. Most are Englishmen. Gold beating is done principally in the East, Boston and Philadelphia furnishing most of the other workmen. It is in the latter city that the largest shop in the United States is located. A union regulates wages and matters of the trade. The fitting out of a gold beater's shop where a number of men are employed is a rather expensive matter. Each man's personal outfit is worth some $250, the molds alone costing $50 apiece.—[Mail and Express.

Tonka-Bean Ice Cream.

A druggist of this city, known throughout the State as a careful and conscientious member of his profession, offers a possible solution of the mystery of ice-cream poisoning. His investigation in the Glastonbury case revealed the fact that ice cream, made in the same freezer but flavored differently, caused no poisoning, while those who ate of a particular lot of vanilla cream were all more or less affected. This led him to believe that the trouble was in the "vanilla" flavoring, and he succeeded in procuring a bottle of the extract that was used for this occasion for examination. So far as it was possible to ascertain without a chemical analysis, the "vanilla" extract contained not one trace of the true vanilla bean, but was simply a strong extract of "tonka" bean, or, as it is sometimes called, "snuff" bean, which is a poison, although to the uninitiated it has a similar odor and taste to vanilla. The "tonka" bean sells for about $1 a pound, while the best vanilla beans cost from $15 to $20 a pound. Another fact in the Glastonbury case which was peculiar is this: There was one lot of vanilla cream made in the same freezer, but flavored with another make of extract, which did not cause sickness. The druggist could not obtain a sample of the last extract, for no one seemed to know where it was obtained. The conclusion that the druggist arrived at was that all the mischief was caused by tonka beans, which unprincipled dealers sell for vanilla. It isn't well or safe to buy a cheap extract of "vanilla."—[Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

IN SEARCH OF A TITLE.

BILL NYE ON THE TRACK OF A CHEVALIER DE PREFIX.

He May Be Exalted to Nobility, While a Baggageless Knight Will Have Three Meals a Day—The Gentle William's Modesty Suffers a Severe Shock.

FRANCE is getting pretty dry and dusty outside the city, there having been no rain for some time, and so the grass is getting brown and the people who are doing Europe on foot need grooming pretty often, writes Bill Nye from Paris to the Cincinnati *Herald*. Still farmers are hopeful and the small French peas you get with a dish of onion in them are as tender as they were in June. The green peas of Paris as cooked here would arouse and revive Methuselah if he could get a whiff of them. The fried potatoes are also justly celebrated.

I happened to be up late one evening on my way home from a visit to a friend who is ill, and I saw an odd sight; coming in from the country on a certain road and passing down by the Arc de Triomphe, there was an almost endless procession of large, two-wheeled covered carts drawn by Norman stallions and driven by the blue-frocked farmers of France. These carts contained the vegetables for the Parisian market, and were driven in at midnight because it was cool and they would thus be on hand fresh at daylight.

The Norman stallion occurs frequently here, patiently drawing huge loads or plodding along his weary way to or from his toil, with feet that jar the principalities of Europe. They are generally attached to the omnibuses and tram cars also, and three big white horses of this variety abreast, going like Ben Hur's beautiful steeds in the chariot race, are worth seeing.

It is not an odd sight here to see a peasant's wife or widow or daughter driving in from the country with one of these enormous dappled, neighing horses, and not the slightest particle worried or nervous about it. I saw a pretty French girl of twenty on a load of hay yesterday driving two horses tandem, either of which would have weighed a ton. She spoke to them as you would to a canary, and whistled them in the most light-hearted way, although their strength was like that of a locomotive and their heavy baritone voices shook the earth.

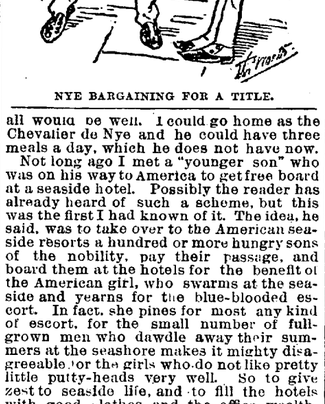
I am on the track of a title which I can get hold of if I wait a week or two, at a red figure sale, I am quite sure. It is owned by a chevalier who is stopping, baggageless, near me in Paris, and who has intimated to me that it is only a matter of a few days before it will be the Seine or the sale of his nobility. I have been dickering with him a little already, and suggesting that to avoid publicity he might make a trade with me, and no one would know anything about it. I could put the title in my inside pocket, he could take my vulgar American money, and all would be well. I could go home as the Chevalier de Nye and he could have three meals a day, which he does not have now.

NYE BARGAINING FOR A TITLE.

Not long ago I met a "younger son" who was on his way to America to get free board at a seaside hotel. Possibly the reader has already heard of such a scheme, but this was the first I had known of it. The idea, he said, was to take over to the American seaside resorts a hundred or more hungry sons of the nobility, pay their passage, and board them at the hotels for the benefit of the American girl, who swarms at the seaside and yearns for the blue-blooded escort. In fact, she pines for most any kind of escort, for the small number of full-grown men who dawdle away their summers at the seashore makes it mighty disagreeable for the girls who do not like pretty little putty-heads very well. So to give zest to seaside life, and to fill the hotels with good clothes and the office wealth, also to make life miserable for the small, imitation Englishmen of our own country who violate the statutes every time they get up in the morning and put on men's clothes, these poor younger sons are to be, or have been already, shipped to certain hotels, where they will only have to eat their meals, dance a little, bathe still less, and draw the days away.

How does that strike you, gentle reader? How does that impress you, sensible, level-headed American girls? Are you proud of it? Certainly not. You do not care, I am sure, to buy this sort of glory with the money of your father, if you are the style I take you to be. If your ancestors shed their good blood for freedom, and later on your fathers and brothers fought to save the republic, you are not going now to make their heroism a laughing stock to all nations, are you? I do not think it of you. As the American institutions are all on a big scale, so the American snob is the biggest snob in the world, and I appeal to the American girl to scorn righteously, at all times, anything of the kind. Our independence cost too much to swap it for the empty scalp of an old flea-bitten title with a mortgage on it. I would rather be the fearless and free American girl holding my head up all my life than an ill-treated, cringing, and scandalized duchess, and it is better to be a concierge in the house of the American than to occupy the bridal chamber in a malarial castle where the plumbing is poor.

I went to a well-known and very celebrated place of amusement the other evening, feeling sure that all would be proper and nice. There was a good deal which was pleasing and entertaining, even though I did not know what was being said or sung. The acting was excellent, and the costumes and stage setting beautiful.



THE NOBLE YOUNGSTER LAYS SIEGE.

About the fourth number on the programme, however, I saw that I had been deceived by somebody. Two young ladies and two young gentlemen of Paris came out and proceeded to dance a new style of dance. At least I never danced that way. It was not like the dance at the Patriarchs' balls, nor the war dance of the gory Sioux, but I will never go there any more to see it. The dance begun very quietly. The men were in evening dress, with crush hats, and looked as if they might pass the plate on Sundays. The girls looked pious, also, and their clothes were really a great deal more quiet and homelike than some I saw at the American Minister's the other evening.

But after awhile the music seemed to make the dancers more frisky, and they began to improvise and introduce some novelties. Novelties in dress, for instance. Also novelties in ophthalmics. A clergyman near me, who is here on a vacation, stood up. I told him to sit down or I would injure him with my umbrella. He reluctantly sat down. I watched the dance with great interest because I am going to introduce it to the attention of the four hundred when I return to America. The gentlemen chased up and back, and then crossed over. The ladies did so, too. Then the gentlemen threw their feet at the center of the sky. The ladies did the same. It was so odd and so shocking that I could not, at once, summon the courage to go away. I wondered what my family would say if they knew about it. We are a very proper family. We come from the old puritanical stock whose only relaxation was prayer. And I could not help thinking that if my ancestors could have been there they would have shuddered two or three times in rapid succession. Then they would have, no doubt, remained.

Every little while new figures, in lace, and new designs, on the beholder, were introduced. I need not describe the dance fully, for those who have seen it will remember it, and those who have not will slyly go to see it when they go to Paris.

HOLDS UP HIS HANDS IN HOLY HORROR.

From the can-can to the morgue is a rapid change, but I will just allude to the latter incidentally and then close this letter. I went not so much out of curiosity this time, but because I had heard of an American's disappearance and feared that he had gone to the Seine, the last and saddest of all places, to seek relief from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. He was not at the morgue, however.

There were four people there representing four different phases of life. The first was an old lady. Her gray hair was decently put back from her peaceful brow and her basket was in her lap. Quietly she ignored the earnest, startled and horrified looks of the eager procession outside the glass. Her rest had come at last. Possibly a worthless and heartless son came to see who was there. Possibly she was somebody's ill-treated mother-in-law, for the mother-in-law is not encouraged as she ought to be, even in France.

Then came a middle-aged man whose hands were marked with toil. His face was as calm as the skies on a summer night. There was nothing terrible about it, for he looked like one who "wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Then came a young man with a cap. His clothes were as he wore them and his face was not distorted. The ghastly fisherman of the Seine, like the prowler on the Thames so graphically described by Dickens in "Our Mutual Friend," had found the boy the night before, and had slightly torn the bosom of his shirt in lifting him to the surface, but he was past annoyance over a little thing like that, and his rest was undisturbed even in the face of the multitude, and, like Steerforth, he lay with his arm beneath his head as he had done at school.

Then came a young girl. I could not help thinking of the Rahway mystery as I saw her there. No one knew her, but every one pushed toward that part of the morgue to see her face and wonder who she might be. The crimp had gone from her fair hair, and the light had gone from her gray eyes, but the man who helped to make this picture in the old, grim morgue probably snaps his fingers at the fates and drinks his absinthe with his friends. He is welcome to the joy he has. Her own peaceful slumber is better.

The Parisian morgue is not horrible. To me it is a history of humanity. In it you may read the last chapter of a life and conjecture what the other chapters were. I do not go there to see horrors, but to see the last tableau and judge as well as I may what the others were before it and what led to all this.

There is one feature of the Champs Elysees which has not been heretofore referred to that I know of, and so I speak of it here. It is the array of wet nurses under the trees all the way up to the arc. I refer to it because a New York lady called my attention to it to-day, and so it is proper. They are all large, robust women, and as the gorgeous equipages pass by, filled with pomp, pride, and circumstance, these vigorous nurses earn their salary by looking at the procession. It would be very strange anywhere but in France. Here everything which is necessary and sensible is correct. False modesty and foolish, mawkish fear of certain things are not noticeable. This is a good thing to remember and consider.

These nurses are generally middle-aged and very healthy, otherwise they would not be employed. They take the little French scions out under the trees of the Champs Elysees at evening time, and the little Bourbons may be seen there till dark taking their meals as the crowds roll by.

Hard to Bear.

No one ever had more genuine delight in the possession of land, and its accompanying wealth of growth and bloom, than did Emerson in his orchard. Some caviller said to him, "Your pears cost you more than mine, which I buy;" and the answer was ready:

"Yes, they are costly, but we all have expensive vices. You play at billiards, I at pear-trees."

A public-spirited citizen, he took pleasure in sending to the "cattle-show exhibition" specimens of fruit from his garden. One day, after this exhibition, a party of gentlemen visited his orchard, and were introduced to him by his neighbor as a committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. He smiled with modest pride at having his orchard thus honored, but the Chairman said:

"Mr. Emerson, the committee have called to see the soil which produces such poor specimens of such fine varieties."

It may have been a damp year, and the pears were rusty, but, as his son writes, "In all years, the proprietor saw the gold through the rust."

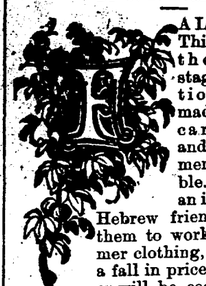
An Editor's Over-Caution.

Many people make mistakes and lose a lot by being too suspicious, too cautious. We remember the last time we visited New York City—with which place nobody else in Dodgeville is probably so familiar. A man came up to us as we stood on our hotel steps after taking a noontime snack at Delmonico's, and says he to us: "The editor of the *Backwoodsman's Banner*, I presume!" We had the old bunco game down fine, and, looking the man squarely in the eyes, we replied: "You presume too much, sir. We are not the editor." (This was untrue, but justifiable under the circumstances.) "I beg your pardon," he said, touching his hat politely; "I merely wished to tender you a ticket to the dinner of the Press Club this evening." He felt hurt, and so did we. He had been received with unnecessary suspicion, and we had missed a good dinner. We merely mention this incident as a reminder to those who are always saying "Go slow!" that it is not always wise to go too slowly. We must risk something if we would be truly great.—*Dodgeville (N. Y.) Banner.*

"PA," said Bobby, "Methuselah's heirs must have waited a long time for their money." "Not very, Bobby, they all died before he did."

SOME OBSERVATIONS

BY W. B. HOLLAND.



ALL is coming. This may strike the reader as a staggering assertion, but it was made only after careful research and can be recommended as reliable. The fall is an invention of our Hebrew friends, to enable them to work off their summer clothing, by announcing a fall in prices. The weather will be cooler and mutilated socks will be no longer in style. Still ventilated socks will beat no socks at all. Our veneration for the man who invented straw hats will soon disappear, as will the straw hats. The hats will be boxed up to be brought out again next spring, and labeled, "Latest Style, Just Imported."

I am glad fall is coming. I dislike warm weather, and it seems that it mostly occurs in the summer time. Last summer I would take a damp water bath, put on clothes lately renovated and upholstered by my loving wife, and go out to run the lawn mower. I had rather run a lawn mower than a baby carriage, as there is less noise and danger. My wife doesn't care how often I upset the lawn mower. Well, after gleefully running the machine for an hour, I would be sweating like a candidate at an election and would stop and count the blisters on my hands. My clothes would all be clinging to me and I would have a rich, creamy smell like a piece of burnt rubber. This is not pleasant to a man with aristocratic tendencies and the catarrh. I would take another bath, using great vigor and a bar of brown soap. No use. A man can't smell like new-mown timothy and run a lawn mower at the same time during the summer months. Even Julius Cæsar or Lydia Pinkham would find such an attempt futile. Brains may be of great value in writing a letter or in sawing wood, but they do a man no good in his efforts to keep cool. A man might as well try to keep an umbrella as to keep cool in the summer. The more he exerts himself to keep cool the hotter he will be.

Still the summer has some advantages. Eggs and butter are much stronger and invigorating in July than in November. Then again one does not need buy so much coal, but that fact will not lessen his coal bill.

During the summer months I would hie myself to the barn, and, seating myself in the hay mow, I would gayly write a poem with one hand and fight flies with the other. The greatest trouble about writing where flies are so plentiful lies in the fact that your work is liable to be profusely punctuated.

Another little animal that makes the summer interesting is the chigger. This charming, petite creature, with its iron complexion and affectionate disposition, is in-dig-enous to all climates. His greatest fault lies in the fact that he is not big enough to whip and he is too big to pass unnoticed. On the blank desert of a summer in the country the chigger stands in all his glory and says, "Forget me if you can." Of the early life of the chigger little is known. He seems to have no ambition to do better and no hopes of a future life. He settles on the very spot you don't want him and commences improving his claim. You immediately take measures to remove him, but if you succeed in securing his claim, he has left a large and vigorous mortgage, so to speak, that will attract more attention and develop better staying qualities than did the chigger.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Human Nature on the Highway.

It was on a highway running into a city in Pennsylvania, says the New York *Sun*. One man was driving out with a load of brick and the other driving in with a load of hay. Both attempted to get the best side of a mudhole, and as a consequence their teams came head to head and stopped:

"You, there!" shouted the brick man.

"You, there yourself!" replied the other.

"Going to turn out?"

"No!"

"Neither will I!"

"I'll stay here a whole year first!"

"And I'll stay ten of them!"

Both proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and to appear careless and indifferent as to results. Other travelers took the other side of the hole, and passed them by, so it became a question of endurance. At the end of an hour the hay man said:

"If there's any one man I hate above another, it's a human hog!"

"Then it's a wonder you haven't hated yourself to death!" was the retort, and silence reigned supreem again. Another hour passed, and the brick man observed:

"I'm going to sleep, and I hope you won't disturb me."

"Just what I was going to ask of you," replied the hay man.

Both pretended to sleep, but at the end of the third hour the hay man suddenly called out:

"Say! You are a cussed mean man!"

"The same to you!"

"Where are you going with those brick?"

"Four miles out, to John Dayton's. Where you going with your hay?"

"To Stiner's brick yard."

"Say, man, I'm John Dayton, myself, and I've traded this hay for brick."

"Well, I'm young Stiner, and I was driving the first load out!"

"What fools we are! Here, take all the road."

"No—no—let me turn out."

"I'll turn."

"No—let me."

And in their haste to do the polite thing the load of hay was upset and a wheel taken off the brick wagon.

Everything in Season.

Able Editor—"See here, Mr. Phunnyman, you have used this ice-cream joke about forty times within a month, this hammock joke about twenty times, and this soda-water joke at least a hundred times."

Newspaper Humorist (indignantly)—"Well, sir, you don't expect me to write stovepipe and plumber jokes in the summer time, do you?"—*New York Weekly.*

"WHAT is the hypnotic state?" asked Mrs. Poots of her husband; and Poots replied—"It's—er—one of them new States we've all taken in out West."

THE swallow flies low before a storm; and the human biped usually soars high before a financial tempest.

FLASHES OF FUN.

A COLD bluff—Cape Horn.

A TIGHT fit—Delirium tremens.

A CAPITALIST refers to the cradle of his six-months-old heir as a little boy cot.

MARRIAGE may not be a failure, but there are lots of Mrs. made in matrimony.

THE lawn-mower is a good deal like the keeper of a bucket-shop; it shaves the green.

KILRAIN says a daze came over him after Sullivan hit him. He was lucky that days didn't pass before he came to himself.

SMART Attorney—You say the evening wore on. What did it wear on that particular occasion? Witness—The close of day, I presume.

MAN is not the only victim of the combination craze. Even ducks, as soon as they hatch their eggs, start at once to pool their issues.

"QUEER thing that about Baltus, eh?" "What is it? I haven't heard anything." "Why, he and his wife are stopping at the same hotel on the Pier." "Gad the fellow must be crazy."

"AND pray why didn't you put new buttons on my shirts?" asked a bohemian of his washerwoman. "Sure, sir, because it's meself was thinkin' ve'd be afther needin' new shirts on the buttons."

VISITOR (in Chicago)—I should think you would be dreadfully afraid of burglars in a place like this. Hostess—Burglars? Mercy, no. We don't mind the burglars. It's the police we're afraid of.

CLERGYMAN (to sick miser)—My dear friend, you must prepare for the worst. Remember that you are about to die. Miser—This day starts off fine. When I think how much the funeral will cost I want to die.

"MAMMA, are there birds in the bad place?" "Why, my child, what do you mean?" "Teacher told us about the birds of Paradise, and I wondered of the English sparrows don't go somewhere when they die."

OLD Richfellow (desperately)—If you refuse me, what is there left for me to do? Sweet Girl—Well, I read the other day about a rich man who made his will in favor of the woman who refused him, and then went out and hung himself.

MRS. YOUNGBRIDE—I hope you will model your conduct upon that of Mr. Oldboy. He is a paragon of husbands. Why, he tells his wife everything that happens. "I'll do better than that, my dear; I tell you lots of things that never happen."

BROWN (to Jones, whom he has observed to shiver)—Don't you know, Jones, there is an old saying that if you shiver it is a sign that some one is walking over your future grave? Jones—Is that so? Well, he is liable to burn his feet if he keeps at it, for I have arranged to be cremated.

"YOU must be having a hard time nowadays," said the weary traveler to the lovely girl who presided over the railway lunch. "Why do you think so, sir?" she said, with a naive smile. "Because," replied the traveler, "when I bit into this sanwich I noticed that you do not make both ends meat."

WHEN the rich man worketh, the poor man saith he ought to be ashamed of himself, for that he crowdeth the poor man out of a job. When the rich man worketh not, the poor man saith he ought to be ashamed of himself, for that he consumeth while he produceth not. Verily, the lot of the rich man, though it be worth $1,000 a foot front, is hard.

FILIAL FAITH.

When first in life I started, father gave me good advice
Regarding things of which I didn't know;
He said the world was very full of danger and device;
I believe it, for my father told me so.

A horse race is a thing that's mighty good to let alone;
A tip is risky—handle it with care.
The man of good address who comes and strikes you for a loan
Should be told you haven't any cash to spare:
The poker game is festive and the player must be spry;
On ace high one should ever go it slow,
But when you once attempt to bluff, stay in and don't say die—
I believe it, for my father told me so.

—*Merchant Traveler.*

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.

Justice—"Well, sir, what brought you here?"

Prisoner—"Dem two policemen, sah!"

Justice—"Did liquor have anything to do with it?"

Prisoner—"Yes, sah; dey wus bofe drunk!"—*Chicago Ledger.*

Not Versed in the Philadelphia Way.

A young Englishman the other day was relating his first experience at an ice cream table with a Philadelphia girl. He said: "I was utterly broken up and astounded, don't you know, when, after finding a strawberry in her half-finished plate of cream, she fished it out on her spoon and offered it to me.

"'Won't you have it?' she asked.

"'No, indeed,' I replied, no doubt looking the horror I felt in my soul.

"'Why not?' she demanded, seeming to be hurt by my refusal.

"'Why, my dear girl, don't you know,' I explained, 'you have had the spoon in your mouth.'

"'Well, what of that?' she pouted prettily, as she made her perfectly paralyzing reply. 'You'd kiss that mouth if I'd let you, wouldn't you?' I confessed that I would be only too glad to do so, and since then I have made it my business to get better accustomed to the ways of the place."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A BARNESVILLE (Ohio) boy went for the mail for three maiden ladies and got letters for each of them. On the way back he stopped to kill a polecat. The ladies tried to read the letters, but gave it up as a bad job until they had fumigated and aired them for hours.

THE UNREMEMBERED DEAD.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.

They lived, they suffered, this we know,
Yet see how vacant are their places.
Where are they now? Where did they go?
Those yearning, anxious human faces.

They must have loved the sweets of earth,
Have loved what we now love and treasure;
They must have had their taste of mirth,
Their fill of pain, their scanty pleasure.

Why, then, is all so shadowy,
So dreamlike and so silent here?
There should be left some memory,
However faint—some vestige dear.

Here once, like us, they hailed the dawn;
Their children must have gamboled here.
And yet how heedless life goes on,
Without a pause, without a tear.

They were our kindred souls, and though
They left behind no trace of glory,
Still something of their lives we know—
Our beating hearts tell us their story.

Phantoms! Are there no Phantoms here,
Spirits of the Forgotten Dead?
Yes, there are Phantoms everywhere—
Shapes that we dream, not specters dread.

We cherish life—we would not die;
We long to live in memory still;
We dread Oblivion—this is why
With ghosts we people vale and hill.

NEW YORK CITY.

FATHER AND I.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.

I had ridden all day, and now, at sundown, I found myself in an isolated spot, without any prospect of a decent night's lodging.

No sign of a habitation could I see, as I peered this side and that in the dusky shadows—nothing but hilly, sparsely timbered country, as far as the eye might discern.

I had started some six weeks previous for the cheap lands in the West, intending to purchase a home with the little allowance I possessed. I had been rather unfortunate all my life. When a mere child, my father went to the frontier, and my mother, after having looked in vain for word from him

"MY HEART SOFTENED TOWARD THE OLD MAN AS HE SAT THOUGHTFULLY LOOKING INTO THE FIRE."

for a year or more, concluded that the Indians had murdered him—they at that time being in a state of hostility—and, gathering her little all about her, went back to New York, broken-hearted and disconsolate. In a few months after her arrival she sank into the grave, leaving me a penniless orphan.

A gentleman of her acquaintance adopted me and removed me, with his family, to Indiana, before the grass grew green on my mother's grave, and thus hurried me away from all I held dear on earth, and many were the bitter tears shed in the deep woods of Hoosierdom in memory of the lonely grave near Utica.

Nevertheless, when I became of age I remembered, in looking over the past, that I had had a kind father in my foster-parent, and when he gave me quite a little sum and a sprightly pony, saying, "Go West, Clifford, and get rich," I started at once.

As a sequel, at the close of a cold, raw November day, I found myself toiling over a winding, isolated road, bound for somewhere, I hardly knew where.

Dismounting, I slipped the rein over my arm and concluded to walk down the rocky declivity before me; as I proceeded slowly, wondering where I might camp out for the night, I came suddenly on an old man, with a bundle on his back, at a turn in the road.

He looked up with a quiet "Good evening," and turned aside to let me pass. "Could you tell me," I said, "where I might find a shelter for the night?"

He looked at me again steadily for a moment, then, without answering my question, asked cautiously where I hailed from.

"From Indiana," I replied. "I am hunting a fortune in the great West, and I rather think I have struck a poor section to-day."

"I guess ye have, sir; but just beyond these hills lies a beautiful strip of farming land," he said.

"As to your stopping for the night," he continued, shifting his bundle a little, "if you're not over particular as to 'commodations, why, I reckon you can bunk with me; and your nag can do very well in the shed with a bunch o' fodder. 'Tain't the finest in the world, stranger, but it is the best I know of, 'nless you go ten miles further up the creek."

"I shall be very thankful for your hospitality," I said; and we trudged on together in the gathering night, until we came to another road branching off into the scattered timber.

"I live up here a ways," he remarked, turning abruptly into the dimly outlined way. A quarter of a mile further on and we came to his domicile. "Here's where I stay," he said, opening the door to a rude log hut which seemed to have grown into the side of a hill.

On entering I found it quite comfortable on the inside, despite the unpromising exterior. "Now rest yourself," he said, putting down his bundle and striking a light, "while I give your nag a bite under the shed." With this the old man laughed a little, as a sort of apology, I thought, and disappeared outside.

I sat thinking. Somehow I rather liked his looks. Not so very old, he seemed cheerful, notwithstanding his gloomy surroundings, and I wondered why he was here alone. "Wife is dead," I thought, looking about me around the plainly furnished, one-roomed abode. "Maybe a confirmed old bachelor, or—a stormed disposition hiding from justice, and one who is

I had a great curiosity to find out more of his history; but he revealed nothing more, and, as I was fatigued with the journey of the day, I was ready to retire.

"You can sleep with me, or bunk on the settee," he said, at bedtime. I preferred to sleep alone, and forthwi h he drew from a great red chest in the corner of the room a couple of heavy comfortables and proceeded to make up a bed for his guest on the aforesaid "settee."

I forgot my suspicions as I rolled up in my impromptu couch and dozed off to restful repose.

How long I slept I know not; but I was awakened suddenly by some one's breath in my face.

A chill of horror ran through my veins. Was he going to kill me? O, that I had taken warning of my intuition of the early evening!

Perhaps he meant to see, only, if I was asleep, so that he might ransack my luggage. I kept quiet as possible while the old fellow reconnoitered. He touched my forehead presently; gently and cautiously at first; but when he supposed I still slept, he ran his fingers along over my left temple carefully several times, as if searching for something. I fully expected to feel the cold steel plunged into my unfortunate head each minute; but it seemed ages to me that the old man bent over me in absolute silence.

I could hear the wind whistling without, and now and then the rain on the narrow window; and, too, I could hear the suppressed breathing of the old man as he, proceeding with his strange vigil, knelt by my side.

I could see, through half-open eyelids, the aged head bending lower, until presently the withered lips were pressed to my brow, and a tear fell on my upturned face.

I could stand it no longer. Thinking that, perhaps, I had lodged after all with some crazed old being, I opened my eyes and moved my hands as if waking from deep slumber.

"My son!" he said, softly and tenderly, looking into my wide-open eyes.

There was something in the voice and fervency of tone and manner that made my blood tingle and my heart throb faster. I sat up and gazed at the bright, happy face of mine host. "Your son?" I queried, a strange feeling of conviction taking possession of me.

"Yes," he replied, taking my hands in a warm, trembling clasp. "You are my long-lost Harry—my dear little son!"

"Am I?" I asked, in a bewildered way; "I feel that I must be."

"Yes," continued he; "when I came in from feeding your pony I thought you resembled my boy, as I remembered him, a great deal. That was why I asked you your name, and when you answered me, 'Harry Clifford,' I sure of it; but I didn't want to make a mistake, so after you were asleep I ran my fingers over your temples to find a scar I was sure you must still carry. You got it by being terribly hurt once with a stone, I remember. And the scar is right here; I s'pose you've noticed it often," and the hand went up again to my temple and touched a small calloused spot which I had often taken notice of.

"Yes," I exclaimed; "I remember the fall over the rocks at Tully, father."

At this he broke down and wept in my arms for some minutes. It would be easy to say that I was glad [illegible]

dizement," whispered an evil genius in my ear.

This suggestion made me shiver and I sat revolving it in my mind until it seemed the most natural thing in the world, and by the time he returned I was in good trim to watch every movement of the unsuspecting old man as he busied himself about the evening meal.

"A short nag is soon curried," he said with a smile, arranging the corn bread, bacon and coffee on the table. I was somewhat taken aback, however—in the evil prompting considerably—when mine host of the cabin bowed his head reverently and asked God's blessing on the frugal repast.

"Well!" I thought, "he surely isn't an escaped convict, unless he has repented here among the hills." And truly it seemed to me, just then, a fitting locality for repentance of the deepest kind.

"What might your name be?" he asked, as he handed me the second cup of coffee.

When I told him, he gave a little start and eyed me curiously for a moment, before he settled back into his former quiet demeanor, but said nothing.

After the repast he took a pipe from the shelf and asked me if I smoked. Upon my replying that I did not, he filled the corn-cob invention with home-made twist and sat down to enjoy a whiff by himself.

"I don't use tobacco much" he said apologetically: "but I generally smoke afore I go to bed, a pipe or so; it kind of drowns trouble."

"Then you have had trouble?" I asked.

"Yes, young man, a great deal of sorrow, though youngsters can't understand it by the telling," he replied, with a sigh.

My heart softened toward the old man as he sat thoughtfully looking into the fire, while the light danced over his long, gray beard.

mourned as dead for years; and I had found my father.

"They told me you were both dead," he said, "when I got away from the Indians that took me captive; and when I couldn't find a trace of either of you, I came West again and lived alone."

After pausing to wipe away the glittering tears, he continued: "I've a good piece of farming land, Harry, a few miles further on; a man is renting it now, as I'm not able to work much, and so I live up here alone. I could live with them, I suppose," he said, presently, "but I'd rather not.

"But," and his old face brightened wonderfully in the dim firelight, "the man's time is out in the spring and he wants to go South; so we'll go over and manage the farm, won't we, Harry?"

And I, more bewildered than ever, and overcome with happiness and good fortune, murmured, "Yes, father."

Well, we did go over to manage the farm; and I invested my means in improvements, so that we now are getting along finely.

That old gentleman sitting there on the porch is my father, whose story you've heard in part; and that lady flitting about the house in there is my wife.

Happy? Oh, yes; we are very happy in our cozy Western home; and I often look at father and remember the old man with a bundle who seemed so willing that I should lodge with him.

Wood in Her Stomach.

A case which is likely to attract the profound attention of the medical minds of the State has been developed in Burlington, Ala.

Mrs. J. J. Murphy, the wife of a laborer, died recently after a short illness of some disease of the stomach, the nature of which physicians were unable to determine. After her death Dr. Steves, who had been her attending physician for two weeks prior to her death, obtained the consent of the dead woman's husband to make an autopsy, to ascertain the disease from the effects of which she died. He accordingly opened the stomach and found most surprising conditions. On each side there was a mass of fibrous matter, and on the right side a large rag was wrapped up in the fibrous material.

Dr. Steves removed the entire stomach from the body and made a close examination. It was ascertained that the fibers were of wood. The mass as taken from the stomach was then weighed and tipped the beam at exactly two pounds. Then the question arose, how did so much wood get into the woman's stomach, and how long had it been there before death ensued?

Mrs. Murphy, two weeks before her demise, summoned Dr. Steves and complained of the most excruciating pain in her stomach. She said she had been suffering from these pains for years, and she was at a loss to know what they were attributable to. She mentioned incidentally that she had been a great snuff-dipper for many years. Dr. Steves made an examination, but could discover no symptoms of disease, and told her so. He administered some medicine, thinking it would give relief, but it did not have the desired effect.

The woman soon began to get worse, and about a week ago began to sink. Dr. Steves called in Dr. Davis, and the two had a consultation and made another full examination, but could not discover the nature of her trouble. An operation was discussed, but the lady was so weak that the chances were that she would die under the knife, and this had to be dropped. The physicians did all they could for her, but to no avail, and Wednesday afternoon, about 2:30 o'clock, she died.

The only reasonable theory that can account for the appearance of the two pounds of wood in the stomach is that at various times Mrs. Murphy swallowed small pieces of her snuff-brushes, and the mass was the accumulation of years. The presence of the rag amid the wood cannot be accounted for. It was two or three feet long, and closely imbedded in the wood.

Dwarfs in Africa.

Probably the most ancient race on the globe are the strange dwarfs who it is now certain inhabit a considerable portion of Central Africa. There are two tribes of them—the Akka, or Wambutti people, north of Stanley's Aruwini River, and the Batwa, south of the Congo.

The two appear to be a kindred people. In general there seems to be about as much viciousness inclosed in their make-up as a body of four and a half feet high can hold. Their tufts of kinky hair are often painted red, and stand out like rays over their heads. They are ferocious cannibals.

An Akka deserted Emin Bey and went home, because he was "tired of beef," and wanted some stronger diet.

The two tribes are lighter in color than the full-sized negroes about them. They are wandering in their habits, and are skillful hunters. It was the Wambutti people who fired poisoned arrows at the last Stanley expedition. Stanley says these tiny folk are thievish, cowardly, and venomous.

"See Further Down."

I was coming down from my room, carefully picking my way between the fair perchers on the stairs and surveying the somewhat startling view that a collection of decollete girls will provide to a spectator above them, when I heard the little girl in a heliotrope gown observe to her companion that Dolly So-and-So, who was evidently sitting on a stair below them, had a lovely diamond star on her neck that evening.

"Yes, by Jove!" responded the youth, "and what a jolly place it has to sparkle on, too!"

"Let me see," said the girl, musing. "They put stars into books, sometimes, don't they? What does it mean when a star is printed alongside of a word?"

"It means see further down," replied the boy, promptly.

"Oh, yes," said the heliotrope maiden. "What a clever girl Dollie is, to be sure!"—*Kaniera's Bar Harbor letter.*

INSURANCE agent—But you must insure in one of these companies. "Oh, leave me alone; you can see well enough that I am going to the dogs." "To the dogs! The very thing! Here is a company to insure against the bite of mad dogs."

"DOCTOR, why is it that people are generally so much more pleased with boy babies than with girls?" "Nothing simpler, madam. A boy baby never [illegible]

ARISTOCRATIC LENOX.

WHERE MANY MILLIONAIRE MATCHES ARE MADE.

Characteristics of the Famous Resort—Early Autumn Toilets—Farewell to the Summer Hat—A Characteristic Saratoga Incident.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

DETERMINED to make the most, and get the last, of a summer's outing, a thousand wealthy idlers finish up the season in the Berkshire Hills. They gather here in the first week of September, coming from all the other and bigger resorts, but more especially from proud and pretentious Newport. On the day before one small and exclusive clique quitted Newport for Lenox they instituted a ceremony that is likely to become a jocose annual rite. They shot the summer hat. It has long been the custom in the New York Stock Exchange to batter all the hot-weather hats worn into that financial mart on or after the first of September; and the small boys of the street, backed by such authority, have habitually cried, "Shoot the hat!" to even the portliest of men who presume to cover their venerable heads with summer hats in autumn. At Newport the method of taboo was more polite. The hat of Cornelius Vanderbilt was chosen for the occasion. It was a wide-brimmed, Panama straw hat, of the sort that rich and whimsical men sometimes pay as much as a hundred dollars for and thereafter wear it for many a year, defiant of changing styles.

"Oh, why don't you shoot the hat?" inquired a saucy belle of the millionaire, as he lounged on the Casino veranda.

"I'll let you shoot it, if you want to," was the reply.

"Very well; give it to me."

Mr. Vanderbilt did not seem glad to be taken at his word, for the hat was a cherished one, but he handed it over without a word, and within an hour the girl had it placed on a secluded lawn as a target, with a party of beaux and belles firing at it with a rifle. The hat was hit and missed until the fun of it was exhausted, and by that time it was perforated like the cover of a pepper-box. This occurred on Sept. 2, and it was considered such a successful ceremony that no doubt it will be a September episode at Newport regularly hereafter.

The example was potent, and just about all the fashionable men who have come to Lenox from Newport are wearing brand-new and glossy silk hats. The ladies, too, are appearing in early autumn toilets, which are much less showy and gauzy than those of the summer. The picture shows two toilets, masculine and feminine, con-

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION UNDER CONSIDERATION

sidered about right for outdoors in the Berkshire Hills. What are the wearers doing in this particular instance? Well, looking into the bushes. What do they see there? Not much, probably, for their attention is fixed upon matrimonial futurity. In plain English, the marriage question has been popped, and is under consideration. Mrs. Paran Stevens, an experienced observer, tells me that more matches are made among the Four Hundred at Lenox in September than everywhere else all the year round. Summer flirtations and intimacies at the more populous and livelier resorts are apt to culminate here, in the quietly sentimental atmosphere of the hills, in the formation of conjugal partnerships. Mrs. Stevens has spent a great deal of time in London, and she spoke of the success of American girls in foreign aristocratic society.

"It would be well if the British matron and her daughters," she said, "instead of exploding with wrath, to the intense amusement of their successful rivals, could realize that their failure in the matrimonial contest is in a great measure the result of taking far too much thought about the matter. A love affair in English society has little chance of being allowed to come quietly to maturity; in its very earliest dawn it is spied out, commented on, smiled and nodded at; girls rally their friend on her conquest, elders discuss the man's position and prospects, some in a friendly, well-wishing spirit, others in the reverse, but both with equally mischievous effect, for many a happy attachment is nipped in

"I MUST DECLINE YOUR 'BALD' PROPOSITION."

the bud and friendship prevented from developing into something deeper by this premature and foolish gossip. The knowledge that it is going on, too, often renders girls self-conscious and ill at ease, or causes them to disguise their shyness under some affectation, which gives a totally wrong impression of their real character."

Of course there is a dashing of matrimonial hopes at Lenox as well as realization of them, for the mating of human beings, especially if they be wealthy, is not always accomplished easily or satisfactorily. One pretty and relatively poor girl, for instance, is pretty well understood to have set her heart on marrying a certain rich young fellow. She devoted her summer to it, and had reason to suppose that she was making the right impression. Moreover, the father of the young man took a deep interest in her, and this was construed as a sanction of the probable union. The fact of his being a widower was not taken into account, and that proved to be a mistake. After the arrival of the trio in Lenox, one afternoon, the old man began to talk to the girl indefinitely about marriage. It was like the familiar comedy scene in the plays where the heroine is misled as to whom the wooer is speaking of. The Lenox maiden didn't suspect, although the portly widower decentially uncovered his almost hairless head, and addressed her with unusual formality, that it was he and not his son whom she could wed. But at length he delivered himself of the question point-blank:

"Will you marry me?"

She was dumfounded, and resentful, but her facility of countenance was undis-

[illegible] not [illegible] this," she said, [illegible] must [illegible] your

[illegible] the [illegible] of it. The widower clapped on his hat, and didn't lift it again upon bowing her an adieu.

Summer resorts are apt to be graveyards of buried hopes, anyhow, but the interments are not often so attractively made as that which I witnessed at Long Branch. In the party which was about to set out for Lenox was an eight-year-old girl, just big enough to be properly dressed in the most picturesque costume, and young enough to be unaffectedly childish. On the day before quitting the seashore, she was seen shovelling up a mound of sand on the beach.

"What are you doing?" I inquired.

"I am burying my playthings," she replied. "They won't be any use to me until I come back next summer and so I am covering them up so they will be safe till I want them again."

The girls who have made a summer pastime of flirtation may as well bury the season's sentiment if it hasn't by this time brought a matrimonial engagement. The waves of a social winter may wash out the graves, as they will the sand heap which the little girl made, but there is no use in lugging worthless things away from a summer resort.

The Lenox contingent from Saratoga is more assorted than that from Newport, and along with the acknowledged swells are many who, although just as worthy in all respects, do not arrogate to themselves superiority over the rest of us. They bring their results of summer courtship, also, and one noteworthy pair of united lovers is composed of Rudolph Aronson, the musical manager of the New York Casino, and Alma Varrey, formerly a chorus girl at that es-

"CAN'T I ASSIST YOU?"

tablishment. Rudolph used to pride himself upon his imperviousness to any darts which Cupid might shoot at him from the ranks of his chorus, and for years he escaped the arrows which constantly flew from that source toward him. But at length it came to be observed that Alma Varrey, a very pretty chorister, had aimed successfully at his heart. His attentions to her took on the semblance of serious courtship, and last spring she went with him on a European tour. This was preceded by a wedding ceremony, although the marriage was very quiet. Now the couple are having a short outing, as a climax to their honeymoon tour; and the exploitation of Miss Varrey as a prima donna in comic opera may reasonably be looked for as a consequence, although friends of Mr. Aronson say that she will retire instead from the stage altogether, leading henceforth a domestic life.

A characteristic Saratoga letter is narrated to me by a fair sojourner. "Sister and I were in Congress Park the morning before we came away," she said, "and I was reading intently a book describing the medicinal waters of the springs. There is a lot of printed matter—all rubbish, no doubt—telling one just when, what and how much of the salty waters to drink, and I was studying it up in order to quaff my final glasses understandingly. I suppose I looked puzzled, for I was trying to measure my physical requirements by the most complicated tables o analysis. Suddenly a voice said, close behind us:

"'Can't I assist you? I know all about Congress Spring.'

"We turned sharply around, and what do you suppose that was speaking to us? A negro. He was gotten up in summery style, with a glass in one eye, a dudish collar, and all but a white skin to make him pass for a dandy. I impulsively concluded

BURYING HER PLAYTHINGS.

that he must be a black prince from some tropical realm, who was doing Saratoga in fine shape, and who had notions like the Shah of Persia as to his hereditary right to speak to young ladies unintroduced. But my sister was not impressed that way. She gave the fellow a withering look of scorn, quite as much as to say, 'What impudence!'

"'I beg pardon,' the black chap said, 'but you don't recognize me? I have served you at the hotel all summer—until the first of September, when the force was reduced—and now I am taking a little holiday.'

"So he didn't mean to be impudent, and he certainly was a sight worth illustrating. All the white-jacketed and aproned obsequiousness of a waiter was gone, and he was an exact imitator of the white swells he evidently had studied closely at the hotel. A friend tells me that it is a common thing for summer resort waiters to supplement their summer's work with a few days of mimicry of swelldom."

The latest and last fad of the closing season with the girls is the parasol flirtation. Several years ago a language of fans was invented by somebody and it got into considerable use by roguish maidens. The use of a parasol for a similar sly purpose is a new whim at Lenox. Whence it was brought would be hard to discover, but it is here, and a dozen of our most approved belles are demurely employing it. A code of signals includes a score or more of meanings. For example, to hold the parasol across the right shoulder and behind the neck, with its canopy spread, exactly as shown in the picture, is to be interpreted as saying, "I invite you." As to the particular thing to which she thus calls the fellow, circumstances must determine. It may be a chat on a veranda or a walk through Parson's Meadow; perhaps it

THE PARASOL FLIRTATION.

might prove an invitation to matrimony ultimately. These things are very subtle.

TERPSICHORE.

Copyright, 1890.

Tears are no roses without thorns, but there are thorns without roses.

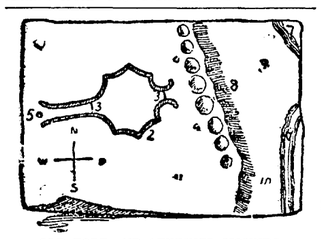
THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

CURIOUS RELICS UNEARTHED NEAR TOOLSBOROUGH, IOWA.

Exhuming Skeletons of a Long Forgotten Race—Utensils and Implements of War that Were in Use Before the Red Man's Day.

THE ELEPHANT PIPE.

THERE is one locality of peculiar interest to relic hunters, archæologists, and students of history that, being somewhat obscure and rarely visited by writers, is comparatively unknown to the general public; and yet it is one of the most remarkable spots on the continent. After the close of the Black Hawk war the sable chieftain, with his three stalwart sons and small band of followers, sought a new home to the west of the "Father of Waters," and under the sheltering brow of a majestic bluff near the mouth of the Iowa they erected their wigwams. Where the Indian village stood is now the village of a later race, and appropriately named Black Hawk. In the early days of Mississippi River navigation Black Hawk was looked upon as a town of promise; but now it is naught but a tumble-down bailiwick that will interest none but lovers of the quaint and curious. Ancient Black Hawk has merged into modern Toolesboro, a small village situated upon the plateau extending inland from the bluff. Black Hawk itself



OLD FORT AND SENTINEL MOUNDS.

1. Interior of inclosure. 2. Embankments of earth. 3. Gates. 4. Sentinel mounds. 5. Location of former spring. 6. Iowa River. 7. Mississippi River. 8. High bluff. 9. Bottom land. 10. Site of Black Hawk. 11. Site of Toolesboro.

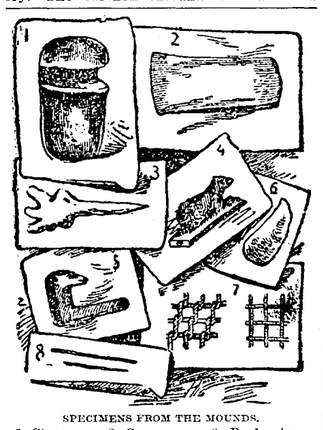
has long since been forgotten by the makers of maps.

A party of relic hunters, including the writer, arrived one fine morning in early autumn in the region of mounds lying to the north of Toolesboro. Those mound-builders were a strange race of people. This continent was theirs before the advent of our modern red man, and their high type of civilization is a cause of wonderment. Their origin, their date, and their disappearance are explained only by theory and conjecture. Here, on this majestic bluff of the Mississippi, we are surroundnd by huge unnatural and remarkable elevations of land, undoubtedly the work of human hands, and of so distinctive a character that not even the famed works at Newark or Circleville will excite more archæological interest.

THE OLD FORT.

Just in the outskirts of Toolesboro is the inclosure work known locally as "The Old Fort." Still it does not appear to have been erected for defensive purposes. To class it as a sacred inclosure would be more in harmony with the theories advanced by scientific men who have made a study of the similar earthworks in the Ohio Valley. As an indication that it was not originally designed as a fortification, we observe that its plan of construction is more ornamental than practical; that it was built carefully—not hurriedly—and without regard to strength of position; and, further, it is an isolated specimen of an inclosure earthwork. If it were designed as a fortification for practical use in time of war there would be other fortifications and vestiges of war in the immediate neighborhood.

The line of defense of the mound-builders extended from New York State diagonally across the country to the Wabash, which conclusively proves that the hostilities encountered by the race came from the northeast, and that there was no occasion for a fort in this region. This inclosure is the only one of importance west of the Mississippi, and probably the most unique on the continent. It stands without a counterpart, while the various geometric forms, squares and circles represented at Newark and Circleville are common to other sections of the mound region of the Ohio Valley. The earthen embankments are now



SPECIMENS FROM THE MOUNDS.

1. Stone ax. 2. Copper ax. 3. Perforator or drill. 4. Curved base pipe. 5. Another pipe form. 6. Flint knife. 7. Two modes of weaving of cloth found wrapped about copper implements. 8. Copper awls.

somewhat obliterated, but can still be distinctly traced, the angles and bastions exhibiting the form of an octagon, the sides of which are carved inward, and inclosing an area of half a dozen acres. A lane or passageway originally extended back from the west side of the inclosure several hundred feet to a spring which has now long ceased to be in existence, though it is remembered by the early settlers. Within the inclosure great quantities of pottery, flint chips, arrow points, polished stone axes and tomahawks, occasional pipes, copper implements and other articles have been picked up from time to time and found their way into collections and museums.

Standing upon the margin of this, the highest and most precipitous of Mississippi River bluffs, are eight stalwart sentinel mounds, drawn up in line as though zealously garding through the ages the sacred inclosure just behind. They are conical in shape with a terraced summit; their height is from twenty to thirty feet and their circumference from sixty to 100 feet.

Black Hawk and his followers had an inherited reverence for "The Old Fort," the "Sentinel Mounds," and the thousands of burial mounds scattered along the bluffs but their most remote traditions convey as little information of the origin of the earth-

SOME FORMS OF ARROW POINTS.

1. Triangular. 2. Indented base. 3. Dirk-shaped. 4. Beveled. 5. Stemmed. 6. Lozenge-shaped. 7. Barbed. 8. Leaf-shaped.

works and the people who built them as do the songs of the merry birds that warble in the trees above us.

EXPLORING THE REGION.

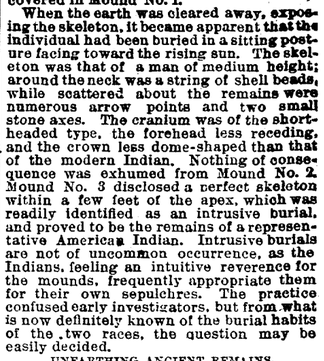
Our first day here was consumed in a general survey of the mound region, which includ s, in addition to the above, several thousand burial mounds, some large and some small, extending along the bluff for miles; and we most naturally conclude that this was the site of a densely populated mound-builder city. Early the following morning we took a work on the mounds, copies of the houses were attached simultaneously. Human remains were first discovered in Mound No. 1.

When the earth was cleared away, exposing the skeleton, it became apparent that the individual had been buried in a sitting posture facing toward the rising sun. The skeleton was that of a man of medium height; around the neck was a string of shell beads, while scattered about the remains were numerous arrow points and two small stone axes. The cranium was of the short-headed type, the forehead less receding, and the crown less dome-shaped than that of the modern Indian. Nothing of consequence was exhumed from Mound No. 2. Mound No. 3 disclosed a perfect skeleton within a few feet of the apex, which was readily identified as an intrusive burial, and proved to be the remains of a representative American Indian. Intrusive burials are not of uncommon occurrence, as the Indians, feeling an intuitive reverence for the mounds, frequently appropriate them for their own sepulchres. The practice confused early investigators, but from what is now definitely known of the burial habits of the two races, the question may be easily decided.

UNEARTHING ANCIENT REMAINS.

The Indian remains were carefully removed and the excavating proceeded. At last the original occupants of the mound were unearthed—two figures in a sitting posture facing eastward. The practice of placing the remains in this position was a common though not universal custom of the mound-builders, and is one of the points of evidence on which archæologists base their opinion regarding them as a race of sun-worshipers. From this mound were secured relics which would indicate an age somewhat more advanced than shown by Mound No. 1. The knives and hatchets were of hammered copper; some being wrapped in a cloth of close texture, though exhibiting skilled workmanship, which could only have been preserved for so many centuries by the chemical action of the copper with which it had lain in contact. Copper beads and a copper bracelet adorned one of the skeletons. Two finely carved pipes of catlinite, of the curved base variety—one representing a bird with eyes of pearl and the other an animal of questionable description—together with other specimens of less consequence, were discovered.

During the remainder of the week several more mounds were explored and numerous interesting relics of that prehistoric age were added to our collection. Here it was, in this immediate neighborhood, that the two elephant pipes—now world-famous—were found, furnishing the strongest proof of the antiquity of man on this continent. These pipes, carved from solid stone, representing the form of the elephant or mastodon—the only ones known—were both found in Louisa County, Iowa, and both are now to be seen in the museum of the Academy of Sciences at Davenport. These pipes show beyond a reasonable doubt that the mound-builder and the mastodon were contemporaneous. Their genuineness has been called into question, to be sure, but the severe criticism to which they were



SPECIMENS OF POTTERY.

1. Funeral urn. 2. Water cooler. 3. Water jug. 4. Drinking vessel.

subjected only proves their value and importance. Their genuineness is attested by scholarly men of the highest personal character.

A "Queries" Column.

We (or I should say I, as I am not at this moment writing editorially) recently started a small paper, which would some day, I hoped, be a mighty power in national politics. On the second day of publication it became painfully evident that something must be done to interest the people. The public didn't appear to catch on with the vim which I had expected. I had all the news, plenty of editorial, and a full complement of reading matter. I also had personal references to half the people in the town, but the half who were not mentioned got mad because I left them out, and the half who were mentioned felt insulted because I did not say more about them. After a week of deep thought, during which the circulation was largely confined to the families of reporters and compositors, I had an inspiration.

"A 'Queries Column' is the thing!" I cried, and straightway I put the idea into practice by writing a lot of questions on history, literature, the tariff, etc., and duly answering them. The "Queries Column" took. Next day I found in my mail the following:

"When did the moon dry up?"

"Sharpe Bargan and co. advertise calico at three cents. Will they wash?"

"If A bets C that D flukes on the royal flush, and E loses first base on hot grounder from 1-4 mile pole with F nose to nose at the gh—fl. b. g. under king gambit, which takes the pot?"

"What is the color of the paper on Sullivan's bed-room?"

"Who invented the eclusematicus, and why?"

"How many papers will a town the size of this support?"

"What is the best arrangement of 'White Wings,' and what key is it in?"

"What relation is Pete Perkins, the new postmaster of Podunk, to President Harrison?"

"If a baby's back teeth come before the front teeth, what is it a sign of?"

"How many years is it since the eruption of the Young Ling Volcano in China, said to be alluded to in the writings of Confucius as coexistent with the Flood?"

"What is the easiest, quickest, and cheapest way to get a drink in a Prohibition town where there are no drug stores, hotels, or restaurants?"

"Did Moses ever have the chicken pox?"

"What books would you recommend to a young man who wants to be an editor?"

A brand-new plant of a defunct newspaper in a flourishing town is for sale cheap. Good reasons for selling. —*New York Weekly.*

He Didn't Like the Judge.

It was in ante-war times; Androscoggin County was young and Auburn was a scene of unusual bustle, as it was court week. The presiding Justice stopped at one of the famous old hotels. At the same house boarded one of the oldest members of the bar, who for ready wit had no rival. The fire blazed brightly in the old fireplace of the hotel office. Judge ——, standing before the fire, was chatting with the gentleman, when some allusion was made to the personnel of the Maine Court. Our joker, it is suspected, had conceived a poor opinion of the ability of the Justice, and was longing for a chance to "light out" on him. "Yes," said the Judge in reply to an observation of the party, "I suppose I am the tallest Judge on the bench." "And about the slimmest one, too, I reckon," instantly responded his Impudence, to the surprise and amusement of the listeners.—*Lewiston Journal.*

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wal St., N. Y

WANTED.

WANTED—Reliable energetic man to handle fast selling specialties. Salary from start. Apply at once if wish position. L. P. THURSTON & CO., Empire Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. 14-12t

WANTED—A girl to do general housework, No. 202 West Wayne street. 14-tf

WANTED—Girl to do general housework in small family. Must be good cook. Good wages paid. Inquire at once at 229 West Berry street. 13-2t

WANTED—Special agents for the National Life association of Hartford, Conn. Also agents to canvass for Accident Insurance. Good salary to good men. Call or address, General Agent, room 1, Windsor hotel, Fort Wayne, Ind. 5-tf

DR. G. B. M. BOWER, 72 Harrison steeet, attends to all kinds of general medical and surgical practice. Medicines furnished when desired. Also electric, steam, vapor and medicated baths. 31-tf

WE want a reliable person in your vicinity to superintend posting up advertisements of our goods in conspicuous places. No experience required. Wages $2.50 per day and expenses. Steady employment. Address, enclosing 2c stamp for reply, UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO, Rialto Bldg., Chicago, Ill. aug16-3m

WANTED—People to come to 36 Clinton street for upholstered furniture, plush rockers for $7 and $8, mattresses $3. All kinds of work done on short notice. Respectfully, 24-tf H. E. HOUK.

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
J. F. CURTICE, Real Estate and Loan Broker, Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-2m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—One new railroad velocipede car. Address. Harry Snyder, Arcola, Allen county, Indiana.

FOR SALE—Farm of 160 acres, 7½ miles from city, on good gravel roads; will sell very cheap and on easy terms; also a farm of 40 acres, 3 miles from city, with good improvements and very suitable for gardening. For further particulars call at Rosseau & Pfeiffer's Meat Market, 44 West Berry street. sept9-1m

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A good dwelling. house, $18 per month, vacant about Sept. 20. Apply to T. J. Logan, Bank block, Court street. w&s

FOR RENT—Eight room house, newly painted and papered. with good barn and carriage house, No. 228 West Washington street. 14-6t

LOST.

LOST—A black and tan Shepard collie about three months old. Finder will please leave at the store of Skelton, Watt & Wilt and receive reward. 13-2t

G. H. Morrill & Co.,

Manufacturers of

Printing,

Lithographic Inks,

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DRIVE WELLS.

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COSGROVE & SNYDER,

Tubular and Drive Wells

Put Down by Skilled Workmen.

Special Attention Given to Pump Repairing.

We keep on hand a full line of Pumps and Repairs. PERKINS WIND MILLS.

NUMBER 9 HARRISON STREET.
Sign of Wind Mill Rudder. jun19-tf

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ROUSSEAU & PFEIFFER,

44 WEST BERRY STREET,

Have one of the BEST MEAT MARKETS in the city. They handle nothing but first-class meates sold at reasonable prices.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1889.

THE new court house at Albion will dedicated October 15.

BEN BUTLER denounces the men who abuse Tanner as copperheads.

THE people in the east make a terrible fuss about their recent storms.

PRESIDENT HARRISON is going to Deer Park again to remain some time. The Tanner muss unstrung his nerves.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW and John Sherman have returned from Europe. Chauncey expects to be president of the United States some time. Sherman used to feel that way about himself once, but he is contented now to be plain John Sherman.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD has issued his protest against the quacks who experiment with "elixirs" and who pretend to know something about his discovery. "I have never," he says, "made use of the word 'elixir,' much less the words 'elixir of life.' These are all expressions of sensational newspapers. If quacks or ignorant men in America have killed people, as stated by the New York papers, they would have avoided these murders had they paid the least attention to the elementary rules for the subcutaneous injection of animal substances." He thinks his old enemies, the anti-vivisectionists, are at the bottom of a good deal of the depreciation of his new experiments. "But what annoys me most," he remarks, "is that experiments should be made promiscuously, as it were, without proper study or precaution."

THE ST. PAUL LUTHERANS.

Their Magnificent New Church Edifice Will Be Dedicated to the Lord To-morrow.

To-morrow will be a grand day for the St. Paul Lutheran congregation of this city.

Their new church edifice, which has been completed at a cost of $68,000, will be dedicated with interesting and impressive services.

The building was commenced about a year and a half ago and to-day it stands a gnished temple—a proud monument to the Christian devotion and liberality of one of the largest Protestant denominations in the city.

THE SENTINEL reporter this morning called upon Rev. H. G. Sauer, pastor of the church, and was shown through the edifice by the reverend gentleman. The new church stands on the site of the old one on Barr street, at the foot of Madison. Its steeple towers over 200 feet in the air and the spire can be seen in every part of the city.

Viewed from without, it is a handsome structure. The workmen have done their arduous task well, and architectural beauty and symmetry are seen in every detail of the handsome building. Entering from either one of three doorways in front, one is taken into the large entry from which he can pass to the auditorium below, or by means of a stairway on either side, to the gallery above.

The main auditorium will seat one thousand persons, the gallery 500, making the seating capacity of the church 1,500. In the rear of the upper floor of the church is the grand organ, which is the gift of the young ladies of the church. It cost $4,000 and all the money for its purchase was raised by them.

From any part of the interior, either above or below, one has a good view of the altar and the pulpit and the aucostic properties of the church are such that the minister's voice is heard easily, even by those sitting in the last seats.

The ceiling and walls are beautifully frescoed, and the altar, which is a gift of the ladies of the congregation, is artistic and handsome in every detail. On the right is the pulpit, the gift of the young men, and on the left the baptismal font, the gift of the children of the congregation. The minister enters the pulpit from his study, and near the baptismal font, on the other side of the altar, is another small room, which is used during the baptismal services.

The beauty and arrangement of the interior of the church are perfect and everything about the edifice is grand. No other word expresses it and with this abrupt ending we will close our imperfect attempt to describe the handsome and the costly St. Paul Lutheran church, only pausing to say that, costly as it is, it is already nearly paid for, $45,000 in money having been raised and the balance of the debt being secured by the personal pledges of the members.

THE EXERCISES TO-MORROW,

When the church will be dedicated, will be full of interest. At 9:50 o'clock the church doors will be thrown open and a little after 10 o'clock the services will commence, with a dedicatory prayer by Rev. Sauer, followed by singing from Professor Ungemach's choir and a sermon by Rev. C. M. Zorn, of Cleveland, Ohio.

In the afternoon at 2:30, Rev. C. Gross, of the Emanuel Lutheran church will preach and he will be followed by Rev. O. W. Wilkonn, of Saxony, president of the Lutheran Freikirche, of Germany. In the evening the exercises will be in English. Prof. A. Crull, of the Concordia college, will preach, and the singing will be by Prof. Ungemach's and Prof. Hommel's choir.

On Monday evening Rev. Wilkonn will deliver a lecture on the condition of the church in Germany, and Rev. Sauer authorizes us to say that to all of these services the public will be cordially welcomed.

The singing, and the music from the grand new organ, will be special features at all the services, and the occasion will be a notable one to the Lutherans of the city.

THE HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATION.

On Saturday, October 14, 1837, a few German citizens gathered at the court house in Fort Wayne and organized the first Evangelical Lutheran congregation in Indiana. They represented twenty-three families. Sixty-five persons had their names entered upon the church register, and after an organization had been perfected, Rev. Jesse Hoover, of Woodstock, Va., was called as pastor, and Adam Wefel and Henry Trier chosen as deacons, and Henry Rudisill and Conrad Nill as directors.

This was the nucleus from which sprung the St. Paul, and, in time, the other Lutheran congregations of this city and vicinity, and to the Christian efforts of Henry Rudisill, who was ever foremost in the early church work, is much honor due for the establishment of this pioneer congregation and its success afterwards.

When Pastor Hoover came here to take charge of the little congregation, Fort Wayne was but a village of 500 inhabitants. He was given a warm welcome, however, for he found warm Christian hearts, and he entered upon his work with a determination to do what he could for the Master.

His duties were varied, and, in addition to his pastoral labors, he served as teacher of the day school, from which sprung the large Lutheran schools now located on Barr street. The church services were held in the old court house, and when that building was declared unsafe the little congregation left it and worshipped in the old brick school house at the corner of Harrison and Superior streets.

Pastor Hoover died on the 23d day of May, 1838, two years after his first visit to Fort Wayne and Rev. Frederick Wyneken, a noble, Christian man, who is remembered as a benefactor of the poor and a faithful worker for Christ, took his place.

Rev. Wyneken began his church work in the old brick school house, but the congregation soon decided to build their first church and this was commenced in the fall of 1839. It was a frame structure, 24x40 feet, and was located on Barr street, and after many struggles, during which the congregation worshipped in a partially completed building, at the corner of Barr and Jefferson streets, the church edifice was finished and worship in it was commenced.

In 1845, Rev. Wyneken left here to accept a charge at Baltimore, Md., and Rev. Dr. Sihler, who was then stationed at Pomeroy, Ohio, was called to fill the vacancy, and for forty years, from 1845 to 1885, he continued as pastor of the church.

When he assumed charge the congregation numbered sixty families and soon the little church became too small for its increasing membership. It was consequently moved to the rear part of their lot, used as a school house, and a new frame temple sixty-four by forty-four feet erected. To this was afterwards added a wing, and these buildings continued the place of worship of the congregation until they were razed for the present handsome edifice.

In 1861 Rev. Stubnatzy was called as assistant pastor to Dr. Sihler and he served as such until 1868, when the Emanuel Lutheran church was built on West Jefferson street, and he was placed in charge of that branch as pastor. Dr. Sihler remained alone as pastor of the St. Paul until 1875, when Rev. H. G. Sauer was called as assistant.

The congregation kept constantly increasing and in 1882 another branch was sent off from the St. Paul, and the Zion Lutheran church was established on Creighton avenue and other congregations started in different parts of the surrounding country.

On the 7th of June, 1885, Dr. Sihler, on account of failing health, resigned his position as pastor of St. Paul, and died on the 27th of October following. Rev. H. G. Sauer, the assistant, became pastor, and, beloved by all, he has remained in charge since. The congregation has made rapid strides during his ministration, and St. Paul has now over 1,800 communicants and represents a worshipping people numbering more than 3,000 souls. Over this large flock Rev. Sauer exercises a pastoral care, and as he looks back through the history of the church in this city, and sees its growth since he took charge of it less than four years ago, his heart must fill with Christian gratitude. To-morrow will indeed be a grand day to him and his people will not forget that to his ministering efforts is due much of their prosperity to-day.

COMPARISON SOLICITED.—A wise discrimination should be exercised by all who take medicine. The proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla solicit a careful comparison of this medicine with other blood purifiers and medicines, being confident that the peculiar merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla are so apparent that the people will unhesitatingly prefer it to any other preparation. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not a mixture of molasses and a few inert roots and herbs, but it is a peculiar concentrated extract of the best alterative and blood-purifying remedies of the vegetable kingdom. The enormous sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the wonderful cures effected, prove even more than has been claimed for this medicine. If you are sick the best medicine is none too good. Therefore, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Notice.

Mr. L. B. Sanborn is receiving daily shipments of Ohio Lake Shore Grapes which he will sell to dealers in fruit by soliciting orders and delivering goods direct from depot or Fort Wayne Storage House. sep9-1w

City Y. M. C. A. Notes.

An attractive pamphlet with a cut of the association building outside, and full particulars of the privileges offered to young men inside, is being printed for free distribution and will be ready on Wednesday of next week. Among other inducements are offered vocal music and arithmetic classes, and a Chautauqua circle. No effort will be spared to make the association rooms the most homelike and popular place in town for young men.

A reception is being planned by the reception committee to be given members, on the 1st of October. Drills in the gymnasium are being arranged and to-night at 8 the class meets for practice.

The boys' department bids fair to be successful. A reading room well supplied with the best boys' papers, an amusement room, furnished with popular games, and occasional receptions will be given boys from the age of 10 to 16 upon payment of $1 per year. Particulars of the prizes offered to the five boys securing the most members may be had of the secretary. On Sunday Mr. G. S. Sullivan speaks in the large hall on 'Christian Prize-fighting" and a large attendance of young men is anticipated.

The Greatest Show on Earth Coming to Fort Wayne.

On Monday, September 30, Fort Wayne will be visited by that mammoth aggregation of wonderful sights, the Forepaugh show. It is difficult in so small a space to enumerate even a small proportion of the unique and startling exhibits that will be made. The mere announcement that the old veteran Adam Forepaugh is coming is sufficient to make everyone wait until his coming. This year he has added to his huge circus and hippodrome the great "Wild West" exhibition, headed by the renowned shot Dr. Carver. He has a band of Sioux Indians from Red Cloud's tribe, and the realistic production of "Custer's Last Raid" is of new and strange interest.

The Blondin horse is one of the greatest features of the age. This wonderful horse walks a rope with the greatest ease and is a sight which none should miss. The trapeze horse is another great feature. Young Adam Forepaugh will be a worthy successor to his father. He has just turned his twenty seventh year, and in the comparatively few years he has devoted to the education of animals has met with phenominal success. All his sensational specialties with animals will be presented in the two performances in this city. Circus day will be a red letter day for Fort Wayne this fall.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

Have you ever noticed how much other people are like you?

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle *free of cost.* It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The large bottles are 50c and $1.

Can a chiropodist extract a corn from a mistletoe.

Eczema, or Pimples on the Face.

Occurs mostly in young people about the age of puberty, and is an inflammation and filling up of the sebaceous glands of the skin. In almost all cases the blood is impure. Loose's Extract Red Clover Blossons will cure them without fail.

The only thing which beats a good wife is a bad husband.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Ask for Baker's Famous Headeach Specific It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme& Gross.

Harvest Excursions.

The Wabash railroad will run a series of harvest excursions to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho Colorado, Wyoming, Dakota, Montana, Minnesota, Iowa, Tennessee, Louisiana, and Mississippi on September 10 and 24, and October 8, 1889. Tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip, and will be limited to return passage thirty days from date of sale. Full and explicit information furnished upon application to

R. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
29 tf Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE BEST WHITE SOAP MADE IN AMERICA
MAIL FOR LACE CURTAINS-SILKS
JAS. S. KIRK & CO. CHICAGO
WHITE CLOUD
FLOATING SOAP
WRAPPERS (LARGE SIZE) and receive a HANDSOME ALBUM
Containing Portraits of 12 Queens
MATCHLESS FOR SHAMPOOING

Great Strength

Is not required to do washing and house-cleaning, when it is done with PEARLINE. With Pearline, a delicate woman can do this hardest of woman's work with comparative ease. She don't have to rub herself or her clothes to pieces when she washes in this new way.

You will find these labor-saving directions on every package, and one trial will convince you that in PEARLINE you have found the most improved means and method for all washing and cleaning. Millions are using it.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. 123 Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

Schedule of Prices, Adopted July 1, 1889, for Natural Gas.

COOK STOVES—DOMESTIC.

Nov. Dec. Jan. Feb. March April	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th Disc't	Net.	May. June. July. Aug. Sept. Oct	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th Disc't	Net.
No 7 Mixer	$2.78	.28	$2.50		$1.66	.16	$1 50
No 5 Mixer	2.22	.22	2.00		1.39	.14	1.25

Gas and Gasoline Stoves for Cooking, $1.00 Per Month.

LARGE COOKING RANGE.

From November 1 to May 1.	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th Disc't	Net.	From May 1 to November 1.	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th Disc't	Net.
No 9 Mixer	$3.33	.33	$3.00		$2.22	.22	$2.00

LAUNDRY STOVES.

(When Cook Stove is Also Contracted.)

	Rate per month.	If paid before the 10th. Discount.	Net.
No 7 Mixer	$1.11	.11	$1.00
No 9 Mixer	.85	.10	.75

HEATING STOVES AND GRATES.

	No. 7 MIXER. Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th. Disc't.	Net.	No. 5 MIXER. Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th. Disc't.	Net.
First Stove	$5 00	.50	$4 50	$3 89	.39	$3 50
Second Stove	4 44	.44	4 00	3 33	.33	3 00
Third Stove	3 89	.39	3 50	2 78	.28	2 50
Fourth Stove	3 33	.33	3 00	2 22	.22	2 00
Fifth Stove	2 78	.28	2 50	1 66	.16	1 50
Sixth Stove	2 22	.22	2 00	1 39	.14	1 25

ANNUAL CHARGES FOR HEATING STOVES AND GRATES IN ADVANCE.

	No. 7 MIXER.	No. 5 MIXER.
First Stove	$27.00	$21.00
Second Stove	24.00	18.00
Third Stove	21.00	15.00
Fourth Stove	18.00	12 00
Fifth Stove	15.00	9.00
Sixth Stove	12.00	7.50

FURNACES.

	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th. Disc't.	Net.	Annual Charges in Advance.
21-inch fire pot	$ 6 95	$ 70	$ 6 25	$37 50
24-inch fire pot	8 66	86	7 80	46 80
26-inch fire pot	9 44	94	8 50	51 00
28-inch fire pot	10 00	1 00	9 00	54 00
30-inch fire pot	11 66	1 16	10 50	63 00
35-inch fire pot	13 89	1 39	12 50	75 00

Grates and open stoves using No. 5 Mixer or smaller, where boilers or furnaces are also used for heating the premises, shall be charged $7.50 each per annum.

The company will make all necessary connections with its street mains and run service pipes to the curb line without expense to the consumer.

The mixers are owned by the company, and are furnished without charge. Patrons are cautioned against interfering with them in any manner. Any defective service on the part of the company will be promptly attended to, upon notice to the omee. A damper in the stove pipe is necessary to insure successful service.

All bills are due on the 1st day of the month, and payable in advance AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMPANY. Ten days' grace is allowed to patrons who pay promptly, but BILLS MUST BE PAID ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH TO SAVE DISCOUNT. Allowing the time for discount to expire before making payment does not give an extension of time on the b ll.

All applications, notices and complaints must be made at the office to insure prompt attention.

The business of the company MUST be transacted AT ITS OFFICE. If you do not clearly understand any point in this circular, call at this office and explanations will be cheerfully given.

☞The mixer is the bulb through which the gas passes to be mixed with air. A No. 5 mixer is the size generally used for domestic purposes and will supply sufficient gas for heating equal to an ordinary hard coal stove, burning from 4½ to 5 tons of coal during the season. No. 7 and upward are for hot air furnaces and steam heating apparatus.

No. 5 mixer has 4-32 opening.
No. 7 mixer has 5-32 opening.
No. 9 mixer has 6-32 opening.

Special attention is called to the annual rates, which are much below the cost of coal, wood or gasoline.

Furnace or cook stove will be counted as one stove, and where additional fires are used they will be figured on the basis of reduction named in price list.

Annual Contracts are payable in six monthly installments, commencing with the date of connection, between November 1 and May 1, and continuing to April 1, and commencing again November 1 if necessary to complete six monthly installments. If connections under Annual Contracts are made after May 1, but previous to November 1, then such monthly payments shall begin November 1 and continue to April 1.

Any consumer using $40.00 worth of gas per year according to above schedule shall have the right to require gas to be furnished by meter measurement instead of schedule rates; in which case the company shall have the right to charge ten (10) cents per 1,000 feet. Standard meters will be furnished by the company.

For all manufacturing purposes and for all other consumers not designated in the foregoing schedule, gas shall be furnished at the option of the consumer as follows:

First, by special agreement, or second, by meter measurement not exceeding seven (7) cents per 1,000 cubic feet.

For further information, apply at office.

THE SALIMONIE MINING AND NATURAL GAS CO., 50 CLINTON STREET.

If You think you have every known Disease, (and some that are not), take HOPTONIC.

For sale at Thieme & Gross' Drug Store, Corner Calhoun and Wayne.

TAR-OID

NATURE HAS NO BETTER REMEDY

Than this New Compound of Tar for Coughs, Croup, Wounds, Burns, Scrofula, Ulcers, Sores, Piles, Varicose Veins, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, and Eczema, and Consumption.

TAR-OID must not be confounded with the cheap remedies which are prepared on the theory that *Skin Diseases* are caused by *impure blood*, which is not true. They have their cause in a want of *vital action* in the skin. TAR-OID restores this action, hence it cures every form of *Skin Disease*, also sores, burns, etc. It is soothing and wonderfully healing—gratifying results follow in every case. It is harmless and can be used with perfect safety by any one. It is superior to all other remedies. There is positively nothing else like it.

TAR-OID is a sure cure for piles. It never fails. We warrant a cure or refund the money. It gives immediate relief. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful in its action.

Send for our "Good Samaritan" free.

CHICAGO'S BEST PHYSICIANS INDORSE IT.

TAR-OID has no equal for Piles and Pruritis.
LEILA G. BEDELL, M. D.,
181 Dearborn av.

TAR-OID has yielded excellent results in Croup, Bronchitis, and Consumption.
J. R. BOYNTON, M. D., R. 506, 70 State st.

TAR-OID gives me fine results in Rectal and Skin Troubles, Indolent Sores, and Enlarged Glands.
F. H. PRATT, M. D.,
57 Central Music Hall.

TAR-OID has a most wonderful action on the skin and has given me fine results in Coughs and Consumption.
W. H. BURT, M. D.,
113 Dearborn st.

TAR-OID acts like a charm on Piles, Old Sores, etc.
J. R. M'CULLOUGH, M. D.,
2 S. Halsted st.

TAR-OID gives me perfect satisfaction in Cervical Troubles, Swellings, and Piles.
M. M. THOMPSON, 403 Oakley av.

TAR-OID CO., 73 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

e by Dreier Bros., Corner of Columbia and Calhoun.

ABOUT GLOVES.

When you are buying gloves remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too cheap. It is better to pay a fair price and get good gloves than to get poor ones and be disappointed. We make a specialty of fitting gloves in the best manner and are prepared to do the most difficult glove fitting. If you want a perfect fitting glove at a reasonable price, call at

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.—Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal. Successfully used monthly. Safe Effectual. Pleasant. $1 by mail, or druggists. Sealed particulars 2 stamps. Ladies address POND LILY COMPANY, 124 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Fort Wayne by Thieme & Gross. 15-6t

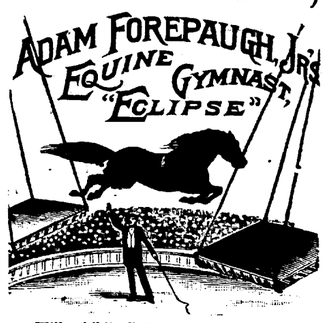
Never Travel Without a Box of

AMUSEMENTS.

All Who Want the Earth Can Now Get a Large Slice of Its Four Quarters!

With everything new and brilliant and protracted seasons in all the leading cities of the east and West, on

MONDAY, SEPTEM'R 30,



Will exhibit afternoon and evening at

Fort Wayne, on the Old Show Ground, Foot of Calhoun Street, at 2 and 8 o'clock p. m.

And now on its 26th annual tour, the great and only

FOREPAUGH - SHOW

Combined with which is the national and thrilling

WILD WEST

Exhibition and the peerless

PARIS HIPPODROME!

Its first season in America, and Forepaugh's colossal

3 Ring Circus AND MOST STUPENDOUS MENAGERIE On this Continent.

3 Times the Greatest Show on Earth!

30 TRAINED ELEPHANTS,

100 Marvelous Educated Animals, 150 Distinguished Artists, 1,400 Men and Horses.

1,000 RARE ANIMALS,

Birds and 200 Scouts and Savages.

Realistic Wild West Scenes—Custer's Last Rally, Atrocious Mountain Meadow Massacre, Exciting Hippodrome Races, Dashing and Daring Arenic Triumphs, United Wild West Circus and Hippodrome.

GRAND STREET PARADE

Will move from the show grounds at about 10:30 o'clock on the morning of Exhibition Day. It will be the most varied, vast, superb show pageant ever seen upon the streets of an American city. Admission to all, 50 cents; children under nine years, 25 cents. Reserved chairs on the grand stand and admission tickets at the usual slight advance will be for sale during the exhibition at C. B. WOODWORTH & CO.'S DRUG STORE, AVELINE HOUSE BLOCK, CORNER CALHOUN AND BERRY STREETS.

Two perf rmances at 2 and 8 p. m. Opens one hour previous. Courteous ushers in attendance and the same careful attention to the comfort and safety of visitors, especially ladies and children, that is the distinguishing feature of this exhibition.

☞This will be the only great tented exhibition that will visit the city this year. ADAM FOREPAUGH, Sole Proprietor; Adam FOREPAUGH, JR., Manager.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Saturday, September 14th.

Engagement of the

QUEEN OF COMEDIENNES,

NELLIE McHENRY

Supported by her Famous Company of Artists, under the Direction of

WEBSTER & MAEDER,

In that Cyclone of Mirth and Music,

Green-Room Fun!

Embodying the Adventures and Mishaps of a Party of Amateurs Impressed with a desire for a Glimpse

Behind the Scenes of a Theatre!

Written by BRONSON HOWARD, Esq., author of the "Henrietta," etc.

PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.

☞Seats on Sale Thursday.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Monday, September 16th.

The Great and Only

HAPPY CAL WAGNER'S OLD TIME

MINSTRELS!

COMPRISING

25 The People's Favorites. 25

HAPPY CAL WAGNER,

The original BILLY BIRCH, the world's favorite, COOL BURGESS, the distinguished silver voiced tenor, CHARLES HENRY, the renowned banjoist, JOHN H. MACK, the fascinating prima donna, CHARLES HEYWOOD, the matchless musical sketch artists, COLEMAN and MORTON, the famous MANHATTAN SEXTETTE, the great clog dancers, ROONEY and KELLY.

Mammoth Brass Band and Orchestra.

A new and original ideal spectacular scenic first part, copyrighted by Cal Wagner, entitled

THE PLANTER'S WEDDING,

Introducing a Realistic Plantation Home.

Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.

☞Sale of Seats Commences Friday.

Grand Minstrel Parade During the Day.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 17th.

The Representative Irish Comedian,

W. J. SCANLAN

"PEEK-A-BOO."

Under the Management of

Augustus Pitou.

His first appearance here in the new Irish Comedy-Drama,

MYLES AROON!

Written by Geo. H. Jessop and Horace Townsend.

Hear Scanlan's New Songs,

Written and composed by him for this play.

"SCANLAN'S SWING SONG."
"YOU AND I, LOVE."
"LIVE, MY LOVE, OH! LIVE."

FOR Mosquito Bites Sunburn Piles Burns Inflammations Hemorrhages Soreness Sprains Lameness Sore Eyes Chafing Wounds Bruises and ALL PAIN USE POND'S EXTRACT

DEMAND POND'S EXTRACT. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE FOR IT

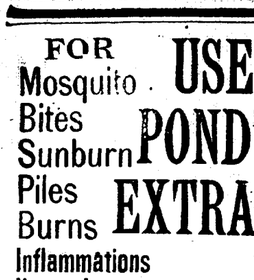
FAC-SIMILE OF BOTTLE WITH BUFF WRAPPER.

TO CURE THE WORST CASES OF PILES USE POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.

BY MAIL FOR 50 CTS A BOTTLE.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., New York

BALL'S



CORSETS

BONED WITH KABO.

Warranted Not to Break or Roll Up with Wears

If they do we will cheerfully return the money paid for them, or if the Corset is not SATISFACTORY IN ALL RESPECTS after 3 weeks wear it may be returned to us and money will be refunded.

CHICAGO CORSET CO

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

DIETER'S CROWN

BAKING POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can. 20c.; ½ lb., 10c.; ¼ lb., 5c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other because he claims to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

WESTMINSTER SEMINARY.

Fall Term Opens, Sept. 11.

Music, Art, Gymnastics, Elocution, German, Latin, Higher Mathematics, Literature.

First Class Instruction. Select Association. Individual Attention.

ONE DAILY SESSION.
Tuition, First Term, $20.00.

Primary and Boy's Departments open same day.

For information apply at the Seminary.

For Old and Young.

Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

Tutt's Pills

give tone to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder. To these organs their strengthening qualities are wonderful, causing them to perform their functions as in youth.

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

BROU'S INJECTION

An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture; no sickening doses; and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere. J. Ferré, (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,
No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind

Opposite Aveline House over the Model Drug Store.

DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 6 WEST BERRY STREET.

SPECIALTY OF THE EYE AND EAR

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1889.

THE TEACHERS.

A List of Those Who Will Enter Upon Their Duties of Instruction Next Monday.

The public schools will open next Monday. Superintendent J. S. Irwin announces the following official list of teachers:

SPECIAL TEACHERS.

Drawing, Miss Charlotte J. Emmins.
Reading, Miss Sarah B. Tanney.
Music, Wilbur F. Heath.
Writing, John L. Tyler.
Stenography, Wilson E. McDermut.
Bookkeeping, J. Frank Whiteleather.

CENTRAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Principal, Chester T. Lane, A. B.
Assistant, Charles R. Dryer, A. M., M. D.
Assistant, Miss Hannah E. Evry.
Assistant, Miss Frances E. Tower.
Assistant, Miss Mary L. Jay.
Assistant, Miss Sarah A. Updegraff.
Assistant, Miss Ellen McKeag.
Assistant, Miss E. Louise Hamilton.
Janitor-in-chief, James A. Gavin.
Janitor, Conrad Leidolf.

JEFFERSON STREET SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Harriet E. Leonard.
A, intermediate, (1) Miss Clara Phelps.
A, intermediate, (2) Miss Laura A. Kimball.
B, intermediate, Miss Janet A. McPhail.
B and C, intermediate, Miss Elizabeth M. Biegler.
C and D, intermediate, Miss Georgia L. Dennison.
D, intermediate, Miss Adella V. Ross.
A, primary, Miss Elizabeth E. Chapin,
A and B, primary, Miss Helen Brenton.
B, primary, Miss Mary Smyser.
C, primary, (1) Miss Anna E. Trenam.
C, primary, (2) Miss Katherine H. Blynn.
D, primary, (1) Miss R. Etta Cothrell.
D, primary, (2) Mrs. Elsie A. Hall.
Janitor, John Immel.

CLAY STREET SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Mary McClure.
A, intermediate, Miss Louvie E. Strong.
A and B intermediate, Miss Sarah E. McKean.
B, intermediate, Miss Emma L. Armstrong.
C and D intermediate, Miss M. Belle Clark.
D, intermediate, Miss Elizabeth Collins.
A, primary, Miss M. Georgina Wadge.
A and B primary, Miss Mary E. Christie.
B and C primary, Miss Mary E. Markey.
C, primary, Miss Annette Gaskins.
C and D primary, Miss Georgianna Boyd.
D, primary, (1) Miss Annie G. Habecker.
D, primary, (2) Mrs. Jennie S. Woodward.
Janitor, Michael S. Brannan.

HOAGLAND AVENUE SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Frances Hamilton.
A, intermediate, Miss Mary A. Abel.
B, intermediate, Miss Katie A. Ross.
B and C. intermediate, Miss Mary E. Dick.
C and D intermediate, Miss Emma F. Gaskins.
D, intermediate, Miss Minnie F. Homsher.
A, primary, Miss M. Ella Orff.
B, primary, Miss Annie E. Farnen.
B and C primary, Miss Emma F. Kinnaird.
C, primary, Miss Miriam Cohen.
D primary, (1) Miss Addie F. Davis.
D primary, (2) Miss Elizabeth B. Mitchell.
D primary, (3) Miss Lillie B. Beaber.
Janitor, Mrs. Anna O. Callahan.

HANNA STREET SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Belle R. Lloyd.
A and B intermediate, Mrs. Marian H. Brenton.
B and C intermediate, Miss Jennie M. Abel.
C intermediate, Miss Margaret A. Wade.
D intermediate, Miss Martha E. Wohlfort.
A primary, Miss Addie H. Williams.
A and B primary, Miss Annie B. Dick.
B and C primary, Miss Cecelia Foley.
C primary, Miss May C. Hedekin.
C and D primary, Miss Catherine Freeman.
D primary, (1) Miss Clara F. Humphrey.
D primary, (2) Mrs. Elizabeth O. Collins.
Janitor, Mrs. Maria Perrett.

WASHINGTON STREET SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Margaret S. Cochrane.
B intermediate, Miss Lettie A. Van Alstine.
C intermediate, Miss Jessie L. Humphrey.
C and D intermediate, Miss Lizzie F. Irwin.
D intermediate, Mrs. Mabel E. Clayton.
A primary, Miss Luella C. Boles.
A and B primary, Miss Adah T. Bittenger.
B primary, Miss Marianna J. Geake.
B and C primary, Miss Elizabeth T. Burgess.
C and D primary, Miss Abbie C. Keefer.

BLOOMINGDALE SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Margaret M. McPhail.
A and B intermediate, Miss Alice M. Hill.
B and C intermediate, Miss Emma Stanley.
C and D intermediate, Zeruich E. McLain.
D intermediate, Mrs. Sarah J. Stahl.
A primary, Miss Grace M. Waldo.
A and B primary, Miss Emma H. Ersig.
B and C primary, Miss Alice L. Hamil.
C primary, Miss Nellie P. Ransom.
D primary, 1, Miss Elizabeth J. Bowman.
D primary, 2, Miss Mary E. Freeman.
D primary, 3, Miss Victoria Carter.
German, Miss Emilie Weber.
Janitor, Miss Catherine Sheridan.

HARMER STREET SCHOOL.

Principal, Mrs. Mary S. Waldo.
C intermediate, Miss Matilda E. Knight.
D intermediate, Miss Ella R. Williard.
A primary, Miss Florence Clark.
B and C primary, Miss Henrietta M. Winbaugh.
C and D primary, Miss Edith M. Boseker.
D primary, Miss Effie Lumbard.
Janitor, Mrs. Anna J. Clark.

MINER STREET SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Alice M. Habecker.
A primary, Miss Rachel C. Boles.
B primary, Miss Martha M. Clark.
C and D primary, Mrs. Delia Wilson.
D primary, Miss Grace G. Hayden.
Janitor, Mrs. Orpha Clippenger.

HOLTON AVENUE SCHOOL.

Principal and C primary, Miss Edith M. Brewster.
D primary, Miss Prudence L. Bowman.
German, Miss Martha Stumpf.
Janitor, Mrs. Julia Richard.

NEBRASKA SCHOOL.

Principal and D. primary, Miss Susan S. Sinclair.
C and D primary, Miss Lillie V. Bowen.
Janitor, Mrs. Anna Rouzer.

M'CULLOCH STREET SCHOOL.

Principal and D primary, Miss Edith E. Ersig.
C primary, Miss Effie C. Lane.
Janitor, Mrs. Mary E. Dolan.

E. GERMAN SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Emma C. Weber.
Assistant, Miss Bertha Ritter.

W. GERMAN SCHOOL.

Principal, Carl Schwarz.
Assistant, Miss Annie Boss.
Assistant, Miss Sarah C. Schaaf.
Janitor, Mrs. Elizabeth Rohlman.

THE CITY OF THE MORMONS.

Hon. J. W. Hayden Writes Interestingly of the Trip of the Fort Wayne Party to Salt Lake City.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Sept. 9, 1889.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL:

Presuming somewhat upon your courtesy, I will venture a few paragraphs by way of incident and description of the Salt Lake excursionists who left Fort Wayne on the 20th ultimo, fully intent on having an inside view of the City of Latter Day Saints, and a personal observation of the horrors of the social evil, which, at long range, is supposed to hang like a gloomy pall, over the otherwise seeming and Eden like valley of the Great Salt Lake.

The party consisted of Messrs. E. L. Craw, Peter Certia, Joseph A. Grier, B. Rothschild, wife and son, G. W. Seavey and wife, and the writer, who were joined by several other gentlemen and their ladies from Indiana as they passed through the state, via. the Wabash Western railway. Kansas City being reached some two hours behind time, caused a delay in our departure, which was the first incident of note, it being very unusual ever to be behind time in getting into this city, and we could safely add an almost unheard of circumstance of ever getting out when once there. At least that was the conclusion some of our party came to before we got off.

Having made our escape from the wonderful whirlpool of business excitement, we sped across bleeding Kansas for the farther west and arrived at the Queen City of the plains on Tuesday at 12 m., from whence, after a brief stop for lunch, we again proceeded on our way. At Cheyenne we were attached to the Union Pacific train, which was also largely made up of excursionists from Chicago and points east and west of there, bound for Ogden, Salt Lake and the Pacific slope.

On Friday, August 23, at 3:30 p. m., we disembarked from the train at the foot of North Temple street, Salt Lake City, without further incident than that mentioned, save that at Ogden Messrs. Craw and Certia became—during our short stop at that would be great metropolis—so excited over the brilliant prospects of immediate and fabulous fortunes, superinduced, of course, by the eloquent, flowery and even pathetic appeals of Ogden boomers, that they forgot to stay aboard the train as it pulled out and were consequently left unprotected amid a wild group of real estate cormorants, each eager to give them twenty to one on thirty days time, on any purchase they would make, and a Mormon wife thrown in.

The spell broke finally, however, and they escaped by the next train down, and when we met them we could not but observe that they had the appearance of sadder, but wiser men.

There is but little to interest the traveler by railway in crossing the plains, when once the mountains which are striking [illegible] when the scenery changes and finally becomes picturesque, grand and even sublime, as you sweep down through Webber cannon, past the Devil's Slide, the perpendicular cliffs of solid granite rising thousands of feet on either side, while the Webber river and the railroad track continually contend with each other for the right of way until they emerge from the narrow canon and side by side glide down the valley to the city of Ogden.

In going from Ogden, by the Denver and Rio Grand railroad, you pass along in sight of the great Salt Lake for a number of miles and are fully impressed with the magnitude of this wonderful inland sea, but know nothing of its invigorating force and the charms of its rocking waves, until you have once committed yourself to its saline waters in a never-to-be forgotten bath. Thousands upon thousands here find health and rest, and their is certainly no place yet known, other than this, where all the aches and pains that flesh is heir to, can find so sweet a solace, so complete a panacea.

So much has been said and written concerning the city of Salt Lake, that we deem it inadvisable to say anything here regarding it, but may be pardoned a few reflections as to what, to us seemed most striking and the most to be observed.

You are at once impressed with the magnificent distances with which you meet on every hand; the blocks being six hundred and sixty feet square, and containing ten acres, streets one hundred and thirty feet in width; sidewalks twenty-five, with alleys the same, where you find one, which is very seldom. The mountains, which you think are but a stone's throw away, are, on inquiry, or experimental demonstration, found to be from one to one and one-half miles distant; and, attempting their assent, you give up in utter despair, after you have passed the mesa, and reached the top of the foot hills.

The city is rapidly improving, but can never become a great commercial place until radical changes have been wrought, both as to its government and its physical aspect. Its enormous squares must be quartered, its streets reduced by lines of parks running along their centers, its sewerage perfected and its water supply quadrupled. These things, with an enlightened, progressive, energetic, conservative government, will speedily make Salt Lake City the Omaha of the Jourdan, or the Chicago of the Great Salt Lake.

I fear I have exceeded the limit of space allotted correspondents, and will therefore conclude at this point, promising to return our little party safely in my next. H.

Do not be induced to take some other preparation when you call for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

Many men of many minds;
Many pills of various kinds.
But for a mild, effective, vegetable purgative, you had better get Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They cure sick headache, billious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, and billious attacks; 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

The sheriff knows a good thing when he seizes it.

What Druggists Say.

Office of BASSETT & L'HOMMEDIEU, Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO.—Gentlemen: Yours of the 26th inst. received. In reply would say that your Loose's Extract Red Clover Blossoms is meeting with a large and rapidly increasing sale with us and that it gives excellent satisfaction. We think it will take the lead for the cure of blood diseases, especially those of a cancerous nature.
Yours truly,
BASSETT & L'HOMMEDIEU.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle *Free*, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

A lawyer depends on words; the real estate man on deeds.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won Merit Wins for Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co. Lowell, Mass

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Wood's Gallery,

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

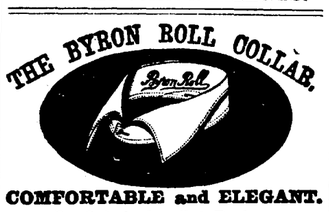
THIRD POINT

You should read the CHICAGO DAILY NEWS because it's *an independent newspaper*. There are two sides to every political question, and THE DAILY NEWS gives them both with equal fairness. A party organ magnifies one side and dwarfs the other. No sensible man wants to be trifled with in this fashion. The time has gone by when American citizens expect to inherit their political opinions. They want to make their own—and to do this they want a paper to tell them the truth, regardless of their own personal preferences. If you are an honest man, independent and self-reliant in thought, read an honest and independent newspaper—read The CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

Remember—Its circulation is 220,000 a day—over a million a week—and it costs by mail 25 cts. a month, four months $1.00,—*one cent a day.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BYRON ROLL COLLAR.



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For Sale by Leading Dealers.
M'f'd Solely by WM. BARKER, Troy, N.Y.

Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

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ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

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Girls' Higher School

Removed from La Salle Ave. to 479 & 481 Dearborn Ave., Chicago. Fourteenth year begins Sept. 18th. Boarding and day school for young ladies and children. Full courses of study, including preparation for college. Excellent houses thoroughly fitted up.

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NO. 51 EAST MAIN STREET,

PAUL BAUMANN, Prop.

Practical Dyer and Cleaner.
Experience in Europe and America.

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THE FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor!

Is now receiving his LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK of

FALL GOODS

Which are the Nobbiest ever brought to this city. He intends making

Suits in the Latest Styles

—AND AT—

Very Low Prices this Fall

and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,

NO. 15 W. WAYNE ST.

L. JAXTHEIMER,

MERCHANT

TAILOR!

—CARRIES A—

FULL LINE

Of Foreign and Domestic Goods, Suitings, FALL

OVERCOATINGS,

Trouserings. All work WARRANTED.

83 Calhoun Street.

WATER WORKS.

Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.

—AT—

C. W. BRUNS & CO.,

PLUMBERS,

166 Calhoun Street,

Opposite the Cathedral. Fort Wayne, Ind.

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Natural Gas Fittings.

BOSTON TEA STORE.

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Watermelons.
Peaches.
Red and Black Rasoberries.
Fresh Vegetables.
Extra sugar cured hams.
The Finest Coffee Sold.

A. F. GESSLER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH, SALT

—AND—

SMOKED - MEATS,

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He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Saussages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

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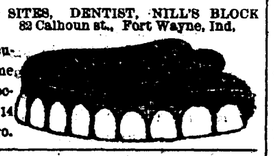

I still occupy same rooms I occupied 14 years ago.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

All the Latest Styles in Fancy Bosoms and French Flannels. All Flannels are shrunken before they are cut. Satisfaction guaranteed.

P. G. KUTTNER,

july 20-3m] 144 CALHOUN ST.

THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY

GOTTLIEB HALLER

The D & C TO MACKINAC

SUMMER TOURS.

PALACE STEAMERS. LOW RATES.

Four Trips per Week Between DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND Petoskey, Sault Ste. Marie, and Lake Huron Way Ports.

Every Week Day Between DETROIT AND CLEVELAND

Special Sunday Trips during June, July, August and Sept.

Double Daily Line Between CHICAGO AND ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS

Rates and Excursion Tickets will be furnished by your Ticket Agent, or address

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Detroit and Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

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STANDARD TYPEWRITER

It has been for fifteen years the STANDARD, and embraces the latest and highest achievements of inventive skill.

SEND FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,

51 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Ind
May 22-5mo

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect May 12, 1889.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *5:30 a. m., †11:40 p. m., *8:00 p. m., *9:00 p. m.
Crestline accommodation, †7:00 a. m.
WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *5:15 a. m., †11:40 a. m., *5:00 p. m., *1:45 a. m. Chicago accommodation leaves at 8:30 a. m. For Plymouth, †4:00 p. m.
*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 a m

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m—A.	Cincinnati Ex.....—Lv	
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m	"—Detroit Fx	" 11 50 a m
5 20 p m	"—Way Freight.....	" 6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

[MUNCIE ROUTE]

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

TIME CARD. Aug. 18, 1889.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne..lv	7:05 a. m.	10:40 a. m.	6:00 p. m.
Indianapolis.ar	11:05 a. m.	5:15 p. m.	10:45 p. m.
Cincinnati...ar	—	6:25 p. m.	—
Louisville....ar	—	6:25 p. m.	—

Returning, service is equally fast. Two trains daily from Indianapolis. Three trains daily, except Sunday, and one train from Louisville and Cincinnati. Trains leave from North depot, Fort Wayne.

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex. daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail.....	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.
GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily.....	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday.....	1 30
Limited Express, daily	6 25
Lafayette accom arrives 11 a m.	

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 30 a m
1 45 p m	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m	1 20 p m
1 10 p m	6 10 p m
7 00 p m	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect June 16, '89

GOING NORTH.	
*For Grand Rapids and North.....	Lv 2 15 a m
" " " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids.....	" 2 50 p m
From Richmond.....	Ar 6 15 p m
From Portland.....	Ar 7 30 a m
GOING SOUTH.	
For Richmond and Cincinnati.....	Lv 5 50 a m
" " "	" 12 30 p m
" " "	" 12 10 p m
For Portland.....	6 50 p m
From Grand Rapids.....	Ar 6 35 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers." 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. Sold by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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Real Estate & Loans

26 Court Street.

Watch his bulletin for some special bargains.

FRANK B. KENDRICK,

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The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,

Wing & Mahurin,

ARCHITECTS!

"THE DAY IS AT HAND."

SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TALMAGE IN BROOKLYN.

He Is Welcomed Home by a Glad Throng and He Prefaces His Sermon by the Statement That He Is In a Happy Frame of Mind.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., was welcomed home Sunday, Sept. 8, by an overflowing congregation. At the opening of the service the hymn beginning,

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,

was sung with fine effect. Dr. Talmage's subject was: "The Sunrise," and his text: "The day is at hand." Romans xiii, 12. He said:

Back from the mountains and the seaside, and the springs, and the farm house, your cheek bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? "is it well with thy child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep plowing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphorescence.

Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the Colorado mountains twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, or the tonic atmosphere of the Pacific coast, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I cannot tell. I simply know I am grandly and gloriously and inexpressibly happy. It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year I want to give you the key note of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tune of Antioch, Ariel and Coronation. Some time ago we had a new stop put in this organ—a new trumpet stop—and I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons.

In our Christian work you and I need more of the element of gladness. That man has no right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that he was glum at the wedding in Cana of Gallilee? Do you suppose Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over his knee and shoulder at his own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ: "He rejoiced in spirit?" Do you believe that the divine Christ who pours ali the water over the rocks at Vernal Falls, Yosemite, does not believe in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rashing raptures of human life? I believe that not only the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an alembic, and assay them, and test them, and analyze them, and you will find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced because of what he calls the great laughter he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy anywhere, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers recently disturbed many people by telling them that there is danger of stellar collision. We have been told through the papers by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues, and wars, and tumults, and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center, where ten or twenty or thirty tracks cross each other, and seen by the movement of the switch one or two inches the train shoots this way and that without colliding, then you may understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switchtender can shoot the trains this way or that without harm, cannot the Hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only 6,000 years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout gospel breeze might scatter all the malaria of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at about half past 5, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

The first ray of the dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword.

That Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the Narrows, or off the Mersey? By the Gulf Stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood? By the pathway of nations incarnadined? No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over, and telegraph to Washington and to London: "All settled." Peace. Peace. England pays to the United States the amount awarded—pays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

So, the quarrel eight or nine years ago about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. England said; "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries?" The United States said: "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say: "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned not a cartridge bitten off, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle.

So the Somoan controversy in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think, through peccadillo of ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment of Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation dies in a war that has not even the dignity of being respectable. What is that blush on the cheek of England to-day? What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war. Down with the sword and up with the treaty.

We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the thrust of the sword. Philanthropy said to the North: "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a certain time be born free." Philanthropy at the same time said to the South: "You sell the slaves, and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The North replied: "I won't pay a cent." The South replied: "I won't sell." War! War! A million dead men, and a national debt which might have ground this nation to powder.

Why did we not let William H. Seward, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over, and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the north pay in cost of war, four billion seven hundred million dollars, and the south pay four billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars, the destroying angel leaving the first born dead in so many houses all the way from the Penobscot to the Alabama. Ye aged men, whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Oh yes! we have come to believe, I think, in this country, that arbitration is better than battle.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war paint, and Afghan and Zulu hurl poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as vanquished, and that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God this nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave Gen. Custers. Stop exasperating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the reservation. A general of the United States Army, in high repute throughout this land, and who, perhaps, has been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who has been wounded again and again in behalf of our government in battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations, let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative or contest.

I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful with birds, and my cornfields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under that large tree, my father died. An invader comes, and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner, and still closer corner, until after a while I say: "Stand back, don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off of my premises? I got this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say: "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and fired by their hardships I hew you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero, I am the culprit. Behold the United States Government and the North American Indian. The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Brooklyn home or a New York home is right in defense of a home on top of the Rocky Mountains. Before this dwindling red race dies completely out, I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's judgment, I would rather there be a blood smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an Indian reservation! One man was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other man pretented to be a representative of a Christian nation. Notwithstanding all this, the general disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glittering edge of keen steel is a sign unmistakable that "the day is at hand."

I find another ray of the dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with fourteen hundred millions of population and no facile means of communication; but now, through telegraphy for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading, the twenty-five thousand miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into insignificant brevity. Hong Kong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras. Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in twenty minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for nineteen centuries, and may go on in the work through other centuries; but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may all do their work in twenty-four hours. The world sometimes derides the church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did it not take science five thousand six hundred and fifty-two years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took five thousand eight hundred years before it even guessed that there was any practical use that might be made of this subtle and mighty element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces, and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. Do we not read the queen's speech at the proroguing of parliament the day before in London? If that be so, is it anything marvelous to believe that in twenty-four hours a divine communication can reach the whole earth? Suppose Christ should descend on the nations—many expect that Christ will come among the nations personally—suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should descend upon these cities. Would not that fact be known all the world over in twenty-four hours? Suppose he should present his Gospel in a few words saying: "I am the Son of God; I came to pardon all your sins and to heal all your sorrow; to prove that I am a supernatural being, I have just descended from the clouds; do you believe me, and do you believe me now?" Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck. I tell you all these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities or even the improbabilities that Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instanter, when the time comes. There are foretokenings in the air. Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down or that the axle of the world is going to break; but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough, the London plagues. Enough, the Asiatic cholleras. Enough, the wars. Enough; the shipwrecks. Enough the conflagrations. I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your shipwrecking opened toward the heavens, and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have a few new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some new banner that has never been carried, ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of Heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning cloud, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or red, for Him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand!"

One more ray of the dawn I see in facts chronological and mathematical. Come now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaiah and Ezekiel and Hosea, and Micah, and Malachi, and John, and Peter, and Paul, and Christ, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success or toward a dead failure. If there is a child in your house sick, and you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is gone. If you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast, and the captain assures you the vessel is stanch and the winds are changing for a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness and defeat, or on toward light and blessedness. You and I believe the latter, and if so, every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inexorable in chronology and mathematics I commend you to good cheer and courage. If there is anything in arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer gone by brings us nearer unfading arborescence. Put your algebra down on the top of your Bible and rejoice.

If it is nearer morning at 3 o'clock than it is at 2, if it is nearer morning at 4 o'clock than it is at 3, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings and the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once; they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand."

There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and heavenly world may, after a while, make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist; but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after a while, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what that is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however; that the veil between this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after a while, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenports brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in this battle against unrighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—him of the Red Sea, him of the valley of Ajalon, him of Mars Hill. History says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of a war bought up all the old cavalry horses lest they be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Navresmire heath and turned these old war horses into the thickest and richest pasture to spend the rest of their days for what they had done in other days. One day a thunderstorm came up, and those war horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle, and they wheeled into line—no riders on their backs—they wheeled into line ready for the fray. And I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old scriptural warriors can keep their places on their thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet, and palm branch for weapon, and come down out of the king's galleries into the arena, crying; "Make room! I must fight in the great Armageddon."

My beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all Heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, omnipotent, chariot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion, He who hath the moon under his feet, and all the armies of Heaven on white horses.

Brother! brother! all I am afraid of is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood bought immortality. Oh, Christ! how shall I meet Thee, thou of the scarred brow and the scarred back and the scarred hand and the scarred foot and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or wounds gotten in thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, you foes of God, I dare you to the combat. Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on, with tongues forked and viperine and adderous. Come on, with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow, I uncover my heart. Strike! I cannot see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with him on earth we cannot glorify with him in Heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On! See! the skies have brightened! See! the hour is about to come! Pick out the cheeriest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

THE expression "busy as a bee" is sophistry. That honey-making humbug lives in luxurious idleness nearly two-thirds of the year.

You can't count votes honestly by shot and light.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, September 15, may be found in 1 Sam. 24: 4-17.

INTRODUCTORY.

We have here a moving scene from the period of the exile. The career of David as a banished prince extended from B. C. 1062 to 1055, about seven years. And they were years of trial. The picture of the hunted and persecuted David is a moving one. From Nob to Gath, from Gath to Adullam, from Adullam to the forest of Hareth (his parents in the meantime being in the care of the king of Moab), from Hareth to Keilah, from Keilah to the wilderness of Ziph, from the wilderness of Ziph to the wilderness of Maon, from the wilderness of Maon to the strongholds at Engedi, where our lesson finds him, and his experiences as a fugitive are not yet ended. A less God-persuaded soul would long ere this have either given up in despair or have driven into some act of treason or of desperation. But we see David, through all his vicissitudes, holding true to Israel and to Israel's God. For he knew in his heart that he was Israel's true king. There under the trees of the forest was the real royal court. And that it had its high compensation his lesson indicates. We are reminded of those brave words of Shakspeare's exile-duke in the forest of Arden:

"Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
* * * * * * *
Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

The men of David. There was now quite an army of David's adherents though not all of them, perhaps, with him in this cave. Four hundred came to him at Adullam alone (22:2). Saul had just returned from a momentary brush with the pestilent Philistines, resuming his pursuit of David with redoubled vigor.——*Said unto him.* The cave was doubtless large with hidden resources allowing such whispered conference. The cliffs of Engedi were 2,000 feet above the Dead sea, in the far south of Judea.——*Behold the day.* Probably pointing at the same time toward the sleeping Saul visible at the mouth of the cave, themselves being in the dark interior.——*I will deliver thine enemy.* Probably the subject of repeated conversations and based upon the condemnation of Saul in 1 Sam. 15:23.——*That thou mayest,* rather, *and thou shalt,* the simple conviction *now* being used.——*Privily.* Secretly or stealthily. An indication of David's prowess.

Afterward. When he had crept back after the initial reconnoiter.——*David's heart smote him.* The verb means to hurt or punish. A sensitive heart, such as David had, is itself a monitor.——*Because he had cut off Saul's skirt.* Or, as the margin intimates, the skirt "which was Saul's." The emphasis is on the fact that it belonged to Saul, the Lord's anointed.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

The men of David. They were no uncommon men, greatness seems to be, in some degree, gregarious. Might provokes might. It was a wonderful day in Israel's history, a day of exceptional physical as well as moral development, and the men with whom David surrounded himself there in his palace of the forests were only less valorous and notable than David himself. Read the account of those who came to him, in the twelfth chapter of First Chronicles. There is not usually much inspiration in catalogues of names, but you can scarcely peruse this catalogue without feeling your blood tingle. One of the leading convention speakers of the West has made it the theme of one of his most stirring discourses. They came with a vigorous purpose "armed with bows," they could "use both the right hand and the left" in hurling and shooting, faces "like the faces of lions," swift "as the roes upon the mountains." There in the "hold," at that time, "day by day" such men came to David "to help him" until, as we read, "it was at last a great host, *like the host of God.*" The Lord has prepared help for his anointed. If we are in his case enlisted, though we be as apparently unhappily situated as David in banishment, yet, be assured, the Lord will send us "mighty men, helpers of the war."

David's heart smote him. The shepherd-king had, as a part of his heritage of the herd, a good conscience. One of his marked characteristics was his tender-heartedness. It appears all through his wonderful songs, making them the fit vehicles for the conveyance of Christian sentiment. We have been perusing again that soul-full Fifty-first Psalm. The sinner's psalm, it has been called, the psalm of penitence. "Have mercy upon me, O God," —"blot out my transgressions"—"wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity"—"cleanse me from my sins"—"I acknowledge my transgressions"—"my sin is ever before me."—"Against thee, thee only, have I sinned and done this evil in thy sight!" What a burst of true confession and of real repentance! Thank God for that smiting heart of David! It has taught us the vocabulary of penitence and the way of access to the throne of grace.

Wherefore hearest thou men's words? Doubtless there were men who envied David. There are many intimations that he was basely calumniated and slandered at court. He needed a friend like Jonathan there, because he had so many enemies. Beginning with the Fifty-fifth Psalm there are a group of poetic laments that especially emphasize this situation of affairs in David's life. Psalm Fifty-fifth we have reached in our study Bible. "*The Exile's Psalm.*" "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." David cries, and his complaint is of one who has proven traitor and back-biter, "a man mine equal, my guide and mine acquaintance." Psalm Fifty-sixth we term "*The Martyr's Psalm.*"—"Be merciful unto me, O God, for man would swallow me up." Psalm Fifty-seventh, "*The Refugee's Psalm.* "In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge." Psalm Fifty-eighth, "*The Defendant's Psalm.*" "Do you indeed speak righteousness, O congregation? do ye judge uprightly, O ye sons of men?" Psalm Fifty-ninth, *The Fugitive's Psalm.* "Deliver me from mine enemies, O my God." Certainly David was a man who knew the cruel lashing of men's tongues. And yet David prevailed.

But mine hand shall not be upon thee. We see here David's wise policy of waiting. He trusted to God's judgment and bided God's time. How hopefully rings out his voice in that *martyr Psalm:* "When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back; this I know, *for God is for me!*" It did not mean non-resistance. That was far from the policy of David's campaign of the wilderness. It simply meant calm hope and trust in God. He waited patiently for the Lord. He submitted his case to God. In fact, as v. 15 intimates, his whole judicature was with Jehovah—bench, bar, and final appeal. He could say, as in the words of Isaiah (33: 22), "For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our law-giver, the Lord is our King." Certainly then one might add with confidence, "He will save us!" A faint prefigurement here of Him, who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously." This then the lesson for us: "Be patient, therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord."

Is this thy voice, my son David? Or dropping the interpolated word: "This thy voice, my son David? This sounds like thee, David; this is what at heart I really thought thou was!" So, is sense. Saul responds. It is David's voice reproving "men's words." Above the clamorous slanders of Saul's courtiers sounds now this clear note from David's lips, and, for the time, at least, it is very sweet to Saul's ear. It gives him back for a happy moment his old friend, the shepherd son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite; and he weeps. O, there is nothing like gentleness to bring tears. It is mercy that breaks the hard heart. We build our stately cathedrals, we organize religious campaigns, we preach, sing, pray. The world is not much moved. Father Damien gives his simple life in sheer compassion; and all the world pauses in deference and respect. For better than David's victories over Saul with sword and spear was that triumph of mercy at Engedi.

Next Lesson—"Death of Saul and His Sons." I. Sam. 31: 1-13.

Cool.

"I saw a man engaged in a cool proceeding yesterday."

"What was that?"

"Driving in icy weather."

Very Risky Indeed.

To tamper with symptoms indicative of growing kidney disorder; to neglect for a brief time needful stimulation of the renal organs when their inactivity points, as it always and unmistakably does, to their eventual permanent disease, is certainly very risky indeed. This is, however, a risk that many persons perceptibly drifting into Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, etc., constantly incur. To those who read, reflect and heed the lessons of recorded experience, the advisability of using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a diuretic needs scarcely more than a suggestion. No fact is more generally admitted by the medical profession and the public than its efficacy for the prevention of serious renal disease. The unmedicated excitants of commerce, no matter how pure, bear in mind, react prejudicially upon the kidneys when inactive. The Bitters subdues malaria, constipation and rheumatism.

Anything But That.

Benedict—You see that man over there? He is a person whom I shall never forgive.

Bluffkins—What has he done to you? Robbed you?

"Worse than that. I shall never forgive him."

"Ruined your character by slandering you, perhaps?"

"A thousand times worse. He did me an irreparable injury."

"Cheated you in some way, then?"

"That would be nothing. I could forgive him for that."

"Then what in goodness' name did he do to you that you are so bitter against him?"

"He is the minister who married me."—*Lawrence American.*

The Best Testimonial

Yet published for any blood medicine is the *printed guarantee* of the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which *warrants* that wonderful medicine to benefit or cure in all cases of those diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be returned. It cures all diseases arising from torpid liver and impure blood, and their names are *legion.* All Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, Eruptions, Sores and Swellings, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas and kindred diseases are among those in which the "Discovery" effected marvelous cures.

WHEN everything else fails Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures. 50 cents, by druggists.

An Insult to the Cloth.

Einstein—Don't talk to your fader, Ikey. I tole you I wouldn't go mit der ball game. You hear dot?

Ikey—But, fader, you nefer vent yet. You don't know if you vould enchoy it.

Einstein—Ya, I vent vonce, und so soon as I come on der ground a feller hollered "three balls!" I vouldn't haf der business insulted dot way.—*America.*

To Those Interested.

HASTINGS, Mich., April 22, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

GENTS—This is to certify that I had been troubled with rheumatism in all its forms for the past twelve years, and was confined to my bed at various periods from three to six months at a time, and I could get about only by the aid of crutches. I employed several first-class physicians of this city, none of whom effected a cure or gave temporary relief even.

About two years ago I was induced to try Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and, after taking a few bottles I experienced relief, and now consider myself cured. I unhesitatingly recommend this medicine for rheumatism. I know what it has done for me, what physicians could not do, i. e., cured me of rheumatism.

MRS. H. J. KENFIELD.

Ask your druggist for it.

I certify to the above statement.

FRED L. HEATH, Druggist.

Almost Strangers.

Mr. Newkomer—Mr. Lamb, I have been recommended by Mr. Wells, the broker, to purchase my meat from you. He says you act very liberally with him and give him good meat. You are acquainted with him, are you not?

Mr. Lamb—O, yes, but not intimately as I once was.

"How is that?"

"Because I don't see him as often as when he paid me cash."—*Time.*

"THE days of miracles are past." That may be, and yet some of the most wonderful things ever witnessed by the human family have occurred within the last decade. Not the least of these wonders is the success which the agents of B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., are meeting. Write them for particulars. They will show *you* how to work wonders.

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AT a stand still—the Pea-nut business.—*New York News.*

NEARLY every article sold is cheapened, in cost of production, at expense of quality. Dobbins' Electric Soap is *exactly* to-day what it was in 1865, *absolutely* pure harmless and uniform. Ask your grocer for it.

WHY is the mosquito like charity? Because it begins to hum.—*Texas Siftings.*

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SABBATH READING.

It Has Been Said That a Holy Life is a Continual Sermon.

THE CHURCHES AND THE PEOPLE

She Mistook Him for a Sinner—Saved by a Hymn—Things Unlike a Christian.

She Mistook Him for a Sinner.

Ministers, as a rule, are as fond of a good joke as other people, no matter whether they are the joker or the victim. One evening recently, when Mrs. Van Cott was holding revival meetings in St. Paul, a party of ministers, including Rev. Dr. Dewart of the Bates Avenue Church, were present, and in response to a request by Mrs. Van Cott gave "experience talk." The Bates avenue minister was the only one who failed to respond, and was made the subject of remarks from the pulpit, the lady not knowing that Dr. Dewart was also a minister.

Finally she came down from the pulpit and, standing directly over him, said: "Young man, unless you repent of your sins and walk in the narrow path, your soul will be forever lost." Seeing that she was laboring under a misapprehension, the reverend gentleman good-naturedly listened to the exhortations, while his ministerial brethren were forced to laugh outright. Noticing the broad smiles, Mrs. Van Cott suspected the truth and returned to the pulpit. After the services a good laugh was indulged in.

The Churches and the People.

"Mr. Moody says, not unkindly or superciliously, that 'the churches do not reach the masses of the people.' The newspapers frequently say the same thing, and it is much to be feared," says the *Churchman*, "that Mr. Moody and the newspapers say nothing but the truth. 'The churches' do not reach the people. Many of them are not intended to reach 'the people.'. We may as well take notice of the fact; for fact it is, and it is the most deplorable fact in the popular christianity of the time, that its 'churches' are not in a true sense popular. In great cities the tendencies of 'the churches' are to follow wealth, leaving the districts in which the masses of people are found, and crowding together in manifest rivalry in wealthy districts. With most of them this is simply a necessity. They are not endowed; they have no means of support except the voluntary offerings or pew rents of their congregations. To attract a congregation they have adopted expensive ways of conducting divine service. It has come to be understood that if people are to attend public worship they must be entertained. The duty of public worship has been lost sight of."

Things Unlike a Christian.

It is not like a Christian to come into church on the Lord's day, after the worship has commenced, and sit down as if you had nothing to be ashamed of.

It is not like a Christian to stare about during the service, and to be busied in pulling on your gloves and arranging you dress whilst the acts of worship are being offered.

It is not like a Christian to wander from you own church and to choose to meet with a strange congregation, when the members of your own church are assembled for worship.

It is not like a Christian to absent yourself from the prayer-meeting, when a little sacrifice would enable you to attend.

It is not like a Christian to subscribe $1 for missions, while you can afford to subscribe $10.

It is not like a Christian to gauge the amount of contributions by what others give, and to over-look the rule which requires us to give as God hath prospered us.

It is very unlike a Christian to absent yourself from church when a special collection is to be taken.

It is very unlike a Christian to go out of your church when the Supper of the Lord is to be observed.

It is not like a Christian to leave others to teach the young, and visit and instruct the ignorant adults, when you have an opportunity in the good work.

It is not like a Christian to give labor and substance to outside societies when your own church stands in need of your help.

It is not like a Christian to deem anything unimportant which Christ has commanded, or to treat with indifference matters relating to church-government because they are not essential to salvation.

It is not like a Christian to be a self seeker, or to overlook the rule that whether we eat or drink, or what so ever we do, we are to do all for the glory of God.—*Christian Inquirer.*

Saved by a Hymn.

The wonderful faith and trust of the Huguenots carried them through many perils. The following story of the early pioneer life is only one of many such:

Three years after their arrival in Kingston, a woman, Catherine Dubois, wife of Louis Dubois, and three of their children, were seized by prowling Indians and carried into captivity, and all the efforts of the distressed husband and father to trace them proved unavailing.

At length a friendly Indian came and told him that if he would follow Roundout Creek and up Wallkill River, to a certain point in the forest, he would find the Indian camp where his wife and children were; but that he must go in haste, for the savages would soon put the captives to torture and death. The unhappy man started immediately, with a company of friends, through the wilderness, and arrived barely in time to stop the barbarous preparations before the prisoners' lives were sacrificed. Dubois and his men fell upon the camp, and soon routed the Indians; and when he saw his wife and children safe again, he had time to contemplate the fate she had just escaped, and to learn the astonishing details. Mrs. Dubois told him that the savages had placed her on a pile of dry wood, to burn her alive; and just before they applied the torch, she looked up to Heaven and began to sing a hymn. The singing seemed to charm the Indians, and the torturer waited with the fire-brand in his hand. They listened till she finished the hymn; and then visibly softened, they bade her "sing another." She complied, and again they said "sing another;" and thus she shang hymn after hymn of hope and holy trust in God, while the savages listened, pleased, and apparently filled with a kind of awe, at the sound of a death music they had never heard before, until the rescuers surprised them, and the precious life was saved.

In gratitude to God for this remarkable deliverance, Louis Dubois and his companions, so continues the tradition, determined to commence a settlement on the spot where the Christian wife and mother so nearly met her death. So the town of New Paltz was founded; and the Reformed Church edifice now stands only about a hundred yards from the place where Catherine Dubois sang her hymns of faith on her funeral pile.

DAVID CROCKETT.

The people down in Tennessee are collecting money for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to David Crockett, who perished in the Alamo. Crockett was born in Tennessee, where he was also raised.

The original David Crockett will live in American history for ever. He was as brave as a lion, as tenderhearted as a woman, and full of natural wit. He was also a mighty hunter, and a warrior from the ground up. He was a natural orator, and although uneducated, he could make a more effective stump speech than any college graduate that was ever pitted against him. On one occasion, when addressing the backwoodsmen in a district where he was comparatively unknown, he opened his speech by saying: "Fellow citizens, when I first arrived here I supposed I had no friends. But I hear the woods are full of them. Listen to them calling 'Crocket! Crocket!'" He referred to numerous bull-frogs in an adjoining swamp that were making the air musical with their croaking, which sounded so much like "Crockett, Crockett!" that the crowd of backwoodsmen gave way to homeric laughter. Crockett was the hero of the hour, and the eloquence of his opponent availed him naught, as the audience imitated the frogs and called for Crockett,

On one occasion when Crocket had no money to carry on the canvass in a certain frontier settlement, he shot a coon and sold the skin to the bar-keeper for two quarts of whisky, which he used to enhance his popularity among the suffragans. When the bartender was not looking, Crockett abstracted the coon-skin, and obtained two more quarts for it, the bartender imagining that it was a different skin. This little game Crocket repeated six times, until he became popular with the masses.

To those who knew him in Texas, Crockett is described as the perfect embodiment of jolly good nature. He did not know the meaning of the word dismal. He was like Bachus, ever young and fair. He was a good performer on the violin, and when he was not fiddling, telling stories, or singing songs, he was fighting Mexicans. No doubt he cheered up the spirits of the doomed men in the Alamo with his joyful, rollicking fun, even when the shades of death were closing around them.—*Texas Siftings.*

DANGERS OF TIGHT CLOTHING.

Now that rational ideas as to dress have acquired a definite place in public esteem, it may be imagined that the practice of tight lacing and customs of a like nature, if known at all, are not what they used to be. A case of sudden death lately reported from Birmingham, England, proves that it is still too early to indulge in such illusory ideas. The deceased, a servant girl of excitable temperament, died suddenly in an epileptoid fit, and the evidence given before the Coroner respecting her death attributed the fatal issue to asphyxia, due in a great measure to the fact that both neck and waist were unnaturally constricted by her clothing, the former by a tight collar, the latter by a belt worn under the stays. There is no organ of the body whose free movement is at such times more important than the heart. Yet on the one hand we find its movement is hampered by a tight girdle so placed that it could with difficulty be undone at a critical moment and on the other a contrivance admirably adapted to allow the passage to the brain, while impeding its return. This is no isolated case as regards its essential character, though, happily, somewhat singular in its termination. Minor degrees of asphyxiation are still submitted to by a good many of the self-torturing children of vanity. The tight corset and the high heel still work mischief on the bodies of their devoted wearers. Taste and reason combine to deprecate their injurious and vulgar bondage, and by no means unsuccessfully. Still, the evil maintains itself to a dangerous degree.

IN THE EARLY DAWN.

Proprietor of museum—I am glad to see that you are looking out for my interest so well. That last freak—the girl who hasn't slept for fourteen years—is a dandy——

Manager—Sh—h! Not so loud. She has just gone into the next room, and she told me not to wake her until half an hour of show time.

A horse may pull with all his might, but never with his mane.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle Anent Matronly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

A Conscientious Girl.

They were sitting by the seaside in the calm twilight hour and Penelope, a soft Boston girl, felt her being diffused with the tender emotions of the hour and scene and company.

Suddenly she leaned too far forward and plashing waves received her graceful form.

Clarence was only quick enough to seize her hair.

"Will it hold, dearest? Is it your own?" he asked.

"Ah Clarence," and the lustrous eyes gazed up at him with a rapt expression, "I can not tell a lie, the bill has not yet been presented."—*Epoch.*

Health of House Mothers.

So much depends upon a woman's health that I wonder young wives do not consider it more. Let your physical well-being be a chief consideration. Let nothing deter you from taking your daily walk. Have plenty of sunshine admitted into your home. Spend as much time as possible in the open air. While generally speaking early rising is healthful, yet if you feel that you cannot get up at the regular hour, do not do so. Nature never makes mistakes, and if she demands another hour of slumber you will be the gainer by yielding. Have your meals at proper times. If your husband is detained at his shop beyond the regular dinner hour, let no sentimental consideration induce you to wait for him beyond fifteen minutes. By adhering to this you will develop in him a remarkable punctuality. Above all things keep cheerful. Do not let trifles ruffle your serenity. I am satisfied that cheerfulness does more to promote health than all other efforts.

Just Like a Man.

Many pairs of eyes have opened very wide in amazement at the sight of a black-eyed and bright-faced young woman in the engine-room of the steamer Ocean City, which plies on Great Egg Harbor Bay, between Long Port, Ocean City, and Somers Point, N. J., and when passengers see the ease and familiarity with which she handles the wheels and levers of the engine they hold their breath for a few seconds to see what stranger things can happen. The young lady is Mrs. Nora Buck, and she makes as efficient an assistant to her husband, the engineer of the Ocean City, as any man who could be put in her place. She is skilled in the management of the machinery, and presides over the engine room with perfect confidence and complacency.

Mrs. Buck is the granddaughter of Com. Lavelette, and the daughter of the founder of Lavelette City, N. J. upon the water she is always at home, and can handle an oar or sail a yacht like an expert. She is 19 years old, and a perfect picture of health, weighing about 130 pounds. Her hair and eyes are black, and her Tam O'Shanter hat, cambric dress and big checked apron are a pleasant sight to the people who patronize the Ocean City. Aside from the novelty of her position in the engine-room, her bright face and pleasant manners have made her a great favorite with people who visit Atlantic City and other neighboring places along the shore.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Woman in Command.

Capt. H, S. Lubbock, Superintending Inspector of the First District, returned recently from a tour of inspection of steamers in the Portland district. Since his arrival here his attention has been called to an article lately published in regard to what women can do and are doing in the way of earning a livelihood. The article spoke of a lady who was engineer of a steamer on the Columbia River, and, thinking that a history of the fair one might prove interesting, a *Chronicle* reporter called on Capt. Lubbock with a view of learning something of this paragon. She is not an engineer, as was stated, but is master of the vessel. There is but one other lady captain known in the United States, who has a master's license on the Mississippi River.

The lady commander of the Columbia was born in Albany, Oregon, in 1865, and lived at that place until a short time before her marriage with Charles Hill, which took place in 1883. Mr. Hill was at that time purser of the steamer Joseph Kellogg. He continued in this position for three years, being assisted in his duties by his young wife. Living economically all this time, they managed to save $1,000. With this money they purchased an old schooner and converted her into a trading boat, putting a small engine into her. Mrs. Hill's next step was to take out a second-class master's license. She had studied navigation, and had thoroughly learned the Columbia and Williamette Rivers while assisting her husband, and she passed her examination without any trouble. Her husband obtained an engineer's license in December, 1866, for the steamer Minnie Hill to run from Portland to Astoria, a distance of 110. Then they brought a stock of goods on credit and launched into a trading business at the various points on the Columbia River.

Their venture was crowned with success, and in the second year their business had assumed such proportions that they were obliged to get a larger steamer, for which they paid $3,000 money which had been made by them during their first year of trading, besides paying off all indebtedness. They bought the Clatsap Chief, and November 20, 1887, Mrs. Capt. Hill applied for and was granted a master's and pilot's license, and on that day she entered on her duties as commander of the Clatsap Chief, while her husband went on as engineer. A large stock of goods was put on board, as they had found it profitable to branch out and take in more territory. Another year followed and their fortune was established.

Capt. Minnie Hill and her husband and their trading was known all over the Columbia and Williamette Rivers. The Captain had won the heart of every one by her happy disposition, her kindly heart, and charming manners, while the engineer was equally well liked for his upright and manly qualities. In another year they bought the steamer General Newde for $7,500. The steamer is 111 5-12 feet in length, 20 5-12 feet beam, and has a depth of hold of 5 feet. Their business is flourishing greater than ever. They now carry nearly every article that can be found in a general merchandise store. Engineer Hill runs the lower deck, where he looks after the men's wants, and the Captain dickers with the women on the upper deck, and is said to be an excellent hand at making a shrewd bargain. She steers their ships of life, and her husband gallantly responds to the bells, and "goes ahead" or "slows down" as she directs, and a happier couple is unknown. When not on the river their home is at Portland, where it is said they have accumulated property to the amount of about $25,000.

Mrs. Capt. Hill is a handsome brunette, about five and one-half feet in height and weights about 140 pounds. She has the happy faculty of making friends, and no one is more highly thought of among her large circle of acquaintances than is Mrs. Capt. Minnie Hill.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE OTHER SIDE.

The possessor of tact always has his wits about him, and never runs the risk of giving offence, no matter how pachydermatous his companions may be. Few people really enjoy being told that they are unduly pale or red, thin or stout; so, unless you can say "How well you are looking!" it were better to make no remark on the personal appearance of your friend. Never tell a lady who has on a particularly becoming gown or bonnet that she looks ten years younger in that than in anything you have seen her wear. That is at best but a dubious compliment. You mean it to be flattering, but it is equivalent to saying, "All your other gowns are unbecoming and make you look old." No woman wants one garment praised at the expense of every other that she possesses. Don't tell her, either, that it is the most becoming thing you have ever seen her wear. That is an impeachment of her taste heretofore, though you probably may have no such thought. If you should notice a bit of black court-plaster on a friend's cheek, don't try to be witty by pointing to it and asking him if he has been fighting; he knows it is there, certainly, or it would not be there, hence it is superfluous as well as offensive to speak of it. Whatever pertains to one's toilet is of a strictly private nature and the well-bred stranger or friend intermeddleth not. When elderly persons are present don't tell how you dread and hate the thought of old age. Never, when in mixed company, introduce subjects of conversation that might prove offensive to ordinarily sensitive people, as for the rest, by conscientiously observing the politeness which comes from the heart, even the hyper-sensitive are comparatively safe in your presence, and beyond the danger of receiving any serious offence.

A CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

"My son," said an Indiana man to his 9-year-old boy, "you are about to enter into the mysteries of this great world around you. Before doing so it will be necessary to pass a searching ordeal. Are you ready for the trial?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where have you been to-day?"

"Been fishing."

(Murmurs of applause from his fond mother.)

"Did you run away from home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inside the schoolhouse for the past week?"

"No, sir."

"What did you do yesterday?"

"Stole some lead pipe and sold it to the junkshop for money to buy a matinee ticket."

"Do you go to the theater often?"

"Twice a week."

"My son, the examination is satisfactory. I have now the pleasure of presenting to you one of the emblems of your future profession in this world as the boss honest boy of the city. It is a little hatchet, what will you do with it?"

"Trade it off for a pint of peanuts and two fire balloons."

"Correct. The candidate is ready for initiation. His mother will provide herself with a skate strap and take him into the bath-room and administer to him the first degree. No other business being now before the lodge, I declare it closed until the next regular meeting."—*Wasp.*

JUST AS GOOD AS AN EARTHQUAKE.

Mrs. Casey—Oi do hear tell, Mrs. Flynn, that in California th' earthquakes are that violent as to break dishes and knock off any little ornements on th' mantlepaces.

Mrs. Flynn—Sure, an' that's nothin'! Moy mon, Moike, do do th' same ting ivry blissed Saturday nite, when he do come home drunk.—*Life.*

"People live to a great age now, do they not, doctor?" "Yes; but don't indulge in false hopes. They are usually men of brains."—*Boston Gazette.*

THE STAGE.

Current Gossip About Prominent Players and Professioanls.

WITH A LITTLE HUMOR ADDED.

Various Fancies of the Footlight Realm—Movements of Noted Stars on Both Sides of the Ocean.

HELEN RUSSELL is to play Violet Mendoza, in "A Possible Case."

IT is said that young lady ushers will be an experiment in a New York theater next season.

MINNIE SELIGMAN will play the heroine of Harry Lee's new melodrama, "The Suspect."

T. W. KEENE is this year managed by Ariel Barney, as are also Miss Julia Marlowe, and Miss Mather.

JOHN HARVEY is "booking time" for the starring tour this season of his daughter Hattie and Edward D. Lyons.

HELEN DAUVRAY will not act this season after all, owing to the opposition of John Montgomery Ward, her husband.

A REAL Irish jaunting car has been employed in Advertising "The Fairy's Well," all in the interest of dramatic art.

EDWIN BOOTH has donated $500 for the formation of a library to bear his name in his native town of Bel Air, Md.

HOLMES GROVER, JR., actor and playwright, died lately at Helena, Mont., from the effects of an overdose of morphine.

DESPITE all reports to the contrary, Manager F. G. Gilmore will star Mrs. Leslie Carter so soon as a play can be found to suit her capacity.

MRS. POTTER started in some time ago to elevate the stage, but she hasn't got it high enough yet for us to see it over the hats of the ladies in front.

CARLETON, the opera manager, after spending $5,000 in costumes for the production of "The Brigands," has just discovered that Rudolph Aronson owns the copyright by purchase.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is now in Scotland, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. William Black, at their country-seat, near Oban. Later on she will visit Lord and Lady Tennyson in the Isle of Wright.

WHEN Salvina begins his tour in this country, Wesley Sisson, who represents A. M. Palmer during the latter's absence in the management of his two theaters, will go with him as manager.

MISS VICTORIA VOKES will be supported this season by Mme. Nancaze, Miss Vernon, Miss Agnes Acres and Messrs. Charles W. Butler, Fred Sidney, Leighton Baker and Walter Thomas. Miss Vokes has not decided with what play she will open the season, but "Hubby," the English success, is likely to be chosen.

MR. DANIEL DAY, who is to star this season in the Dalys' greatest success, "Upside Down," has engaged a company of remarkable clever actors to support him. Many changes have been made in the comedy, and it will be brighter and more enjoyable than ever. The character which Mr. Daly plays in the second part was created by him, and is a study from rural life.

Stuart ROBSON'S company next season will consist of Messrs. James E. Wilson, George S. Woodward, Frank Mordaunt, Edward J. Ratcliffe, Ernest Tarleton, John L. Wooderson, Revel Germaine, Thomas Murden, Herbert Blanchard, and the Misses Eugenia Lindeman, May Waldren, Helen Mar, Katherine Florence, Jennie R. Busby, Marie Murchison, and Mrs. Agatha Hallam and William R. Hayden, manager.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL and Joseph Haworth have for several years been intimate friends, and Mr. Haworth has often been a welcome visitor to the colonel's house. The other day the colonel, hearing that Mr. Haworth was going to star in Paul Kanvar, wrote him one of his characteristic letters, saying, among other things: "No one can or ever will play that character better than you do. You get out of it all that is in it, and in it all that it will hold."

FRANCIS LEON, known all over the world as "the only Leon," and for a long time identified with Kelly & Leon's minstrels, has returned to the active field of entertainment and has organized a comedy company which presents several unique features. It is to give Vaudeville in a refined manner somewhat after the style of the Vokes, and in one of the pieces Leon will be returned to the public in those specialties of dancing, singing and character mimetics for which he has long been famous.

THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE, who was criticised for leaving "King Cole" in order to join "The Fakir," states that he was under no contract to Mr. Dickson, manager of the former piece; that he gave Mr. Dickson two weeks' notice before leaving; that the managers of "The Fakir" gave the management of the Columbia Theater three weeks' notice; that Mr. Dickson still owes him (Seabrooke) for his last four performances, and also for several protested notes which Mr. Seabrooke holds.

LOUIS ALDRICH'S efforts to compel Richard Mansfield to pay duties upon the scenery and costumes of "Richard III.," just arrived from England, have not been successful. The customs authorities, acting upon the precedent afforded by the memorable Mapleson case, having ordered the scenery, etc., to be admitted free of duty, on the ground that theatrical properties were not for sale, but were transferred from place to place for the purpose of public stage representation.

FREDERICK DE BELLEVILLE, Clara Morris' leading man is back from Europe.

SIMCOE LEE, an old actor, and Mrs. Henrietta De Bar, widow of the rare old Ben De Bar, the once famous St. Louis actor and manager, are to be admitted to the Forrest Home, Philadelphia.

AGNES HUNTINGTON, one of the most prominent American prime donne, has become quite a favorite in London since she was engaged by the late Carl Rosa to sing the title role of the comic opera "Paul Jones" at the Prince of Wales Theater. The *Era* and other English papers speak in the highest praise of her singing in a recent concert she gave in London in aid of the Johnstown sufferers.

ARONSON of the New York Casino wishes it stated that he bought all the American rights to the "The Brigands" from Boosey & Co., London, and Colombier, Paris, three years ago. He doesn't say they had any right to sell them, but he probably means that they have. He advances the startling opinion that if the opera had been a failure at the Casino there would have been no attempts to pirate it, and adds that he will prosecute all who try to do so "to the extent of the law."

WILSON BARRETT had intended to produce Good Old Times in America himself, but he has come to the conclusion that the drama is a trifle too lurid in its character for him to personally identify himself with over here. He has therefore sold the American rights of the play to Col. W. E. Sinn, manager of the Parker Theater, Brooklyn. Mr. Barrett will substitute "The Lord Harry," a former London success, and a romantic drama, of which he is co-author, in his repertoire.

VICTORIA VOKES is stopping at her sister's flat in New York, while Rosina Vokes is in Europe recuperating, and selecting a few more pieces for her coming tour. The only two members of the Vokes family now surviving are the youngest, since Jesse and Fred are both dead. The extraordinary popularity of the family, both socially and dramatically, in America, has led Victoria to follow in her sister Rosina's footsteps, so that two light comedy companies will tour the country this year bearing the name of Vokes.

A WELL-KNOWN actor who has made a fortune and a generous measure of fame before a gray hair or a crow's foot has dared to obtrude upon his natural vanity, is opposed to the common croaking about the alleged degeneracy of the stage. There is, he avers, a deal of unadulterated rot in the "palmy days" chestnut. Actors are now better paid and plays are better acted and better staged than at any previous time during my stage life. More than that, the actor is progressing in other directions. The sot who could night after night disappoint and insult the public and still retain favor, is known among us no more. The "wrecked genius"—the fellow who never amounted to anything until he became notorious through drunkenness—was one of the conspicuous figures of the "palmy days." Still, I will confess that in certain characters Edwin Forrest, in his old age, was so much greater than any other actor I have seen, that there is absolutely no plane of comparison. But you needed to close your eyes. The grand old man became a student at 50, and died with the pages of the master open before him.

GEN. CUSTER, Lawrence Barrett and Stuart Robson went over to Brooklyn years ago to hear Mr. Beecher preach. After the sermon the three went around to the house of a friend where Mr. Beecher was to come immediately after church. They were seated in the parlor chatting as the great preacher came in. The names had been given to him in the hall. As soon as he reached the threshold of the parlor door he said, "Mr. Robson!" The actor went over and extended his hand. "I am delighted to see you, delighted to see you. But you are a much younger looking man than I expected to find." "Oh, I am 45 years, at least, Mr. Beecher," replied Robson. "I shouldn't think it, sir; I shouldn't think it. You are a very young man to be Secretary of the Navy." "I am not Mr. Robson, the Secretary of the Navy, but Mr. Robson, actor." "Oh, it makes no difference," said Mr. Beecher, "I am glad to see you notwithstanding my mistake." But he lost no time in turning from him to pay court to Gen. Custer. As he had made a mistake on the political end he made up for it by paying court to the military hero until the discussion became general.

MRS. MADGE KENDAL in her racy theatrical sketches says: "I have often been asked whether actors who play minor parts conspicuously well spring suddenly into more prominent positions. The question reminds me of an incident which occurred in a play by Arthur Sketchley, the well-known author of the 'Mrs. Brown' series. He had written a three-act drama called 'Blanche,' which my husband and I, on a tour at the time, were playing at the Alexander Theater, Liverpool. The plot was taken from an old French drama, and consisted of a woman being falsely accused of poisoning her husband. It was very hard work, I remember, for three acts for every one in the play. In the last scene, when the villain steps forward and denounces the heroine with the words, 'You poisoned your husband. I saw you put the poison in the glass at such and such a time,' a black man servant comes forward and says 'Liar!' I am sorry to say that this was the only occasion for genuine applause throughout the play. So great was the success of the minor actor that he immediately jumped into a most prominent position in the provinces and became a leading man. Whether he has kept his position till now I do not know, for I have lost sight of him."

INDIANA HAPPENINGS.

EVENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crime, Casualties and General News Notes.

Colored Millionaires Discovered.

The descendants of Benjamin Talbott, colored, lay claim to about six hundred and forty acres, covering the central portion of Logansport. Talbott, while a slave, settled at Logansport fifty-three years ago, with Mr. McBane and family, from Yellow Springs, Ky. He bought from the Government 640 acres of land and lived on it until the passage of the fugitive slave law, when he abandoned his property and fled to Canada. He never returned to claim it, but often spoke of it to his children. Not long ago, one of them put the matter into the hands of attorneys, who, upon examination, found Talbott's title indisputable. It is said the Wabash and Eel River railroads, with valuable buildings on the Talbott grounds, have already compromised. The entire property is estimated to be worth several millions. There are four sons and two daughters who are the heirs. One of the sons, Henry Talbott, has not been heard of for several years. He was last heard from at Danville, Ky.

Attacked by a Gorilla.

Billy Stewart, of Fort Wayne, proprietor of the Dime Museum, is the owner of a gorilla 7 years old and about half grown. The animal is kept in an iron cage in Stewart's barn when the show is not on the road. The other day a farmer, Isaiah Slade, of Akron, Ohio, intent upon a free look at the curiosity, entered the barn and poked up the gorilla with a stick. A loose bar in the front of the cage had been raised to admit of a panful of victuals, and the enraged animal sprang at the opening with such force that he squeezed his way through. The astonished farmer was ferociously attacked and knocked down. Half of his bushy beard was torn out, his face lacerated, and the beast had begun to wrench his arm when his outcries attracted Showman Stewart, who beat the gorilla with a billet of wood until he consented to re-enter his cage. Dr. A. C. Boswell, who dressed Slade's wounds, pronounced them very serious.

Return of a Prodigal.

About twenty-five years ago a 10-year-old boy named George Davis, who resided with Isaac Houghland, then a prominent farmer and doctor living in the southern part of Scott County, suddenly disappeared. The day he left he was severely chastised for some offense, and going to the station at Vienna, fell in company with some soldiers and went with them to Louisville, from there he went to Cincinnati, and thence to Nashville, Tenn. In the course of time he married and engaged in farming. Some time since he and his wife separated, and he resolved to return to Scott County in search of his relatives, having never heard from them since his flight. On his arrival he was informed that during his absence his widowed mother had married Asa Broady, and, after his death a few years ago, removed to Kansas, where she now resides. Davis started anew on his journey to find his mother, who has mourned him as dead for years.

Family Poisoned.

A very strange case of poisoning occurred at Greenburg recently. Mr. Lafayette Shelhorn has resided on a farm in Adams township, but removed to Greenburg the other day. The family brought with them everything they ate, except bread, which was procured at a bakery. About 10 o'clock at night the entire family was taken violently ill. The physician was sent for and soon pronounced it a case of poisoning. Mr. Shelhorn was least affected; his wife and two daughters, aged 8, 10, and 22 respectively, were all very sick, and Ida Cline, a servant, 15 years old, was worse than any of the others. All are better, though the servant is very ill, and her case may yet prove fatal. Dr. Falconbury says that the symptoms indicate poison from croton oil, and he can account for it in no other way than that some miscreant threw some of the oil in the well, and it was brought up by use of the chain pump.

Saved by a Dog.

James Tilson, a young man living east of Franklin, has a dog that no money could buy, for had it not been for the dog he would now have been in his grave. The other day, while young Tilson was plowing on his father's farm, a large black snake, six feet long, jumped on him from the tall grass lining the field, and wound itself around his neck. A terrible battle ensued between Tilson and the snake, and the outcome would probably have been death to the young man had not his large shepherd dog, which had been following him, come to his assistance, and between them the snake was killed. It was an experience that will long be remembered by the young man, and the dog will ever have a kindly feeling from his master.

Minor State Items.

—There are ninety-nine lakes in Steuben County by actual count.

—Mooresville has decided to issue $2,000 bonds and have free gas.

—A team of horses was stung to death by honey bees at Orland recently.

—Levi Mercer, of Rochester, proposes to open a park at Lake Maniton.

—Gen. B. F. Butler has presented a new flag to the Soldier's Home at Marion.

—Otto Ogden, of Jeffersonville, claims the smallest baby in the world. The little girl weighs but eighteen ounces.

—A new military company is being formed at Crawfordsville, and will be under the charge of Gen. Lew Wallace.

—Receiver A. D. Lynch, of the defunct Richmond Bank, expects to declare another 4 per cent. dividend, making 75 per cent.

—John M. Short, time-keeper of the Evansville and Richmond road at Seymour, attempted suicide with morphine, but failed.

—John Bowman, aged 75, a pioneer and one of the oldest Masons of Clark County, dropped dead suddenly at his home in Bethlehem.

—The people of Wayne County will soon be asked to vote on the purchase of the toll-roads, and an affirmative decision is confidently expected.

FUR R·U·G·S.

These are to be one of The Choicest Novelties for the coming Fall and Winter. We have in store over Five hundred handsome ones.

BEAR,
FOX,
ANGORA,
GOAT.

BLACK RUGS.
WHITE RUGS.
GREY RUGS.
BROWN RUGS.
YELLOW RUGS.
GREEN RUGS.
BLUE RUGS.
RED RUGS.
ECRU RUGS.

And here's another new novelty at just about one fourth the price they usually come at.

THE NOMAD RUG.

For durability there's no other Rug made that will equal them.

SIBERIAN RUGS.
JAPANESE RUGS.
SMYRNA RUGS.
ADELAIDE RUGS.
MOQUETTE RUGS.
BRUSSELS RUGS.

If you want a Rug, we want you to look through this splendid line.

ROOT & COMPANY

MERIT WINS SUCCESS.

No business can prosper year after year that is not run in a square, honest way. People like to trade with prosperous houses, but few people realize, that the reason why they do is because prosperity indicates a meritorious management of one's business.

The continued and rapid growth of our business in this city is especially gratifying to us on this account.

For the fall trade in Furniture, Carpets, Window Draperies, etc., we are offering:

An Entirely New Stock.
Styles the Very Latest Out.
Quality of Workmanship
The Very Best the Country Affords.
An Immense Assortment to Select From.
Prices Lower Than Ever.

FOSTER Furniture Company.

Chattanooga and Return $9.90 Via. the Muncie Route.

For those desiring to attend the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, the Muncie route will make the above low rate. Tickets good going September 12 to 19 inclusive, and returning until October 10. This is the only line running into the Grand Central depot and making direct connections at Cincinnati.

For further information apply to
W. H. FISHER,
Gen. Pass. and Tkt Agt.,
10-tf Ft. W., C. & L. R. R.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

See Nellie McHenry to-night.

Sion S. Bass post met last night.

The Baptist fair will close to-night.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Trott—a girl.

Hon. J. M. Barrett has returned from his trip to Southern Illinois.

The Fort Wayne M. E. college will open the new term next Monday.

Mrs. Fogerty, of Ewing street, has returned from a visit at Clifton, Iowa.

New bells have been placed in the tower of the new St. Paul Lutheran church.

Miss Ella Walters, of Roanoke, is the guest of Miss Laura Caldwell, of Harrison street.

Mr. Albert Gessler's trotting mare has been purchased for the stables of Pearse & Loag.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fox have returned from Mt. Clemens, where Mrs. Fox was under treatment.

Joseph B. Haifley has been appointed postmaster at Leo, this county, vice Victor H. Huller, resigned.

H. B. Hull, of the Constantine, Mich., *Advertiser*, is visiting with his brother, Fred, of the Newspaper Union.

Prof. G. W. Lahr, a graduate of Fort Wayne college, has accepted the principalship of the commercial department in that institution.

Mr. J. H. Roberts, of this city, was elected grand chaplain of the Indiana Grand lodge of Colored Masons at their meeting at Marion, Ind., on Thursday.

Mr. Cyrus Underhill, formerly of Washington township, this county, died at Wilson, Ky., Thursday. Mrs. Underhill will probably return here to reside.

Mr. E. Seidel will arrive home to-night from New York city. He landed from his European trip a couple of days ago. His wife went to New York to meet him.

At the time of the collision in the Lake Shore yards, recently, Mrs. T. J. Casey, of 65 Boone street, received in juries which have proved quite serious, but she is improving.

Mr. Jacob Ertle, the young man from Huntington, who was injured in a runaway accident, is recovering and will soon be able to return home. His parents have been at his bedside.

Commodore Foote and the Fairy Queen (Charles and Eliza Nestle) will leave Monday for Columbus, Ohio, where they will go on the stage again. They may make a tour of the states this season.

Mr. Ben Fisher, the well-known traveling salesman, who used to be connected with A. C. Trentman's wholesale house, but now of Van Wert, is in the city. He stopped over en route home from Mt. Clemens.

Engineer A. J. Yon, of the Nickel Plate, had a close call in the recent wreck at Millersburg. When the collision occurred his engine was going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Jumping saved him from a terrible fate.

Mr. Percy Ravenscraft landed in New York from England on Thursday and will arrive in this city this evening. Mr. Ravenscraft was once a student in the office of Dr. G. W. Loag. He is going to finish his dental studies at Ann Arbor, Mich.

The various gas companies of Indiana have a community of interests in having the new law on piping gas outside the state sustained. They have employed attorneys to fight the case in the supreme court, where it came almost by default, from Jay county.

The friends of Mr. Henry Wilhelm, salesman for the Singer Manufacturing company, are very glad to learn of his appointment as traveling salesman for the large music house of Emil Wulsherer, of Indianapolis. Henry is a good salesman and always on hustle.

Yesterday a peculiarly constructed balloon looking much like a parachute, passed over the city to the north, going in a westerly direction. Ex-chief of Police Hugh Diehl saw the object by means of a field glass, and describes it as being made of silk. It sailed at a high altitude.

The Zollinger battery was out for a practical drill last night, and on East Berry street went through their hardy maneuvres like old veterans. Second Lieutenant Mungeon commanded the drill squad, First Lieutenant Ranke was gunner. The drill squad is composed of Darwin Myers, Gus Wafel, Charles Tigar, Mart Cleary, J. Wolf, E. Cutler, Ed. Evans and Charles Thomas.

At 5 o'clock Thursday evening Richard Muer, a porter in the employ of O. W. Peirce & Co's, wholesale house, Lafayette, was caught in the elevator and crushed to death. His shoulder was crushed on the right side and the ribs pressed into the lungs. His neck was also crushed to some extent. After being taken from the elevator he lived about ten minutes, but was unconscious and unable to speak.

It is stated that W. J. Scanlan, the young Irish comedian, is now one of the richest actors on the stage. There is probably a great deal of truth in this, as he has been playing to large business for several years, and is known to be of a saving disposition. "Billy" is a hard worker, and is one of the most industrious young men upon the stage. He has won his place by honest attention to his business, and deserves all the success he has achieved.

Temple to-night.

Secure seats for Nellie McHenry.

Percy Smith has recovered from a sickness.

Mr. R. S. Walchson has gone to Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. Howard McCullough returned today from Petoskey.

Mrs. Judge Zollars and daughter left for Chicago to-day on a visit.

Mr. A. G. Barnett, of the bus barn, has returned from Springfield, Ill.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robinson, of West Superior street—a boy.

Mr. E. C. Smith, of 11 Monroe street, celebrates his forty-third birthday today.

The Nellie McHenry company came here from Sandusky, Ohio, and go to Chicago.

The elegant improvements in the office of the Salamonie company are completed.

Miss Maggie Sinclair, of West DeWald street, will leave next Monday for Pleasant Lake.

Mr. Andy Luly, salesman for T. R. Pickard & Co., has gone to Michigan for a two weeks' vacation.

Messrs. H. G. Olds and S. C. Lumbard, with their families, arrived home from Bear Lake to-day.

Mr. George Terry, of Bucyrus, Ohio, now holds a position in the Western Union Telegraph office.

Mr. Cass Hunter, of the county treasurer's office, went to Claypool, Ind., today, where his brother, Sidney, is quite sick.

Monthly business meeting of the City Y. M. C. A., on Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

The Wayne Street M. E. church choir will meet this evening for rehearsal under their new leader, Prof. W. F. Heath.

Mrs. George Adams, wife of the money order clerk at the postoffice returns to-day from a visit with friends at Toledo.

Mr. Frank Brooks' drum corps accompanied the Sons of Veterans to Maysville to-day. The party went out in good style.

There will be no services at Trinity Lutheran church to-morrow, Rev. S. M. Wagenhals and his family being at Ebensburg, Pa.

Members of the Sons of Veterans went to Maysville this afternoon, where they will institute a camp. They went out in a band wagon.

Mr. W. H. Pyke, the grocer, is selling out his stock as fast as possible. He will locate in the south below North Carolina somewhere.

Mr. Wm. H. Goshorn, ex-county surveyor, who has been confined to his home on East Washington street with inflammatory rheumatism, is some better.

The public schools will open next Monday. Superintendent J. S. Irwin met the teachers to-day at his office. A list of teachers is published elsewhere in this issue.

The Indiana state fair will be held at Indianapolis, September 23 to 28. Every effort is being made by the management to make the fair the best and most attractive ever held.

A contractor from Angola has commenced work on the new Lake Shore depot, which will be a frame structure to cost about $6,000. New offices for for the freight department will also be built.

Professor W. P. Winter, B. A., of the Ohio Wesleyan university, and Miss Alice Knause, of DePauw university, are in the city preparatory to entering upon their work next week as teachers in Fort Wayne college.

The Anthony Wayne manufacturing company send many of their washing machines to foreign countries. They have an order for a shipment to Moscow, Russia. To-day the firm sent a car-load to New Orleans.

Mr. Hiram Watson, of Eel River township, an old ex-soldier, was in the city to-day. He has been accepted at the Soldiers' home, Dayton, and will leave for that place soon. He was a member of Company A, Thirtieth Indiana regiment.

The minstrels on their arrival Monday will parade through the principal streets of the city. Cal Wagner, Cool Burgess, Billy Birch, Heywood and Mock are old timers, and will surely sustain their wonderful reputation as burnt cork artists Monday evening.

The remains of Mrs. Augusta Siemon will arrive in the city from the east this afternoon at 5 o'clock, over the Pittsburg road, and will be conveyed to the home of the bereaved husband, on the Concordia college grounds. The funeral occurs Monday at 1:30 p. m. from the residence and at 2 o'clock from the St. Paul Lutheran church.

The comedienne, Miss Nellie McHenry, opened her season last Monday in New York, and in two weeks will be on the Pacific coast, where the company try their new piece, "On the Dog," in San Francisco. "Green Room Fun," which is to be presented here to-night, is a very amusing comedy of the highest order and elicits the careful attention of every theatre-goer.

Wabash *Plaindealer:* "The wedding of Emil Roehm, a popular young business man of Fort Wayne, and Miss Hattie Weesner, a well known young lady of this city, occurred last Tuesday evening at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Roehm will make their home in Fort Wayne. The *Plaindealer* joins with the many Wabash friends of the bride in extending congratulations."

The old water house on Lafayette street is being demolished.

Mr. E. H. McDonald and family arrived home from Rome City to-day.

Mr. W. H. Brady, of Root & Co., has returned from a week's vacation spent at Chicago.

A gasoline stove exploded at the residence of A. C. Perrin, but no damage was done.

Francis Romary, as administrator, has filed the final report in the estate of Elizabeth Henry.

South Broadway has been left in a fearful condition by reason of the laying of natural gas mains.

Dr. Greenawalt was called last night to attend a young traveling man named Strong at the Wayne hotel.

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Fort Wayne Driving club at the Wayne hotel Monday evening next.

Mrs. Ellen Holland, aged fifty years, died yesterday at the St. Joe hospital of consumption. She was buried this afternoon.

Dr. W. H. Myers has returned from Evansville, Ind., where he read a paper before the Mississippi Valley Medical association.

All the railroads will bring excursions into the city to-morrow on account of the dedication of the new St. Paul Lutheran church.

The services at the Hebrew temple last evening and this morning were conducted by Rev. Gutmacher and were very interesting.

Messrs. E. G. Anderson and Orren Ross, who are at Petoskey, sent a huge string of fish to Ticket Agent John E. Ross this afternoon.

Mr. A. J. Moynihan, editor of the *Journal*, will to-morrow become a member of the St. Bernard council Catholic Knights of America.

J. M. Head, who has been confined to the City hospital, recovered enough to be taken to his boarding place to-day. He had typhoid malarial fever.

Dr. J. W. Younge yesterday afternoon extricated a tumor weighing nearly eighteen pounds from the breast of Mrs. W. S. Gephart, who lives near Markle.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Kendall, twin girl babies. Mr. Kendall is connected with the Jenney works and he is receiving congratulations right and left.

Mr. D. H. Caldwell, chief train dispatcher in the Nickel Plate offices, found a purse containing a sum of money last night and turned it over to the owner, Mr. Chas. Meegan.

Mr. John Mowrer, of Wooster, Ohio, the venerable father of County Treasurer Mowrer, came to to the city only to find his son on a trip west. He returned home to-day.

Mary Geistoffer, for prostitution, and another for associating with her in an illicit manner over Freistoffer's blacksmith shop, were each fined $5 and costs to-day. The fines were paid.

United States Deputy Marshal Blair returned this afternoon from Indianapolis, where he took Daniel Rhynard, the counterfeiter, who was bound over in the sum of $800. The prisoner will probably furnish bond.

At the commissioners' session this afternoon evidence was heard relating to the validity of Mr. Edward Harper holding office as trustee of Jefferson township. Colonel R. S. Rodertson represents Mr. Harper, while Mr. S. L. Morris is counsel for the commissioners.

To-day the county commissioners received a petition from land owners in Maumee township asking that cows and other stock be prevented from running at large. Also one from Marion township. The signers of the Maumee township petition own 6,871½ acres of land. A remonstrance against granting the petition has been received.

This morning 'Squire France performed the matrimonial feat that tied for better or for worse, James McBride and Phillopene Eckels. The bridegroom and his bride each wore a nosegay and the suffused blushes of the young lady caused Pegg Miller and several other spectators to smack their lips and cast enviable glances at the young man. Mr. McBride is a new comer here while Miss Eckels has for a time been connected with the Windsor hotel. THE SENTINEL extends congratulations to the young couple.

On next Monday the supreme court will convene. In that court, awaiting immediate decision, are two important cases. One of these is the suit to test the right of Wm. A. Peele, jr., to hold the office of chief of the bureau of statistics; the other will be to determine who is entitled to act as state oil inspector and receive the fees and emoluments of that office. Attorneys in these cases expect to argue them during the first week of court, and it is thought decisions will follow before October 1. The state oil inspector suit will also determine who is to hold the office of state geologist, or, as it is now called, the bureau of geology and natural science.

Ball Games.

The games played yesterday were as follows:

National league—Boston 0, Cleveland 3; Boston 5, Cleveland 4.

American association—Athletics 11, St. Louis 0.

PHINEAS D. BARTON, the oldest citizen of Granby, Mass., has fallen in love at the age of 90, and only the watchful eyes of his sons and daughters prevent him from taking a second wife. It is said that he has been courting widows in three different towns.

SAD TIDINGS.

The Death of James Parnin, at Denver, Col.

August Parnin received a telegram this afternoon from Denver, Col., that his son James who went to that city a short time ago to reside, died suddenly to-day, but gave no particulars as to the cause of his death. His remains will be brought home for interment.

Miss Dunn, of Chicago, will give massage treatment and Swedish movement thoroughly recommended for nervous prostration, paralysis, stiff joints, and rheumatism. Indorsed by the eminent physicians of this city. Private rooms, 24 West Berry street.

As Eve remarked to Adam: "The fall has come."

It don't pay to hang damaged wall paper if Fred Kreibaum sells good Wall Paper at 4 cents per roll. Call at 90 Barr street and get prices before placing your order.

WANTED to rent a good stock farm, Apply to James A. Reilly, Walton avenue. d&w.

Any person intending to begin a course of study in bookkeeping or shorthand, should not fail to call at McDermut & Whiteleather's Business college.

Get your natural gas pipe put in by John Pressler. 10-5t

Large Shipment of Grapes--150 Baskets From Kelly Island.

Delaware and Concord Grapes, 11-pound baskets, 40c each.
Choice Crawford Peaches, 35c basket.
Choice Bananas, 15c dozen.
Pound Bartlett Pears, 25c peck.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Fine Jewelry at Voirol's.

The anxiety over the location of the new East Main street bridge is now at an end, as the commissioners have decided upon a location at the Columbia street site. So might the sufferers from Hay Fever and Catarrh be relieved of his anxiety if he knew the safe and certain remedy for his disease to be found at No. 41 West Berry street. There is no malady that affords such speedy and permanent relief as compound oxygen. Those who try to get relief by change of climate only go to a place where the oxygen of the air is more abundant. Inhaling compound oxygen furnishes relief in the same manner. We ask only that any sufferer of either of those diseases would come to our rooms, where our large tank is in operation in which the oxygen is generated and give it a trial. Trial treatment free.

Go to John Pressler for your natural gas work. 10-5t

Bring your old books to Renner, Cratsley & Co., 56 Calhoun street; they will pay you more for them than anyone else and sell you school supplies cheaper.

John Pressler has got a fine line of Mantels and Grates for natural gas. See them. 10-5t

Renner, Cratsley & Co. are to be temporarily located for business at their old stand, 56 Calhoun street, when they will sell School Books and school supplies for the opening of the city schools on Monday, Sept. 16th.

John Pressler has none but the best workmen. 10-5t

Bring your old books to Renner, Cratsley & Co., 56 Calhoun street; they will pay you more than anyone and sell you supplies cheaper.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at F. J. Voirol's, 244 Calhoun Street.

Renner, Cratsley & Co. have a full supply of school books on hand and will exchange new books for old ones in good condition.

Real Silk Guipure Laces.

We offer to-morrow
100 pieces Black Guipure Lace,
an auction lot from New York,
at 20c and 25c yard,
popular prices 75c and 85c yard.
Come immediately for this
Great Bargain.
M. FRANK & CO.,
BEE HIVE.

First of the Season.

New York Quinces.

New York Quinces, 60c peck.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Railroad Watches at Voirol's.

Second books of the new series of readers and arithmetics to be used in the public schools of the city can be had at Renner, Cratsley & Co., their old old stand, 56 Calhoun street, and will be given in exchange for old McGuffey's readers in good condition.

Fort Wayne Market.

Corrected by J. B. Manning & Co.

Flour—No, 1 white, $4.25; No. 1 red, $4.25; second class family, $3.50@4.00; Graham, 50c per sack.
Wheat—72@73.
Oats—27, New, 21@22.
Corn—In ear, 40@42.
Rye—43.
Oil Meal—Perewt. $1.30.
Corn Meal—Perewt. $1.00@1.25.
Clover Seed—$4.25.
Timothy Seed—$1.50.
Flax Seed—100@$1.10.
Barley—45.
Hay—Old, $7, New, $8 per ton.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Ry

Steam Heated and Electric Light Vestibuled Trains to St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Finest Dining Cars in the World.
Through Sleeping Cars to Denver.
The route of the first "Golden Gate Special."
Excursion Tickets to Colorado.
Excursion Tickets to California.
Everything First-Class.
First-Class People patronize First-Class Lines.
Ticket Agents everywhere sell Tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. 8-1d-3mwg

SIMPLY SUPERB!

Is the Display of Fashionable Suitings at the House of Jos. M. Clark and Company.

The display in new fall styles of men's suitings and overcoatings at the popular house of Messrs. Joseph M. Clark & Co., on East Berry street, surpasses anything of the kind in the city. The selection of both foreign and domestic materials is the best ever kept by this house.

Mr. Perry DeHaven has been engaged in arranging the stock for the past week, and invites an inspection. Their list of customers includes the best dressed men in the city, and not a merchant tailor in the west enjoys a better reputation for turning out a fashionable and well-fitting garment than Jos. M. Clark & Co.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 13.—It is rumored that Mr. Charles Schiff will retire from the presidency of the Queen and Crescent line.

Thieme & Gross, the druggists, will be pleased to have all who suffer from headaches give Baker's Famous Headache Specific, the new discovery, a trial. There is no other remedy which gives such universal satisfaction, and it is fast becoming a household remedy. Use it once and you will never be without it.

Don't forget that Renner, Cratsley & Co., will have their old place.

Cranberries and Sweet Potatoes.

Cape Cod Cranberries, 10c quart.
Jersey Sweet Potatoes, 35c peck.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Wedding Rings at Voirol's.

Renner, Cratsley & Co. will be temporarily located for business on Monday, Sept. 16th, '89, at their old quarters, 56 Calhoun street, with school supplies and school books, and will sell supplies cheap to prepare for their new stock, now on the way. They expect to open up with an entire new stock Oct. 1st; the largest and finest ever brought to this city.

Get your old tin roofs coated with pure "Trinadad Asphalte." The best Roof Paint in the world. It is cheap and will out last any roof paint in the world. Leave orders with the Osborn Remington Co., D. H. Lawton, Manager, Room 19, Pixley-Long Block. 6 tf.

Bring your old school books to Renner, Cratsley & Co., 56 Calhoun street, their old stand. They will pay you more for them than any one.

A JOB.

Great Ribbon Sale.

The Bee Hive opens to-morrow 500 pieces Fancy Silk Ribbons, Very pretty and entirely new styles, at 23c and 29c a yard, Worth double the price. M. FRANK & CO., Bee Hive.

The first term of the School of Music, at 36 West Wayne street, will begin on Monday Sept. 16.

M. H. ANDERSON,
JOSEPHINE LARGE,

F. J. Voirol's for Watches.

STRAYED—From 241 South Webster street, a state colored hound, goes by the name of Jim. 14-tf

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

BIG DRIVES
—IN—
DRY GOODS.

One Bale yard-wide
UNBLEACHED MUSLIN,
At 4c. per Yard.

One Case, good quality,
CANTON FLANNELS!
At 4 1-2c pr Yard.

100 BOXES Fancy Ruchings
At 10c per yard, worth 25c.

EXTRA BARGAINS
—IN—
Linen Towels!
At 10, 12½ and 25c.

A complete New Line of
Chenille Portierss,
Lace Curtains,
Poles and
Brass Trimmigs,
Roller Shades, &c.
All at Our Usual Low Prices.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
Dozois, Beadell & Co.
(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

Excursions to Chicago via the Pennsylvania Lines.

For the Industrial Exposition excursion tickets will be sold to Chicago and return via the Pennsylvania lines at a rate of $4.20 from Fort Wayne on Tuesdays, September 10th, 17th, 24th, October 1st, 8th and 15th, good returning until the Monday following date of sale. Rate includes admission to the Exposition. 7-s&m-td

Second-hand school books of the new series can be bought cheaper at Renner, Cratsley & Co's. and will be given in exchange for McGuffey's readers at prices below any one. Bring on your old McGuffey's readers.

J. G. THIEME & SON,
Clothiers and Tailors.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS!
FOR FALL ARE NOW
READY FOR INSPECTION.

Our stock of Suitings, Overcoat Patterns and Trowserings is more complete than ever.
COR. CLINTON & COLUMBIA.

THIEME BROS'.
THE LEADING
TAILORS,
are now prepared to show their new fall goods.
Novelties in Overcoats, Suits and Trousers.
A Line of Our
SPECIAL IMPORTATIONS.
We only can show them.
12 West Berry Street.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT!
Blooker's Dutch Cocoa!
CHOICEST, PUREST AND BEST!

In the World. It aids Digestion and has a Soothing Effect on the whole Constitution. Physicians recommend it especially to the Weak, to Children and Convalescents, in preference to Tea or Coffee. TRY IT.

PYKE'S GROCERY.
80 CALHOUN ST.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Geo. DeWald & Company.

FAIR AND SQUARE

THIS LABEL IS ON THE BEST RIBBON MADE.

SOLD BY

GEORGE DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

FREE TONTINE POLICY.

If you desire Assurance on your Life, you should secure one of the Equitable's Free Tontine Policies; because it is

INDISPUTABLE,
NON-FORFEITABLE,
UNRESTRICTED.

J. E. OHNHAUS,

AGENT, ROOMS 19 and 20 PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK.

TOENSING & LUHMANN

Having recently purchased the renovating establishment of Mr. G. Schroeder, at 125 Calhoun street, are pleased to announce that they are well prepared for renovating, cleaning and repairing goods. They invite their friends and the public generally, to give them a call and by their superior quality of work, they will merit patronage.

Toensing & Luhmann.

29 CASES

Of Fall and Winter

WRAPS

Were unpacked by us yesterday, and such delightful

NOVELTIES

FOR AUTUMN WEAR

You never before saw in your life.

There is not a single style out this season that we are unable to show you. There is a decided reaction in favor of Jackets, and we have hundreds upon hundreds of these garments, in Directoire and Rolled Front Styles, both in Double and Single Breasted, 24, 27, 30 and 34 inches long, that we would like to show you.

We can also show you the handsomest line of Jersey and Stockinette Jackets to be seen in the city, and will sell you a better garment for less money than you can buy elsewhere. We also invite you to inspect our line of

Newmarkets,
Sacques
and Wraps,
In Cloths
and Plushes.

They are all beauties and the novelties of the season.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.,

54 Calhoun St.

WHO WILL GET IT!

A Boomer Started for General Knefler of Indiana, for Pension Commissioner--Judge Ross Talks.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 14.—The Grand Army veterans of Indianapolis, have started a boomer for General Fred Knefler, for pension commissioner, to succeed Corporal Tanner, and a petition will be forwarded to Washington at once, urging his appointment. It is generally believed here that he will be given the position unless there are important political reasons for selecting a New York man for the place.

It was said that General Knefler was President Harrison's first choice for commissioner, but that the appointment was not made for political reasons.

JUDGE ROSS TALKS.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 14.—Judge Ross, ex-commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, said yesterday, in regard to his possible candidacy for commissioner of pensions:

"The office is one requiring no end of hard work and that is something most of us try to avoid. I do not think it need mar a man's political prospects, as it seems to have done in Tanner's case, but I imagine it is so much time lost in ornerous labor, for which there is little reward except the salary. However, I do not imagine that the appointment will even be tendered, so there is not much to fear from it. I do not know whether I would want the office or not."

THE CORPORAL IS MAD.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 14.—A personal friend of Corporal Tanner received yesterday a letter from the ex-commissioner of pensions.

He says that the president sent Marshal Dan Ransdell to him with authority that, inasmuch as an investigation of the pension office had shown that several thousand more pensions had been granted by Tanner than during the corresponding period of Commissioner Black's administration, he considered that the pension office had been mismanaged, and that success to President Harrison's administration demanded the immediate retirement of Tanner.

The corporal writes that, as a solace for his injured feelings, he was tendered the office of United States marshal at Brooklyn, but he says that under no circumstances would he accept such a compromise. The letter is full of bitterness and speaks in harsh terms of Secretary Noble and General Bussey.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 13.—At 9:30 this morning Major Warner, of Missouri, called on the secretary of the interior and shortly before 10 o'clock they went together to the executive mansion by appointment to discuss with the president the possibility of Major Warner succeeding Mr. Tanner as commissioner of pensions.

SULLIVAN COMING WEST.

He Will Give Sparring Exhibitions in the Principal Cities.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—John L. Sullivan has perfected all arrangements to leave the city and will start for Boston this afternoon with his father. He will remain in that city until Wednesday night, when he will return to New York to complete the details for the sparring exhibition he intends to give in Brooklyn a week from next Monday.

In the latter part of the month he will go west as far as Denver giving exhibitions in all the principal cities on the route. It has been decided that Muldoon will run a show of his own and in the future Sullivan says he will look after his own interests. What the reason for this rupture between himself and Muldoon is, the big fellow refuses to state.

GREAT STRIKE ENDED.

The Last Obstacle to a Settlement of the London Strike Removed.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—The master lightermen have conceded the points submitted to them on behalf of their employes, and the last obstacle in the way of a general resumption of business is removed and the great strike ended. The men will return to work Monday.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 14.—At a conference of workmen and a committee of manufacturers which lasted from yesterday afternoon until early this morning the strike of the western window plate glass workers was practically settled. The manufacturers conceded the five per cent. advance demanded by the employes. Five thousand men are affected.

GOES TO BEER PARK.

He Wants to Think Over the Pension Commissionership.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—The president to-day appointed Charles S. Johnson United States district attorney for Alaska. He concluded not to tackle the pension commissioner appointment at present, and left for Deer Park at 11:20.

LATER.

It is understood that the president has left a commission appointing Warner commissioner of pensions, to go into effect when he sees fit to accept it.

THE SABBATH OF THE LORD.

It is a Day of Rest and Religious Worship and They Who Spend It Thus are the Happiest.

Pastor Northrop occupies his pulpit in the church lecture room to-morrow.

No services at Trinity Lutheran church to-morrow. Sunday school at 9:30.

Christian church, corner Griffith and Jefferson streets. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. by Pastor Sims. Sunday school at 9:15 a. m.,

Free Methodist church, East Creighton avenue—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. M. L. Reynold will officiate.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, pastor. Services to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. All invited. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector. Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m.

Remember the regular meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion at W. C. T. U. headquarters on Harrison street. Be there promptly at 3:30 o'clock and bring your children.

Evangelical church, corner Clinton and Holman streets, to-morrow.—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited. D. D. Speicher, pastor.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will hold a gospel temperance meeting at the Church of God, corner of Hoagland and DeWald street, Sunday evening. A cordial welcome extended to all.

Preaching at the Third Presbyterian church, Sabbath, at 10:30 a. m., in the lecture room entrance on Holman street. No evening service. Sunday school at 2 p. m. in the lecture room.

Barry street M. E. church, corner West Berry and Harrison streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. Daniel Markey will preach in the morning. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

Rev. J. L. Leeper, of the Second Presbyterian church, has returned and services will be held at the Y. M. C. A. chapel at 10:30 a. m. to-morrow. Sunday school at 12:00 m. No evening services.

The men's meeting at the rooms of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. will be held at the usual time to-morrow afternoon, at 3 o'clock, standard time. All men are invited. Services close promptly at 4 o'clock.

Usual services to-morrow at the Wayne street Methodist church. Preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young People's Meeting at 7 p. m. All invited.

Rev. Wm. Spray will preach at Nebraska Mission church, Sabbath morning at 10:30, a. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 o'clock, after which Rev. J. L. Luttrell, presiding elder, will preach. No evening service.

Services at the Grace Reformed church at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Topic for the evening service, "Our Boys"—the first of a series of brief talks by the pastor on the subject, "Our Boys and Girls."

Simpson M. E. church, corner Harrison and Dawson streets—Preaching at 10:30, a. m. by the pastor; in the evening by the Rev. H. N. Herrick, president of the Fort Wayne college. Sabbath school at 9:30. All welcome at our services.

The First U. B. church, corner East Lewis and Harmer streets. Communion services in the morning at 10:45. Preaching in the evening at 7:30 by the elder, Rev. J. L. Letroll, Sabbath school at 9 o'clock, standard time. Welcome to all.

St. Paul's M. E. church. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper, at 10:30 a. m., and revival service will be held in the evening conducted by the pastor. At the regular prayer meeting last Thursday evening there was one conversion and four at the altar of prayer. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. A full choir of voices will sing at both services.

MACKIE IN MONTREAL.

Supt. Mackie Reported as Being in Canada, But Nothing Definite Learned.

Information was received over the wire at the Jenney electric light works to-day to the effect that Mr. Robert Mackie, who mysteriously disappeared on his wedding night, had been seen on the streets of Montreal last Thursday.

Mr. Mackie was met, in Montreal by Mr. Kimball, agent of the Jenney company at Montreal, who telegraphed that he met and shook hands with him.

The wedding was to have occurred at Cooperstown, N. Y., on Wednesday evening.

Indianapolis will send six hundred people to attend the dedication of St. Paul Lutheran church to-morrow, and many will come from Peru, Lafayette, Logansport, and other places.

Philamena Nanmay enters suit in the circuit court against Ann Campbell to quiet title to real estate. C. W. Edsall is attorney for the plaintiff.

HOW IT WORKS.

The Recently Published Small Pox Scare Does an Injury to Our Merchants.

A few weeks ago one of the city papers published a sensational small pox scare and the correspondents of the metropolitan papers sent it broadcast over the land. It has had its effect.

This morning the Anthony Wayne manufacturing company received a letter from Mrs. F. M. Wilkinson, one of their customers at Nashville, Tenn., inquiring about the matter, and saying that if there was any truth in it she wanted the large order which had been sent in for goods from the establishment some time before, countermanded.

The secretary wrote their customer at Nashville that there was no truth in the report. Thus do these sensational reports do injury to our city and the business of our manufacturers and business men.

LOWER PASSENGER FARES.

The Pennsylvania is Thinking of Reducing Its Rates--News From the Busy Centers.

Pennsylvania officials are inclined to think the long troublesome question of Chicago rates is permanently settled. The issuance of mileage books, which shall be transferable, will avoid the temptation to defraud the roads which heretofore has always been with the purchasers. The increase of the price of thousand-mile books from $20 to $25 and the reduction of single trip regular fares will have such a slight margin between the two for the operations of scalpers that the railways do not fear them.

This is regarded as an important step toward a general reduction of passenger rates in the central states. In speaking of it this morning, Assistant General Passenger Agent Doring, of the Pennsylvania lines, said the time is undoubtedly coming when all passenger rates will be reduced. "There will be no need of legislation to bring about the reduction either," he said. "Just as soon as the railway companies can afford to lower fares, they will do so voluntarily. As the population and the per cent. of travel increases, the rate at which people can be carried decreases. The Pennsylvania company is now seriously considering a reduction all over its system in the rate per mile of 10 to 20 per cent., or whatever the business done warrants. The tendency everywhere in passenger rates is downward."

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

Next Tuesday is Pittsburg pay day.

The Wabash pay car will be in the city next Thursday.

James Quinn and A. Haverly, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, are off duty on account of repairs to the furnace.

One of the employes at the Base works wants to know who the fellow is that lost his pants the other day. There is considerable of a joke about it.

Stationmaster E. T. DeLapp, of the Lake Shore Fort Wayne branch, at Auburn, was married on the 28th ult., to Miss Emma Ashley, of that place.

John MacKenzie, superintendent of motive power of the Nickel Plate, is on a tour of inspection of his department west. He gave the works here, yesterday, his personal inspection.

It is thought that at the next meeting of the directors of the Pennsylvania railroad company, J. N. McCullough, first vice-president of the Pennsylvania company, will be elected the successor of William Thaw as director of the parent line.

Assistant Ticket Agent Orin Ross, of the Pittsburg, telegraphed this morning from Petoskey, where he is spending his vacation, to his brother John E, "I ship you a big string of fish. Look out for them." Orin is having a magnificent time up north.

Nearly all Indiana roads will show a slight decrease in earnings the first week in September as compared with those of the corresponding week last year, but in every case it is for want of cars to move the business, the offerings of which are heavy beyond precedent.

James Chamberlain, gatekeeper at the Pittsburg shops, prevented what might have been a serious runaway accident yesterday. A team of horses belonging to Rhinesmith & Simonson became frightened at a locomotive coming out of the yards. Mr. Chamberlain caught them as they were dashing down the street and brought them to a sudden halt.

THE EAST YARDS.

The demand for box cars is great.

The new fast freight train is a hummer.

There are 200 cars in the yard for repairs.

Joe Shay, the messenger, is enjoying a week's vacation.

New cars are being turned out of the east car shops daily.

Engine 227 is a new Jack just turned out of the shops here.

Dudley Doyle is building a pretty cottage on Creighton avenue.

Wm. Hayes, formerly a switchman in the yards here, but now located in Texas, stopped off here to see the boys on his way home to Pennsylvania. Bill is still as happy as a lark.

We will have a couple of matrimonial items in a few weeks, and they will not be a water Hall either.

Y. Trickey has been given the work train run and Jim O'Leary has taken his old section again as foreman.

W. L. and Ed Benedict are erecting a cottage on Creighton avenue. What does this mean? Double wedding!

John Kelly, the switchman, is off duty on account of the illness of his boy, who is down with typhoid fever.

A photograph gallery has been established on Horace street. It is claimed that Joe Wells went over to get a counterpart of himself in order to get some pointers on his physiognomy.

Important improvements are still being made in the down town yards. A new cinder pit is being constructed and the entrance to the round house will be changed to a point farther north.

A portion of the business heretofore done in the freight office down town will be transferred to the east yard office and a day and night clerk will also be transferred in consequence.

The delegates to the switchmen's convention are now en route to Columbus, Ohio. The convention opens on Monday, and an immense concourse of people are expected to be present. Governor Forker will open the assembly. Mr. Ed Morris, of the Wabash, will represent the Fort Wayne union.

A new fast freight train has been inaugurated from New York to Chicago, which is to make the run in from fifty-eight to sixty hours. The train is limited to twenty-five loaded cars and freight of the first, second and third classes. This move will be highly appreciated by shippers, no doubt.

Well, we can scarcely believe yet that Joe Keeler, the freight conductor, is a married man, but nevertheless he has been spliced. We thought Joe was proof against Cupid's darts, but are glad to note that it was his fortune to be subdued. Good luck, old fellow. If you can learn to carve a turkey as well as you are able to get a train out of the yard, you will succeed.

While in the act of searching for some lost memoranda between the tracks in the yard with the aid of a lamp, Tony Gerard, the yardmaster, met with an experience not becoming to a fellow of his corpulent proportions. A shifting engine coming up from the rear and without any apparent cause for the assault poised Tony on the end of the pilot beam and tossed him some distance and making it necessary that he should cut several figures while en route. However, it is very fortunate that he was not seriously injured and the boys are glad to see him around as usual.

THE KNIGHT TEMPLARS.

About Thirty Sir Knights of This City Will go to the Conclave to be Held at Washington, D. C.

Between twenty-five and thirty members of Fort Wayne Commandery No. 4, K. T., will go to the grand triennial conclave at Washington, D. C., commencing October 8.

The Sir Knights will have special Pullman cars and will be accompanied to the capitol by their ladies.

Knights from some of the surrounding places will meet here and accompany the party from here.

Specimens of the badge to be worn by the Knight Templars of Indiana at the conclave have been received. The badge is of metal, fire gilt, shield-shaped in four parts, one white, one blue, one purple and one black. One part contains the seal of the grand commandery, one the seal of the state, and the other two parts the several crosses of the order, with a Templar's sword running diagonally through it. It is suspended from a bar, which is surmounted by a knight's head.

THE DEATHS.

Twelve Persons Have Bid Farewell to Earth.

The following deaths have been reported at the undertaking establishments for the week ending Sept. 14:

Frank Pfeffer, sixteen days, exhaustion.

Sophia Woebbeking, eighty years, old age.

Catharine Grubel, twenty-eight years, typhoid fever.

Mary B. Daugherty, seventy years, dropsy.

James F. Rockhill, seven weeks, exhaustion.

Augusta Siemon, twenty-eight years, nervous prostration.

Robert W. Johnson, twenty-three years, railroad accident.

Alex. H. Boerger, twenty-two years, rheumatic fever.

Thomas McGrath, seventy-six years, railroad accident.

Wm. W. Irish, twenty-five years, enteric fever.

Vernie Scoemaln, one year, cholera infantum.

Ellen Holland, fifty years, consumption.

LAUGHED AT A PLAY

Until She Swallowed Her False Teeth and Died--Killed His Own Brother.

READING, Pa., Sept. 14.—Mrs. Frances Dunsford, while laughing at the play, "The Old Homestead," at the Academy of Music Tuesday night, swallowed two false teeth. She suffered great pain until yesterday afternoont when she died. The false teeth were found in her stomach when the autopsy was performed.

NEW HAMBURG, Ont., Sept. 15.—The boiler in the Hamburg flouring mills exploded this morning, totally wrecking the building and badly damaging several houses in the vicinity.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—A bloody encounter occurred between two brothers in Jersey City just after midnight, in which Morris O'Brien murdered his brother Timothy. The quarrel grew out of trouble over property left them by their dead mother. The murderer is in jail.

MUNCIE, Ind., Sept. 14.—Thursday morning the boiler in Welch's saw mill, twelve miles north of here, exploded, killing instantly one of Mr. Welch's sons. Another son is badly scalded and may die.

SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 14.—A conspiracy of clerks and peddlers organized for the robbery of several principal stores of Scranton has been run down by the police, and nine of the suspected men were arrested yesterday.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Sept. 14.—Jas. A. Bradley, the founder and president of the Law and Order league, has resigned the presidency as the result of the severe criticism showered upon him by some of his prohibition colleagues for advocating a high license law for Asbury Park.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Sept. 14.—On Monday morning at 1 o'clock the second tank of the window glass works of Chambers & Mckee, at Jeannette, West Moreland county, will start up and the entire factory will be running.

LEWES, Del., Sept. 14.—Twenty-nine of the thirty cottages at Point Pleasant have been washed away by the storm and the occupants forced to take the boats to escape.

The towns of Melton and Slaughter's Beach were also partially submerged. The number of lives lost here is variously estimated at from one to four score. The United Press computation of the number of lives lost within a radius of eight miles of Lewes is forty-three. The damage to shipping will be $3,000,000.

FALL RIVER, Sept. 13.—The schooner Wm. O. Snow, went to the bottom of the ocean Tuesday night. Her crew were saved. A barge that came to her rescue went down, and the crew, after much suffering, was saved.

A DISAPPOINTED GROOM.

Her Lover Commits Suicide on His Wedding Day.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 14.—Thomas Cullinan and Miss Kittie Newman were to have been married on Wednesday at St. Bridget's church. The bride, bridesmaids, priest and spectators were all on hand promptly, but the bridegroom that they waited for never came, and the wedding was put off.

Cullinan and his sweetheart spent Tuesday evening together, and when he went home he left instructions to be called early. Since then he had not been seen until fishermen found his body in the lake this morning. It is supposed to be a case of suicide, but no reason is known. Cullinan has a house furnished and seemed to be looking forward with pleasure to his wedding. Miss Newman is prostrated with grief.

A FRIGHTFUL FALL.

A Lad Falls From a Second Story Window and is Badly Injured.

This afternoon a young son of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight D. Gillet, at 112 East Wayne street, while leaning out of a second story window at his home, fell headlong to the brick walk below.

The child was picked up unconscious and there are symptoms of internal injury.

The little one's life is despaired of.

The Brazil Miners.

BRAZIL, Ind., Sept. 14.—The miners executive committee has decided that the striking block coal miners may resume work for operators who will pay last years scale, but object to signing a yearly scale. This will start the smaller mines. The number of "black legs" in the larger mines is increasing.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—Wheat: September, 77; October, 77¼; December, 78¼@¾; May, 82¼. Corn: September, 33½; October, 32¼; December, 31¼@32; May, 34¼. Oats: September, 19¼; October, 19¼@¼; December, 19¾; May, 22¾. Pork: September, $10.90; October, $10.90; January, $9.17½. Lard: September, $5.92½; October, $5.90; January, $5.77½. Short ribs: September, $5.00; October, $4.82½@85; January, $4.62½.

ED REED, son of the notorious Belle Starr, who was killed some time since in Indian Territory, has arrived at the Ohio Penitentiary to serve a seven-years sentence for horse-stealing.

MRS. JESSIE BOND.

She Engages With a High Class Opera Company in New York City.

THE SENTINEL recently quoted criticisms from the New York press speaking in high complimentary terms of the talent of Mrs. Hugh McCulloch Bond, nee Jessie Hunna, of this city, as heard at a benefit concert. It was Mrs. Bond's debut, and the manner in which she acquitted herself on that occasion won her a standing in a high standard of opera.

The *Clipper* gives notice of Mrs. Bond's entering upon an engagement with "Aranson's Brigands" opera company, with which she will travel.

AT LIBRARY HALL.

The Grand Fair and Festival Fairly Begun--Notes Caught on the Fly.

The second night of the great Library hall was from a financial point of view a greater success than was the opening.

The booths are fairly loaded down with treasures and contributions continue to come in.

Some of the contests opened up last evening and the voting promises to be lively and interesting. One contest opened last night for a fine road wagon for the most popular man in the shops, the contestants being Charles Hilton, of the Electric Light works; F. W. Dunham, of Olds' Wheel works; Rudolph Densman, of the Base works; Frank Tyrrell, of the Wabash, and Barney Fitzpatrick, of the Pittsburg.

To-night the famous Mandolin orchestra will render an unusually fine program specially arranged.

Wm. Hubbard drew a basket of flowers.

Michael Clary drew a basket of flowers.

Mr. M. M. M. Slattery's electrical motor and the motor in operation, attracts considerable attention.

There is a letter box for the press.

Officer Jesse Patton acts as watchman.

Miss Kate Sweeney, holding ticket No. 47, drew a basket of natural flowers.

There is a smoking room for gentlemen.

THE BAPTIST FAIR.

The Business Men's Carnival to Close To-night at the Academy of Music.

The first advertising carnival held in the city is the one that opened last night at the Academy of Music, under the auspices of the young ladies of the First Baptist church.

The firms are represented by pretty maidens dressed in unique costumes and decorated in a manner representing the business for which they are detailed. A nice program was given last night and to-night there will be an entire change. THE SENTINEL can not see justice in selecting a few out of the many novel and beautiful costumes last night, so it will not attempt to describe any of them.

A large crowd will no doubt be on hand to-night. There will be good music.

A NEW RELIEF CORPS.

Mrs. James E. Graham, of This City, Institutes an Organization at Marysville.

Mrs. James E. Graham, of this city, was at Marysville, this county, yesterday, where she instituted a Woman's Relief corps.

The new organization is known as David K. Stopher Relief corps No. 86. The officers are as follows:

President—Elmira Hood.
Senior Vice-president—Hester Waite.
Junior Vice-president—Rosetta Traxler.
Chaplain—Sue O'Keefer.
Treasurer—Mary Lake.
Conductor—Miranda Farner.
Guard—Louisa Higgins.
Secretary—Mary Hayes.
Assistant Conductor—Alma Meers.
Assistant Guard—Josie Brown.

There are fifteen charter members.

Fort Wayne College.

The trustees of Fort Wayne college have recently made very marked improvements in the dormitory part of the building by neatly papering and painting the rooms and halls on the second and third floors, and performing such other repairs as seemed most needful. As soon as possible they expect to reroof the main building, make certain needed changes in the internal arrangements of the rooms and put in a good steam-heating apparatus. The indications are favorable for a good attendance at the beginning of the fall term next Monday, the 16th inst.

Prof. G. W. Lahr, a graduate of Fort Wayne college, has accepted the principalship of the commercial department in this institution.

Prof. W. Phillips Winters, B. A., of the Ohio Wesleyan university, and Miss Alice Krause, of DePauw university, are in the city preparatory to entering upon their work next week as teachers in Fort Wayne college.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—Indiana—Rain, slightly warmer; southeasterly winds.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Facts and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

GEORGIA has produced another Latin Hurst, of magnetic fame, in the person of Mrs. Annie Abbott, of Milledgeville, who can lift great weights by simply putting her hands on them. She has lifted five heavy men piled on on a chair at a time by placing her hand on the cane of one of them. She says the feats never tire her, but fast before a trial she feels nervous and weary. She sleeps well after throwing strong people about. She must stand on wood and operate with wooden chairs and sticks. When in contact with carpets and iron she can do nothing. Recently, when exhibiting in the South, somebody connected a wire with her body and grounded it, and immediately she was powerless. She is a small, delicate woman, very quiet and modest.

PHILIP A. GREENWOOD, an employee of the Alaska Seal Company tells a reporter of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch how sea skins used to be smuggled. "The miners came to our assistance, and by their aid we succeeded in running hundreds of thousands through the cordon of United States officials at the United States ports. The mode of procedure was to place tightly packed bales of sealskins in the hold of an ore vessel and cover them with old sacks. For the privilege of doing this the Alaska Company, or at least its employees, paid the wages of the crew and the expenses of the vessel. In the early days of mining, when those engaged in working the quartz veins were very inadequately supplied with capital, to be relieved of the expense of transportation was a very important item, and they were more than willing to co-operate with the skin smugglers. On arriving at an American port, generally San Francisco, the papers of the ship would be shown, stating that so and so many tons of sacked ore were on board. Sealskins occupy only a small amount of space and many thousand dollars worth of furs could be carried without perceptibly increasing the bulk of the cargo." This illicit killing has now been stopped, for it threatened to exterminate the seals.

DR. BARNSTATHER, a well-known physician of Cincinnati, who has been for six years a victim of rheumatism, claims to have discovered that this ailment, like so many others, is due to bacilli. Their breeding places, he says, are in decaying vegetation. "Young plants in a room are propagators, and they will come from any place where matters are undergoing decay. The spores from such are carried into the atmosphere by the evaporating of moisture—say the water that is sprinkled on plants—and thence passes into the lungs. The healthy action of the kidneys is destroyed by their presence in the blood. As the kidneys cannot relieve the gathering of the salts, the skin takes up the waste and the profuse acid sweats constitute one of the characteristic phenomena of acute rheumatism. I had always had a great many plants in my house, and after my researches I removed them and took medicine to destroy the bacilli. I have not had a pain since."

A SINGING blue lobster of good size has been captured at Marshfield, Mass., by Henry P. Taylor. Nothing of the sort has been found before in those waters, although a case was reported some years ago from Long Island sound. Mr. Taylor's lobster is of a pure ultramarine blue of handsome shade. Along the back the color of this singular crustacean is almost as dark as indigo, but at the sides it is as light as a robin's egg, and in the joints of the shell shades away to a delicate cream color. In an ordinary lobster these parts would be shaded in dark and light greens. The claws of the blue lobster are slightly mottled in shades of blue and purple on top and a most delicate cream underneath. Mr. Taylor's lobster can was a centre of interest to the curious. It was caught in an ordinary pot and it differs in no way except in color from other lobsters.

THE will of Edmund C. Billinger, a chaplain in the United States navy, who died recently at the naval hospital in Philadelphia, has been admitted to probate, and is a queer document. He enjoins that no eulogy shall be pronounced over his remains, as he has seen so much of funerals that has been objectionable and undesirable" that he desires to do all in his power to correct the practice. He adds: "I desire that none of my relatives shall go in mourning for me, and there is to be no head or foot stone at my grave, but rather a rough hewn stone, with no inscription except '1883,' the year of my death, and 'E. C. B.' Let all my poor sermons be committed to the flames, for I feel confident that they will give more light out of the pulpit than they ever gave in it." Chaplain Billinger leaves an estate of $25,000 to his brothers and sisters.

ED CHENEY, one of the best-known traveling salesmen of Ohio, mysteriously disappeared last January. On Feb. 13 Mrs. Ryan, a clairvoyant of New Albany, Ind., wrote to Mrs. Cheney claiming that the body of Cheney would be found six or seven miles down the river from Ripley and opposite a large building which was in some way connected with a farm. She said that the body would be found by two men and be identified by articles found on it; that it would become time before it was discovered, because it was being held at the bottom of the river by some foreign object. The clairvoyant declared it was a case of suicide. The body was found as described by the clairvoyant, and she will now sue for the $1,150 reward offered for the recovery of the body.

A WASHINGTON, D. C., dispatch says: The house elevator at the capitol cut up a queer caper the other day, and for a time the elevator man's hair stood on end, with visions of ghosts and witchcraft. As he entered the elevator it started without his aid. He attempted to stop it, but it kept on its way to the top of the building and then refused to come down. He managed to get out and made his way to the engine room. There he found that a muscular tomcat had got into one of the pulley wheels and started the elevator. But, like Samson's destruction of the temple, in performing the wonderful feat the cat sacrificed its own life. From a cat of solitary length it was stretched until it was nearly a yard long and the last one of its nine lives pulled out by the roots.

ALFRED MCCARTY, of Burdick, a small place west of La Porte, Ind., is the owner of a crazy horse. The animal is not vicious or ugly, but is simply insane. When given hay it will grab a mouthful and hold it in its mouth for half an hour, and in the meantime swing around in a circle, throw one foot out, as if it were dancing, and cut up all sorts of silly capers. When let out of the barn it will walk off a short distance and then gallop back at a terrific rate of speed. If the door is open he will go in, but if shut the animal will dash against it without knowing that an obstruction is in its way. If hitched up it will start to run straight ahead and can neither be turned nor stopped until it becomes completely exhausted.

THE wife of James S. Stokes, of McGhee's landing, Tenn., was seated with her husband on the veranda, when her youngest child, asleep in the adjoining room, screamed. The mother rushed through a window which she missed, for a door, fell headlong to the ground below, sustaining injuries from which she died in twenty minutes. Mrs. Stokes was formerly Blanche McGhee, a noted Southern belle, who encountered both in this country and Europe by many persons of note for her beauty, accomplishments and wealth. Her father, Miles McGhee, was of Huguenot descent and was the largest slave-owner in Mississippi, if not in the entire South, holding at one time over thirty-five hundred slaves.

ONE of the laziest men in the country is John Curtis, who is serving a three years' sentence in the State prison at Salem, Oregon. Curtis worked in the foundry, and about three months ago took off his boots, on the plea that they hurt him, and then burned his feet so severely that he was laid up. When the burn was healing he put vinegar on it, and aggravated it to prevent its getting well. The prison physician threatened him, and managed to cure the wound. Curtis was set at work again. He worked four days, and then with a hatchet cut off his left hand. It took two blows. One cut through the fleshy part of the hand; the other clean through the wrist joint. He confessed that he did it to avoid work.

A MERCHANT named Leon Santelli, residing at Carupano, Venezuela, has in his possession a giant tortoise. It is called the "morrocoy" by the natives there. The phenomenon weighs sixty-five pounds and is over 100 years old. Ordinarily this species do not weigh more than seven to eight pounds. Its shell is a dense mass of laminated plates and the little children of the owner ride about on it. When it eats anything it shows a preference for bananas or leaves of any sort, but it is not particular, and can heat George Frances Train fasting and give him three months start. A proposal was made to Mr. Santelli to send this "morrocoy" to the Paris exposition, but this was declined.

ABOUT a month ago a young man named Joe Harpster, of St. Louis, was struck on the back of the head with a pair of brass knuckles by a footpad, knocking him senseless, and for some weeks he lay unconscious. A few days ago he suddenly recovered his senses, but when he did so he could converse intelligently only in the German language. He was born of American parents, who spoke German, and that was the language he first learned. He gave that up, however, and learned English, using it at all times, entirely forgetting his German. Now he can remember nothing of English. Scientists are wrestling with the problem.

AN Indiana Justice of the Peace has just shown that the processes of the courts are no hindrance to business. A saloon-keeper was brought before him for violating the Excise laws. Seeing that there was great public curiosity about the case, the Justice charged 10 cents admission to his office, where the evidence was to be heard. Even the lawyer of the accused had to pay an admission fee. He complained to the courts, and, upon the ground that this payment had been exacted, the accused saloon-keeper was released from prison.

HANNAH PETERSEN'S lover came from Sweden two years ago to win a home for her and settle at Tacoma, Wash. A couple of months ago he sent for Hannah and they were soon to be married. Meantime, to familiarize herself with American housekeeping, the girl entered the service of a Tacoma family, the mistress of which became stricken with typhoid fever. While faithfully nursing her employer Hannah had contracted that the patient would recover and that she, the nurse, would die. The prophecy was fulfilled and Hannah died with the name of her betrothed on her lips.

A NEW ENGLAND manufacturer says that the street musicians are a serious expense to manufacturing companies in country towns. A gypsy band playing a tambourine recently passed his establishment, and, he says, cost the company about $200. Every employee in the big factory ran to a window, and work was suspended for fully a quarter of an hour. Every circus parade costs them hundreds of dollars, and when a minstrel brass band marches by it costs from $25 to $50.

A PREHISTORIC mound opened near Sparta, in the south of Greece, has yielded the rarified tomb of some great lady of remote antiquity. Two golden and one silver cup, adorned with cattle, men and trees; a small fish in gold, vases and other articles in bronze, three gold rings, needles of silvered bronze, with amethyst beads, tooth and ear picks are among the spoils. There is a necklace of 30 amethysts and another of 30 sardonyxes and agates. These stones have men, oxen and birds engraved on them.

A PHYSICIAN of Philadelphia has learned that it is prudent to heed a warning given him by his coachman. The physician, Dr. J. C. Guensler, insisted upon driving a fractious horse and thus disregarded the suggestions of his coachman. The horse ran away and the coachman was thrown out of the carriage, and his skull was fractured and one of his legs was twice broken. Now the coachman sues the doctor, putting his damages at $10,000.

PETER PENNS, of Red Bank, Penn., is a utilitarian. His dog recently chewed up and swallowed a two-dollar bill. As the dog had no commercial value, he was killed, and the fragments of the bill, including the pieces which bore the number, were recovered. The remains of the dog were buried and the remains of the bill were forwarded to the Treasury Department at Washington. A new bill was duly returned to Flynn.

WARREN HOLMES, the oldest guide and the most experienced hunter in the Adirondacks, makes an estimate that will be interesting to all sportsmen in the State. He claims that there are today no less than fifty thousand deer and five thousand bears in those regions. Mr. Holmes has hunted them for the past forty-five years, and during that time has killed over four thousand deer and more than two hundred bears.

A PROGRESS flyer in Chicopee, Mass., offered a prize for the best guess as to the number of marbles in a big boot exhibited in their window. A shoemaker of the town, anxious to win the prize, made a boot, as he thought of the same size, and filled it with marbles. Then he counted the marbles and gave the number as his guess. He was over two thousand out of the way.

THERE seems to be no abatement of the suicidal mania which has of late been prevalent among officers in the German army. The latest case reported is that of Major Lutz, who blew out his brains at Wiesbaden with a pistol loaded with water. The effect of this unique method of self-murder was extremely horrible, the victim's head having been literally blown to atoms.

THE big lumber drive down the Connecticut, which started out with 100,000,000 feet of lumber, 800 men and 100 horses, reached Holyoke with barely 100 men and 10 teams. Twenty-three mill dams were left at Medinton's Falls and Bellows Falls, and the men were dismissed 100 at a time as the drive grew smaller and easier to manage.

THE Winnebago Indians in Nebraska do not intend to eat the bread of idleness. They have just broken up 500 acres of land on their reservation and planted it as upon it. Previously they had planted 100 acres of garden vegetables, and 2,000 a res of corn.

AN oyster bed of unusual size and richness was discovered recently by a Danish fisherman near the coast of Jutland. It is some eleven miles from land and fifteen miles long by seven miles wide.

ABOUT GOLD BEATING.

Interesting Account of a Curious Trade—Some of Its Requirements.

Gold beating is a trade of muscle and of judgment. There is judgment in knowing just how to strike the little package on the stone, muscle in the human's clock like rise and fall. The motion is one of the wrist. The workmen's elbow joint stiffens, the hammer falls and rebounds nearly to its starting point. So, actually, it is not the physical effort it seems, even though the hammers, one for each process, weigh eighteen, twelve and seven pounds.

Each beater receives fifty pennyweight of gold, rolled from the bar into the form of a crinkly ribbon, seven yards long and an inch width. Cut into 150 pieces these go into the "crutch." This consists of detached leaves of a vegetable fibre, between each of which is placed a piece of gold. Slipped into a tightly fitting pad, the package is laid on the stone, and the hammer falls again and again, the aim being to drive the weight toward the edges. From the "crutch" the sheets, then leaves, are picked out with curious boxwood pincers. Handling with the fingers, especially at the later stages, would be most liable to break the leaf. Each leaf is then quartered by a section of bamboo cane on a little implement known as a "wagon," but in reality a tiny sled.

The second pad is the "shoder." It has 720 leaves, and is four and one-quarter inches square. The force of the blows here is greater. The leaves are beaten out to the very edge as they were not before, and the gold oozes out. These particles are carefully brushed off into an apron attached to the stone, for the workmen must account for every one of his fifty pennywe gbts.

In the third process there are three "molds" of 900 leaves each and five inches square. Each mold requires some four hours' work. The leaves are now so thin that the slightest misjudgment will produce disastrous results. In spite of the heat generated by the blows, dampness exists in between the edges. Dryness is positively essential here; so, whenever necessary, the mold is placed in a press—not unlike an ordinary copying press—just taken from an oven. A short pressure liberates the moisture.

When sufficiently beaten the molds go to girls, who with pincers and "wagon" make up books of twenty-five leaves each, three and three-quarters inches square. Each workman, from his beating of three molds, is fed 86 books. That is called a "tail." For it he receives $5. The molds show a total number of 2,700 leaves. Eighty books not beat 2,000. For every other book he can fill, perfect leaves only being used, 6½ cents is paid. Thus, if every leaf was perfect, he would make $1.75 extra.

As the "wagon" cuts the leaves 3 3-8 inches square there is a continual waste. This, with the imperfect sheets, is put in with the shoder waste. It is all melted into a button and weighed. This must come to 33 pennyweights. For the 80 books 17 pennyweights is allowed, but they must weigh over before the workman can make them. The thinner the leaf, so long as perfect, the better. Whatever the waste weighs over 33 pennyweights $1 a pennyweight is paid the workman. For every pennyweight under, $1 is deducted. Thus, although the gold is used over again, it takes 50 pennyweights to turn out 17. And, again, a man, even though he turns out an over number of books, may have such shortages in his wa e as to bring his balance the wrong way.

Three beatings a week is the average number. The skilled workman can make $20, and perhaps a little more. The actual number of men employed is small, there being only 175 in this city. Most are Englishmen. Gold beating is done principally in the East, Boston and Philadelphia furnishing most of the other workmen. It is in the latter city that the largest shop in the United States is located. A union regulates wages and matters of the trade. The fitting out of a gold beater's shop where a number of men are employed is a rather expensive matter. Each man's personal outfit is worth some $250, the molds alone costing $50 apiece.—[Mail and Express.

Tonka-Bean Ice Cream.

A druggist of this city, known throughout the State as a candid and conscientious member of his profession, offers a possible solution of the mystery of ice-cream poisoning. His investigation in the Glastonbury case revealed the fact that ice cream, made in the same freezer but flavored differently, caused no poisoning, while those who ate of a particular lot of vanilla cream were all more or less affected. This led him to believe that the trouble was in the "vanilla" flavoring, and he succeeded in procuring a bottle of the extract that was used for this occasion for examination. So far as it was possible to ascertain without a chemical analysis, the "vanilla" extract contained not one trace of the true vanilla bean, but was simply a strong extract of "tonka" bean, which is sometimes called, "and" bean, which is a poison, although to the uninitiated it has a similar odor and taste to vanilla. The "tonka" bean sells for about $1 a pound, while the best vanilla beans cost from $15 to $20 a pound. Another fact in the Glastonbury case which was peculiar is this: There was one lot of vanilla cream made in the same freezer, but flavored with another make of extract, which did not cause sickness. The druggist could not obtain a sample of the last extract, for no one seemed to know where it was obtained. The conclusion that the druggist arrived at was that all the mischief was caused by tonka beans, which unprincipled dealers sell for vanilla. It isn't well or safe to buy a cheap extract of "vanilla."—[Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

IN SEARCH OF A TITLE.

BILL NYE ON THE TRACK OF A CHEVALIER DE PREFIX.

He May Be Exalted to Nobility, While a Baggageless Knight Will Have Three Meals a Day—The Gentle William's Modesty Suffers a Severe Shock.

FRANCE is getting pretty dry and dusty outside the city, there having been no rain for some time, and so the grass is getting brown and the people who are doing Europe on foot need scouring pretty often, writes Bill Nye from Paris to the Chicago *Herald*. Still farmers are hopeful and the small French peas for next fall with a flush of promise that are as tender as they were in June. The green peas of Paris are cooked here would arouse and revive Methuselah if he could get a whiff of them. The red potatoes are also justly celebrated.

I happened to be up late one evening on my way home from a visit to a friend who is ill, and I saw an odd sight coming in from the country on a certain road and passing down by the Arc de Triomphe, there was an almost endless procession of large, two-wheeled covered carts drawn by Norman stallions and driven by the blue-frocked farmers of France. These carts continued the vegetables for the Parisian market, and were driven in at midnight because it was cool and they would thus be on hand fresh at daylight.

The Norman stallion occurs frequently here, patiently drawing huge loads or plodding along his weary way to or from his native earth feet that are the principalities of Europe. There are generally attached to the omnibuses and tram cars also, and three big white horses of this variety abreast, going like ben Hur's beautiful steeds in the chariot race, are worth seeing.

It is not an odd sight here to see a peasant's wife or widow or daughter driving in front of one of these monsters, her features dappled, neighing horses, and not the slightest particle worried or nervous about it. I saw a pretty French girl of twenty on a load of hay yesterday driving two horses tandem, either of which would have weighed a ton. She spoke to them as you would to a canary, and whistled them in the most light-hearted way, although their strength was like that of a locomotive and their heavy baritone voices shook the earth.

I am on the track of a title which I can get hold of if I walk a week or two, at a rod figure, and I am quite sure. It is owned by a certain party who is stopping, bag-gageless, near me in Paris, and who has intimated to me that it is only a matter of a few days before it will be in the Seine or the sole of his pocketbook. I have been dickering with him a little already, and suggesting that to avoid publicity he might make a trade with me, and no one would know anything about it. I could put the title in my inside pocket, and could take my vulgar American money, and would be well. I could go home as the Chevalier de Nye and he could have three meals a day, which he does not have now.

No living man is better over than I was on his way to America to get free board at a seaside hotel. Possibly the reader has already heard of such a scheme, but this is new. At least I have not. The young man said, was to take over to the American seaside resorts a hundred or more hungry sons of the nobility, pay their passage, and board them at his home for the benefit of the American girl, who swarms at the seaside and yearns for the blue-blooded escort. In fact, she pines for most any kind of escort, for the small number of full-grown men who dwindle away their summers at the seashore makes it mighty disagreeable for the girls who do not like pretty little party-boats very well. So to give zest to sea-side life, and to fill up the hotels with good clothes and the office wealth, also to make life miserable for the small, imitation Englishmen of our own country who now violate the Sabbath every time I get up in the morning and put on mon's clothes, these poor younger sons are to be, or have been already, shipped to certain beach, where they will only have to eat their meals, dance a little, bathe still less, and draw the dues away.

How does that sit by you, gentle reader? How can that impose upon sensible, hard-headed American girls? Are you proud of it? Certainly not. You do not care. I am sure, to buy this sort of glory with the money of your father, if you are the style to take you to be. If your ancestors shed their good blood for freedom, and later on your fathers and brothers fought to save the republic, you are not going now to make their sacrifices a laughing stock to all nations, are you? I do not think it of you. As the American institutions are all on a big scale, so the American snob is the biggest snob in the world, and I am waiting for the American girl to adorn righteously, at all times, anything of the kind. Our independence cost too much to swap it for the empty scale of social position like Bill's mortgage on it. I would rather be the fearless and free American girl holding my head up all my life than an ill-treated, cringing, and scandalized duchess, and it is better to be a concierge in the house of the American than to occupy the bridal chamber in a material castle where the plumbing is poor.

I want to be well-known and very celebrated pieces of amusement, the other evening. I need not describe the dance fully, for those who have seen it will remember it, and those who have not will simply go to see it when they go to Paris.

From the cun-can to the morgue is a long stride, but I will just add my tribute to the latter incidentally and then close this letter. I went not so much out of curiosity this time, but because I had heard of an American's disappearance and feared that he had gone to the Seine, the last and saddest of all places, to seek relief from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. He was not at the morgue, however.

There were four people there representing four different phases of life. The first was an old lady. Her gray hair was decently put back from her peaceful brow and her whole face was in her lap. Quietly she ignored the earnest, startled and horrified looks of the eager procession outside the gates. Her rest had come at last. Possibly she was the only one in the whole lot of us who was there. Possibly she was somebody's ill-treated mother-in-law, for the mother-in-law is not unsparaged as she ought to be, even in France.

Then came a middle-aged man whose hands were marked with toil. His face was as calm as the skies on a summer night. There was nothing terrible about it, for he looked like one who "wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Then came a young man with a cap. His clothes were as he wore them and his face was not distorted. The ghastly fisherman of the Seine, like the prowler on the Thames so graphically described by Dickens in "Our Mutual Friend," had taken off the night before, and had slightly torn the bosom of his shirt in lifting him to the surface, but he was past annoyance over a little thing like that, and his rest was undisturbed even in the face of the multitude, and, like Steerforth, he lay with his arm beneath his head as he had done at school.

Then came a young girl. I could not help thinking of the Hallway mystery as I saw her there. No one knew her, but every one pushed toward that part of the morgue to see her face and wonder who she might be. The crimp had gone from her hair and all the light had gone from her gray eyes, but no man who helped to make this picture in the old, grim morgue probably sends his flowers at the holes and calls it a day when his friends. He is welcome to the lot he has. He own peaceful slumber is better.

The Parisian morgue is not horrible. To me it is sacred to humanity. In it you may read the last chapter of a life and conjecture what the other chapters were. I do not go there to see horrors, but to see the last tableau and judge as well as I may what the others were before it and what led to all this.

There is one feature of the Champs Elysees which has not been heretofore referred to that I know of, and as I speak of it here, it is the array of nurses under the trees all the way up to the arc. I refer to it because a New York lady called my attention to it to-day, and so it is proper. They are all large, robust women, and as the gorgeous equipages pass by, filled with pomp, pride, and circumstance, these vigorous nurses earn their salary by looking at the procession. It would be very strange anywhere but in France. Here everything which is necessary and sensible is correct. False modesty and foolish, mawkish fear of certain things are not noticeable. This is a good thing to remember and consider.

These nurses are generally middle-aged and very healthy, otherwise they would not be employed. They take the little French ecfans out under the trees in the Champs Elysees at evening time, and the little Bourbons may be seen there till dark taking their meals as the crowds roll by.

Hard to Bear.

No one ever had more genuine delight in the possession of land, and its accompanying wealth of growth and bloom, than did Emerson in his orchard. Some caviller said to him, "Your pears cost you more than mine, which I buy;" and the answer was ready:

"Yes, they are costly, but we all have expensive vices. You play at billiards, I at pear-trees."

A public-spirited citizen, he took pleasure in sending to the "cattle-show exhibition" specimens of fruit from his garden. One day, after this exhibition, a party of gentlemen visited his orchard, and were introduced to him by his neighbor as a committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. He smiled with modest pride at having his orchard thus honored, but the Chairman said:

"Mr. Emerson, the committee have called to see the soil which produces such poor specimens of such fine varieties."

It may have been a damp year, and the pears were rusty, but, as his son writes, "In all years, the proprietor saw the gold through the rust."

An Editor's Over-Caution.

Many people make mistakes and lose a lot by being too suspicious, too cautious. We remember the last time we visited New York City—with which place nobody else in Dodgeville is probably so familiar. A man came up to us as we stood on one hotel steps after taking a noontime snack at Delmonico's, and says he to us: "The editor of the *Backwoodsmen's Banner*, I presume!" We had the old bunco game down fine, and, looking the man squarely in the eyes, we replied: "You presume too much, sir. We are not the editor." (This was untrue, but justifiable under the circumstances.) "I beg your pardon," he said, crouching his hat politely; "I merely wished to tender you a ticket to the dinner of the Press Club this evening." He felt hurt, and so did we. He had been received with unnecessary suspicion, and we had missed a good dinner. We merely mention this incident as a reminder to those who are always saying "Go slow!" that it is not always wise to go too slowly. We must risk something if we would be truly great.—*Dodgeville (N. Y.) Banner.*

"PA," said Bobby, "Methuselah's heirs must have waited a long time for their money." "Not very, Bobby, they all died before he did."

BYE BARGAINING FOR A TITLE.

THE NOBLE YOUNGSTER LAYS SIEGE.

HOLDS UP HIS HANDS IN HOLY HORROR.

Novelties in Dress.

Novelties in dress, for instance. Also novelties in cathedrals. A clergyman later on, who is here on a vacation, stood up. I told him to sit down or I would injure him with my umbrella. He reluctantly sat down. I watched the dance with great interest because I am going to introduce it to the attention of the four hundred when I return to America. The gentlemen chased up and back, and then crossed over. The ladies did so, too. Then the gentlemen threw their feet to the center of the sky. The ladies did the same. It was so odd and so shocking that I could not, at once, summon the courage to go away. I wondered what my really would say if I ever know about it. We are a very proper family. We come from the old puritanical stock whose only relaxation was prayer. And I would not, by thinking that the ancestors could have been there they would have shuddered two or three times in rapid succession. Then they would have, no doubt, remarked, q.

Every little while new figures, in long, and new designs, out behudder were introduced. Novelties in dress, for instance. Also novelties in cathedrals. A clergyman later on, who is here on a vacation, stood up. I told him to sit down or I would injure him with my umbrella. He reluctantly sat down. I watched the dance with great interest because I am going to introduce it to the attention of the four hundred when I return to America. The gentlemen chased up and back, and then crossed over. The ladies did so, too. Then the gentlemen threw their feet to the center of the sky. The ladies did the same. It was so odd and so shocking that I could not, at once, summon the courage to go away. I wondered what my really would say if I ever know about it. We are a very proper family. We come from the old puritanical stock whose only relaxation was prayer. And I would not, by thinking that the ancestors could have been there they would have shuddered two or three times in rapid succession. Then they would have, no doubt, remarked, q.

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SOME OBSERVATIONS

BY W. E. HOLLAND.

ALL is coming. This may strike the reader as a staggering assertion, but it was made only after careful research and can be recommended as reliable. The fall is an invention of our Hebrew friends, to enable them to work off their summer clothing, by announcing a fall in prices. The weather will be cooler and mutilated socks will be no longer in style. Still ventilated socks will beat no socks at all. Our veneration for the man who invented straw hats will soon disappear, as will the straw hats. The hats will be boxed up to be brought out again next spring, and labeled, "Latest Style, Just Imported."

I am glad fall is coming. I dislike warm weather, and it seems that it mostly occurs in the summer time. Last summer I would take a damp water bath, put on clothes lately renovated and upholstered by my loving wife, and go out to run the lawn mower. I had rather run a lawn mower than a baby carriage, as there is less noise and danger. My wife doesn't care how often I upset the lawn mower. Well, after gleefully running the machine for an hour, I would be sweating like a candidate at an election and would stop and count the blisters on my hands. My clothes would all be clinging to me and I would have a rich, creamy smell like a piece of burnt rubber. This is not pleasant to a man with aristocratic tendencies and the catarrh. I would take another bath, using great vigor and a bar of brown soap. No use. A man can't smell like new-mown timothy and run a lawn mower at the same time during the summer months. Even Julius Cæsar or Lydia Pinkham would find such an attempt futile. Brains may be of great value in writing a letter or in sawing wood, but they do a man no good in his efforts to keep cool. A man might as well try to keep an umbrella as to keep cool in the summer. The more he exerts himself to keep cool the hotter he will be.

Still the summer has some advantages. Eggs and butter are much stronger and invigorating in July than in November. Then again one does not need buy so much coal, but that fact will not lessen his coal bill.

During the summer months I would hie myself to the barn, and, seating myself in the hay mow, I would gayly write a poem with one hand and fight flies with the other. The greatest trouble about writing where flies are so plentiful lies in the fact that your work is liable to be profusely punctuated.

Another little animal that makes the summer interesting is the chigger. This charming, petite creature, with its rich complexion and affectionate disposition, is lasting enough to all climates. His greatest fault lies in the fact that he is not big enough to whip and he is too big to pass unnoticed. On the blank desert of a summer in the country the chigger stands in all his glory and says, "Forget me if you can." Of the early life of the chigger little is known. He seems to have no ambition to do better and no hopes of a future life. He settles on the very spot you don't want him and commences improving his claim. You immediately take measures to remove him, but if you succeed in securing his claim, he has left a large and vigorous mortgage, so to speak, that will attract more attention and develop better staying qualities than did the chigger.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Human Nature on the Highway.

It was on a highway running into a city in Pennsylvania, says the New York *Sun*. One man was driving out with a load of brick and the other driving in with a load of hay. Both attempted to get the best side of a mudhole, and as a consequence their teams came head to head and stopped:

"You, there!" shouted the brick man. "You, there yourself!" replied the other.

"Going to turn out?"

"No!"

"Neither will I!"

"I'll stay here a whole year first!"

"And I'll stay ten of them!"

Both proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible, and to appear careless and indifferent as to results. Other travelers took the other side of the hole, and passed them by, so it became a question of endurance. At the end of an hour the hay man said:

"If there's any one man I hate above another, it's a human hog!"

"Then it's a wonder you haven't hated yourself to death!" was the retort, and silence reigned supreem again. Another hour passed, and the brick man observed:

"I'm going to sleep, and I hope you won't disturb me."

"Just what I was going to ask of you," replied the hay man.

Both pretended to sleep, but at the end of the third hour the hay man suddenly called out:

"Say! You are a cussed mean man!"

"The same to you!"

"Where are you going with those brick?"

"Four miles out, to John Dayton's. Where you going with your hay?"

"To Stiner's brick yard."

"Say, man, I'm John Dayton, myself, and I've traded this hay for brick."

"Well, I'm young Stiner, and I was driving the first load out!"

"What fools we are! Here, take all the road."

"No—no—let me turn out."

"I'll turn."

"No—let me."

And in their haste to do the polite thing the load of hay was upset and a wheel taken off the brick wagon.

Everything in Season.

Able Editor—"See here, Mr. Phunyman, you have used this ice-cream joke about forty times within a month, this hammock joke about twenty times, and this soda-water joke at least a hundred times."

Newspaper Humorist (indignantly)—"Well, sir, you don't expect me to write stovepipe and plumber jokes in the summer time, do you?"—*New York Weekly.*

"WHAT is the hypnotic state?" asked Mrs. Poots of her husband; and Poots replied—"It's—er—one of them new States we've—ah—taken in out West."

THE swallow flies low before a storm; but the human biped usually soars high before a financial tempest.

FLASHES OF FUN.

A COLD bluff—Cape Horn.

A TIGHT fit—Delirium tremens.

A CAPITALIST refers to the cradle of his six-months-old heir as a little boy cot.

MARRIAGE may not be a failure, but there are lots of Mrs. made in matrimony.

THE lawn-mower is a good deal like the keeper of a bucket-shop; it shaves the green.

KILRAIN says a daze came over him after Sullivan hit him. He was lucky that days didn't pass before he came to himself.

SMART Attorney—You say the evening wore on. What did it wear on that particular occasion? Witness—The close of day, I presume.

MAN is not the only victim of the combination craze. Even ducks, as soon as they hatch their eggs, start at once to pool their issues.

"QUEER thing that about Baltus, eh?" "What is it? I haven't heard anything." "Why, he and his wife are stopping at the same hotel on the Pier." "Gad the fellow must be crazy."

"AND pray why didn't you put new buttons on my shirts?" asked a barman of his washerwoman. "Sure, sir, because it's meself was thinkin' yo'd be afther needin' new shirts on the buttons."

VISITOR (in Chicago)—I should think you would be dreadfully afraid of burglars in a place like this. Hostess—Burglars? Mercy, no. We don't mind the burglars. It's the police we're afraid of.

CLERGYMAN (to sick miser)—My dear friend, you must prepare for the worst. Remember that you are about to die. Miser—This day starts off fine. When I think how much the funeral will cost I want to die.

"MAMMA, are there birds in the bad place?" "Why, my child, what do you mean?" "Teacher told us about the birds of Paradise, and I wondered if the English sparrows don't go somewhere when they die."

OLD Bickfellow (desperately)—If you refuse me, what is there left for me to do? Sweet Girl—Well, I read the other day about a rich man who made his will in favor of the woman who refused him, and then went out and hung himself.

STILL the summer has some advantages. Eggs and butter are much stronger and invigorating in July than in November. Then again one does not need buy so much coal, but that fact will not lessen his coal bill.

MRS. YOUNGHUSBE—I hope you will model your conduct upon that of Mr. Oldboy. He is a paragon of husbands. Why, he tells his wife everything that happens. "I'll do better than that, my dear; I tell you lots of things that never happen."

BROWN (to Jones, whom he has observed to shiver)—Don't you know, Jones, there is an old saying that if you shiver it is a sign that some one is walking over your future grave? Jones—Is that so? Well, he is liable to burn his feet if he keeps at it, for I have arranged to be cremated.

"YOU must be having a hard time nowadays," said the weary traveler to the lovely girl who presided over the railway lunch. "Why do you think so, sir?" she said, with a naive smile. "Because," replied the traveler, "when I bit into this sawdich I noticed that you do not make both ends meat."

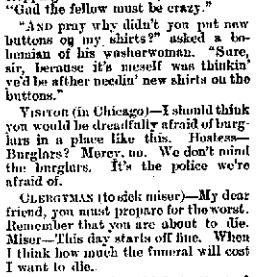
WHEN the rich man worketh, the poor man saith he ought to be ashamed of himself, for that he crowdeth the poor man out of a job. When the rich man worketh not, the poor man saith he ought to be ashamed of himself, for that he consumeth while he produceth not. Verily, the lot of the rich man, though it be worth $1,000 a foot front, is hard.

FILIAL FAITH.

When first in life I started, father gave me good advice
Recalling things of which I didn't know;
He said the world was very full of danger and devices;
I believed it, for my father told me so.

A horse race is a thing that's mighty good to let alone;
A tip is risky—handle it with care.
The man of good advices who comes and strikes you for a loan
Should be told you haven't any cash to spare.
The poker game is festive and the player must be wary,
On sure high one should ever go it alone;
But when you once attempt to bluff, stay in and don't say (low)—
I believe it, for my father told me so.
—*Merchant Traveler.*

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.



Justice—"Well, sir, what brought you here?"

Prisoner—"Dem two policemen, sah!"

Justice—"Did liquor have anything to do with it?"

Prisoner—"Yes, sah; dey was hofe drunk!"—*Chicago Ledger.*

Not Versed in the Philadelphia Way.

A young Englishman (the other day was relating his first experience at an ice cream table with a Philadelphia girl. He said: "I was utterly broken up and astonished, don't you know, when, after finding a strawberry in her half-finished plate of cream, she fished it out on her spoon and offered it to me.

"'Won't you have it?' she asked.

"'No, indeed,' I replied, no doubt looking the horror I felt in my soul.

"'Why not?' she demanded, seeming to be hurt by my refusal.

"'Why, my dear girl, don't you know,' I explained, 'you have had the spoon in your mouth.'

"'Well, what of that?' she pouted prettily, as she made her perfectly paralyzing reply. 'You'd kiss that mouth if I'd let you, wouldn't you?' I confessed that I would be only too glad to do so, and since then I have made it my business to get better accustomed to the ways of the place."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A BARNESVILLE (Ohio) boy went for the mail for three maiden ladies and got letters for each of them. On the way back he stopped to kill a polecat. The ladies tried to read the letters, but gave it up as a bad job until they had fumigated and aired them for hours.

THE UNREMEMBERED DEAD.

BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. MORANGE.

They lived, they suffered, this we know,
Yet see how vacant are their places.
Where are they now? Where did they go?
Those yearning, anxious human faces.

They must have loved the sweets of earth,
Have loved what we now love and treasure;
They must have had their taste of mirth,
Their fill of pain, their vanity, pleasure.

Why, then, is all so shadowy,
So dreamlike and so silent here?
There should be left some memory,
However faint—some vestige dear.

Here once, like us, they hailed the dawn;
Their children must have gamboled here.
And yet how heedless life goes on,
Without a pause, without a tear.

They were our kindred souls, and though
They left behind no trace of glory,
Still something of their lives we know—
Our beating hearts tell us their story.

Phantoms! Are there no Phantoms here,
Spirits of the Forgotten Dead?
Yes, there are Phantoms everywhere—
Shapes that we dream, but spectres dread.

We cherish life—no would not die;
We long to live in memory still;
We dread Oblivion—this is why
With ghosts we people vale and hill.
NEW YORK CITY.

FATHER AND I.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.

I had ridden all day, and now, at sundown, I found myself in an isolated spot, without any prospect of a decent night's lodging.

No sign of a habitation could I see, as I peered this side and that in the dusky shadows—nothing but hilly, sparsely timbered country, as far as the eye might discern.

I had started some six weeks previous for the cheap lands in the West, intending to purchase a home with the little allowance I possessed. I had been rather unfortunate all my life. When a mere child, my father went to the frontier, and my mother, after having looked in vain for word from him of his long since death, followed him to the land of the hereafter. I was left to the cold charity of a distant relative, who, I verily believe, would have starved me to death had it not been for the fear of the law. I was bound out to a hard master, and ran away at the age of fifteen. I had since then been a wanderer, and had worked at almost everything that I could get to do.

I had a good constitution, and was willing to work, and I had managed to get along very well. I had saved a little money, and had invested it in a yoke of oxen, a cow, and a wagon, and had started for the West.

I had got as far as Illinois, and had stopped for the winter, when I was taken down with the fever, and for weeks I was at death's door. When I got up I was as weak as a child, and my money was all gone. I had to sell my oxen and cow to pay my board bill, and I started on my journey again, with my wagon and a pair of horses.

I had got as far as Indiana, and was within a few days' journey of my destination, when my horses were stolen, and I was left without a cent. I sold my wagon, and bought a saddle horse, and started on, hoping to get work enough to buy me a team.

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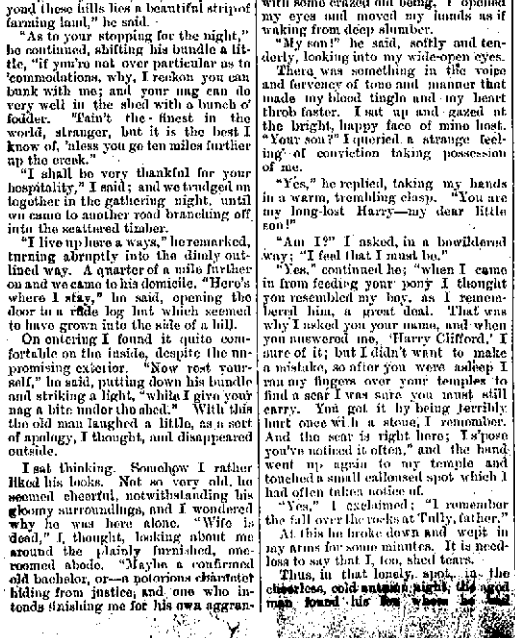


"MY HEART SOFTENED TOWARD THE OLD MAN AS HE SAT THOUGHTFULLY LOOKING INTO THE FIRE."

for a year or more, concluded that the Indians had murdered him—they at that time being in a state of hostility—and, gathering her little all about her, went back to New York, broken-hearted and disconsolate. In a few months after her arrival she sank into the grave, leaving me a penniless orphan.

A gentleman of her acquaintance adopted me and removed me, with his family, to Indiana, before the grass grew green on my mother's grave, and thus hurried me away from all I held dear on earth, and many were the bitter tears shed in the deep woods of Hoosierdom in memory of the lonely grave near Utica.

Nevertheless, when I became of age I remembered, in looking over the past, that I had had a kind father in my foster-parent, and when he gave me quite a little sum and a sprightly pony, saying, "Go West, Clifford, and get rich," I started at once.

As a sequel, at the close of a cold, raw November day, I found myself toiling over a winding, isolated road, bound for somewhere. I hardly knew where.

Dismounting, I slipped the rein over my arm and concluded to walk down the rocky declivity before me; as I proceeded slowly, wondering where I might camp out for the night, I came suddenly on an old man, with a bundle on his back, at a turn in the road.

He looked up with a quiet "Good evening," and turned aside to let me pass. "Could you tell me," I said, "where I might find a shelter for the night?"

He looked at me again steadily for a moment, then, without answering my question, asked cautiously where I hailed from.

"From Indiana," I replied. "I am hunting a fortune in the great West, and I rather think I have struck a poor section to-day."

"I guess ye have, sir; but just beyond these hills lies a beautiful strip of farming land," he said.

"As to your stopping for the night," he continued, shifting his bundle a little, "if you're not over particular as to accommodations, why, I reckon you can bunk with me; and your nag can do very well in the shed with a bunch o' fodder. 'Pain't the finest in the world, stranger, but it is the best I know of, 'nless you go ten miles further up the creek."

"I shall be very thankful for your hospitality," I said; and we trudged on together in the gathering night, until we came to another road branching off into the scattered timber.

"I live up here a ways," he remarked, turning abruptly into the dimly outlined way. A quarter of a mile further on and we came to his domicile. "Here's where I stay," he said, opening the door in a rude log hut which seemed to have grown into the side of a hill.

On entering I found it quite comfortable on the inside, despite the unpromising exterior. "Now rest yourself," he said, putting down his bundle and striking a light, "while I give your nag a bite under the shed." With this the old man laughed a little, as a sort of apology, I thought, and disappeared outside.

I sat thinking. Somehow I rather liked his looks. Not so very old, he seemed cheerful, notwithstanding his gloomy surroundings, and I wondered why he was here alone. "Wife is dead," I thought, looking about me around the plainly furnished, one-roomed abode. "Maybe a confirmed old bachelor, or—a notorious character hiding from justice, and one who intends finishing me for his own aggrandizement," whispered an evil genius in my ear.

This suggestion made me shiver and I sat revolving it in my mind until it seemed the most natural thing in the world, and by the time he returned I was in good trim to watch every movement of the unsuspecting old man as he busied himself about the evening meal.

"A short nag is soon curried," he said with a smile, arranging the corn bread, bacon and coffee on the table. I was somewhat taken aback, however—in the evil prompting considerably when mine host of the cabin bowed his head reverently and asked God's blessing on the frugal repast.

"Well!" I thought, "he surely isn't an escaped convict, unless he has repented here among the hills." And truly it seemed to me, just then, a fitting locality for repentance of the deepest kind.

"What might your name be?" he asked, as he handed me the second cup of coffee.

When I told him, he gave a little start and eyed me curiously for a moment, before he settled back into his former quiet demeanor, but said nothing.

After the repast he took a pipe from the shelf and asked me if I smoked. Upon my replying that I did not, he filled the corn-cob invention with home-made twist and sat down to enjoy a whiff by himself.

"I don't use tobacco much" he said apologetically: "but I generally smoke afore I go to bed, a pipe or so; it kind of drowns trouble."

"Then you have had trouble?" I asked.

"Yes, young man, a great deal of sorrow, though youngsters can't understand it by the telling," he replied, with a sigh.

My heart softened toward the old man as he sat thoughtfully looking into the fire, while the light danced over his long, gray beard.

I had a great curiosity to find out more of his history; but he revealed nothing more, and, as I was fatigued with the journey of the day, I was ready to retire.

"You can sleep with me, or bunk on the settee," he said, at bedtime. I preferred to sleep alone, and forthwith he drew from a great red chest in the corner of the room a couple of heavy comfortables and proceeded to make up a bed for his guest on the aforesaid "settee."

I forgot my suspicions as I rolled up in my impromptu couch and dozed off to restful repose.

How long I slept I know not; but I was awakened suddenly by some one's breath in my face.

A chill of horror ran through my veins. Was he going to kill me? O, that I had taken warning of my intuition of the early evening!

Perhaps he meant no see, only, if I was asleep, so that he might ransack my luggage. I kept quiet as possible while the old fellow reconnoitered. He touched my forehead presently; gently and cautiously at first; but when he supposed I still slept, he ran his fingers along over my left temple carefully several times, as if searching for something. I fully expected to feel the cold steel plunged into my unfortunate head each minute; but it seemed ages to me that the old man bent over me in absolute silence.

I could hear the wind whistling without, and now and then the rain on the narrow window; and, too, I could hear the suppressed breathing of the old man as he, proceeding with his strange vigil, knelt by my side.

I could see, through half-open eyelids, the aged head bending lower, until presently the withered lips were pressed to my brow, and a tear fell on my upturned face.

I could stand it no longer. Thinking that, perhaps, I had lodged after all with some crazed old being, I opened my eyes and moved my hands as if waking from deep slumber.

"My son!" he said, softly and tenderly, looking into my wide-open eyes.

There was something in the voice and fervency of tone and manner that made my blood tingle and my heart throb faster. I sat up and gazed at the bright, happy face of mine host. "Your son?" I queried a strange feeling of conviction taking possession of me.

"Yes," he replied, taking my hands in a warm, trembling clasp. "You are my long-lost Harry—my dear little son!"

"Am I?" I asked, in a bewildered way; "I feel that I must be."

"Yes," continued he; "when I came in from feeding your pony I thought you resembled my boy, as I remembered him, a great deal. That was why I asked you your name, and when you answered me, 'Harry Clifford,' I was sure of it; but I didn't want to make a mistake, so after you were asleep I ran my fingers over your temples to find a scar I was sure you must still carry. You got it by being terribly hurt once when a child, I remember. And the scar is right here; I've pored over it often," and the hand went my again to my temple and touched a small calloused spot which I had often taken notice of.

"Yes," I exclaimed; "I remember the fall over the rocks at Tully, father."

At this he broke down and wept in my arms for some minutes. It is needless to say that I, too, shed tears.

Thus, in that lonely, spot, in the cheerless, cold autumn night, the aged man found his boy whom he had mourned as dead for years; and I had found my father.

"They told me you were both dead," he said, "when I got away from the Indians that took me captive; and when I couldn't find a trace of either of you, I came West again and lived alone."

After pausing to wipe away the glittering tears, he continued: "I've a good piece of farming land, Harry, a few miles further on; a man is renting it now, as I'm not able to work much, and so I live up here alone. I could live with them, I suppose," he said, presently, "but I'd rather not.

"But," and his old face brightened wonderfully in the dim firelight, "the man's time is out in the spring and he wants to go South; so we'll go over and manage the farm, won't we, Harry?"

And I, more bewildered than ever, and overcome with happiness and good fortune, murmured, "Yes, father."

Well, we did go over to manage the farm; and I invested my means in improvements, so that we now are getting along finely.

That old gentleman sitting there on the porch is my father, whose story you've heard in part; and that lady flitting about the house in there is my wife.

Happy? Oh, yes; we are very happy in our cozy Western home; and I often look at father and remember the old man with a bundle who seemed so willing that I should lodge with him.

Wood in Her Stomach.

A case which is likely to attract the profound attention of the medical minds of the State has been developed in Burlington, Ala.

Mrs. J. S. Murphy, the wife of a laborer, died recently after a short illness of some disease of the stomach, the nature of which physicians were unable to determine. After her death Dr. Steves, who had been her attending physician for two weeks prior to her death, obtained the consent of the dead woman's husband to make an autopsy, to ascertain the disease from the effects of which she died. He accordingly opened the stomach and found most surprising conditions. On each side there was a mass of fibrous matter, and on the right side a large rag was wrapped up in the fibrous material.

Dr. Steves removed the entire stomach from the body and made a close examination. It was ascertained that the fibers were of wood. The mass as taken from the stomach was then weighed and tipped the beam at exactly two pounds. Then the question arose, how did so much wood get into the woman's stomach, and how long had it been there before death ensued?

Mrs. Murphy, two weeks before her demise, summoned Dr. Steves and complained of the most excruciating pain in her stomach. She said she had been suffering from those pains for years, and she was at a loss to know what they were attributable to. She mentioned incidentally that she had been a great snuff-dipper for many years. Dr. Steves made an examination, but could discover no symptoms of disease, and told her so. He administered some medicine, thinking it would give relief, but it did not have the desired effect.

The woman soon began to get worse, and about a week ago began to sink. Dr. Steves called in Dr. Davis, and the two had a consultation and made another full examination, but could not discover the nature of her trouble. An operation was discussed, but the lady was so weak that the chances were that she would die under the knife, and this had to be dropped. The physicians did all they could for her, but to no avail, and Wednesday afternoon, about 2:30 o'clock, she died.

The only reasonable theory that can account for the appearance of the two pounds of wood in the stomach is that at various times Mrs. Murphy swallowed small pieces of her snuff-brushes, and the mass was the accumulation of years. The presence of the rag amid the wood cannot be accounted for. It was two or three feet long, and closely imbedded in the wood.

Dwarfs in Africa.

Probably the most ancient race on the globe are the strange dwarfs who it is now certain inhabit a considerable portion of Central Africa. There are two tribes of them—the Akka, or Wambuti people, north of Stanley's Aruwimi River, and the Batwa, south of the Congo.

The two appear to be a kindred people. In general there seems to be about as much viciousness inclosed in their make-up as a body of four and a half feet high can hold. Their tufts of kinky hair are often painted red, and stand out like rays over their heads. They are ferocious cannibals.

An Akka deserted Rudu Boy and went home, because he was "tired of herd," and wanted some stronger diet. The two tribes are lighter in color than the full-sized negroes about them. They are wandering in their habits, and are skillful hunters. It was the Wambuti people who fired poisoned arrows at the last Stanley expedition. Stanley says these tiny folk are thievish, cowardly, and venomous.

"See Further Down."

I was coming down from my room, carefully picking my way between the fair ponchers on the stairs and surveying the somewhat startling view that a collection of decollete girls will provide to a spectator above them, when I heard the little girl in a heliotrope gown observe to her companion that Dolly So-and-So, who was evidently sitting on a stair below them, had a lovely diamond star on her neck that evening.

"Yes, by Jove!" responded the youth, "and what a jolly place it has to sparkle on, too!"

"Let me see," said the girl, musing. "They put stars into books, sometimes, don't they? What does it mean when a star is printed alongside of a word?"

"It means see further down," replied the boy, promptly.

"Oh, yes," said the heliotrope maiden. "What a clever girl Dollie is, to be sure!" — *Kaweza's Bar Harbor letter.*

INSURANCE agent—But you must insure in one of these companies. "Oh, leave me alone; you can see well enough that I am going to the dogs." "To the dogs! The very thing! Here is a company to insure against the bite of mad dogs."

"DOCTOR, why is it that people are generally so much more pleased with boy babies than with girls?" "Nothing simpler, madam. A boy baby never comes a miss."

DOUBLE-KNEED stockings are made for children, and where there are twins there is double need of them.

ARISTOCRATIC LENOX.

WHERE MANY MILLIONAIRE MATCHES ARE MADE.

Characteristics of the Famous Resort—Early Autumn Toilets—Farewell to the Summer Hat—A Characteristic Saratoga Incident.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DETERMINED to make the most, and not the least, of Lenox, man's outing, a thousand wealthy idlers flush up the season in this Berkshire Hills. They gather here in the first week of September, coming from all the other and bigger resorts, but more especially from proud and pretentious Newport. On the day before one small and exclusive clique quitted Newport for Lenox they instituted a runaway that is likely to become a jocose annual rite. They shot the summer hat. It has long been the custom in the New York Stock Exchange to batter all the hot-weather hats worn into that financial mart on or after the first of September, and the small boys of the street, backed by such authority, have habitually cried, "Shoot the hat!" to even the portliest of men who presume to cover their venerable heads with summer hats in autumn. At Newport the method of taboo was more polite. The hat of Cornelius Vanderbilt was chosen for the occasion. It was a wide-brimmed, Panama straw hat, the sort that rich and whimsical men sometimes pay as much as a hundred dollars for and thereafter wear it for many a year, defiant of changing styles.

"Oh, why don't you shoot the hat?" inquired a saucy belle of the millionaire, as he lounged on the Casino veranda.

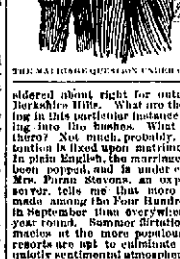
"I'll let you shoot it, if you want to," was the reply.

"Very well; give it to me."

Mr. Vanderbilt did not seem glad to be taken at his word, for the hat was a cherished one, but he handed it over without a word, and within an hour the girl had it placed on a secluded lawn as a target, with a party of beaux and belles firing at it with a rifle. The hat was hit and missed until the fun of it was exhausted, and by that time it was perforated like the cover of a pepper-box. This occurred on Sept. 2, and it was considered such a successful ceremony that no doubt it will be a September episode at Newport regularly hereafter.

The example was potent, and just about all the fashionable men who have come to Lenox from Newport are wearing broad-brimmed and glossy silk hats. The ladies, too, are appearing in early autumn toilets, which are much less showy and gaudy than those of the summer. The picture shows two ladies, masculine and feminine, considered about right for outdoors in the Berkshire Hills. What are the wearers doing in this particular instance? Well, looking into the bushes. What do they see there? Not much, probably, for their attention is fixed upon matrimonial futurity. In plain English, the marriage question has been pooped, and is under consideration. Mrs. Puran Stevens, an experienced observer, tells me that more matches are made among the Four Hundred at Lenox in September than everywhere else all the year round. Summer flirtations and intimacies at the more populous and livelier resorts are apt to culminate here, in the quieter sentimental atmosphere of the hills, in the formation of conjugal partnerships. Mrs. Stevens has spent a great deal of time in London, and she spoke of the success of American girls in foreign aristocratic society.

"It would be well if the British matron and her daughters," she said, "instead of exploding with wrath, to the intense amusement of their successful rivals, could realize that their failure in the matrimonial contest is in a great measure the result of taking far too much thought about the matter. A love affair in high society has little chance of being allowed to come quietly to maturity; in its very earliest dawn it is spied out, commented on, smiled and nodded at; girls rally their friend on her conquest, elders discuss the man's position and prospects, some in a friendly, well-wishing spirit, others in the reverse, but both with equally mischievous effect, for many a lovers' attachment is nipped in the bud and friendship prevented from developing into something deeper by this premature and foolish gossip. The knowledge that it is going on, too, often renders girls self-conscious and ill at ease, or causes them to disguise their shyness under some affectation, which gives a totally wrong impression of their character."



THE MATRIMONIAL QUESTION UNDER CONSIDERATION.

Of course there is a dashing of matrimonial hopes at Lenox as well as realization of them, for the mating of human beings, especially if they be wealthy, is not always accomplished easily or satisfactorily. One pretty and relatively poor girl, for instance, is pretty well understood to have set her heart on marrying a certain rich young fellow. She devoted her summer to it, and had reason to suppose that she was making the right impression. Moreover, the father of the young man took a deep interest in her, and this was construed as a sanction of the probable union. The last of his being a widower was not taken into account, and that proved to be a mistake. After the subject of this tilt in Cupid's afternoon, the old man began to talk to the girl indefinitely about marriage. It was like the familiar comedy scene in the plays where Dr. Pangloss explains to Miss Prue how the moon is made. Just as the wooer is speaking of The Lenox maiden didn't suspect, although the portly widower do cruelly uncovered his almost hairless head, and surrounded her with unusual formality, that it was he and not his son whom she could wed. But at length he delivered himself of the question point-blank:

"Will you marry me?"

She was dumfounded, and resentful, but her plasticity of countenance was undisturbed.

"I was not expecting this," she said, truthfully enough; "I must decline your kind proposition."

Did she pronounce emphasize the word "kind?" There was no doubt of it. The widower clapped on his hat, and didn't life it again upon bowing her an adieu.

Summer resorts are apt to be graveyards of buried hopes, maybe, but the interments are not often so attractively made as that which I witnessed at Long Branch. In the party which was about to set out for Lenox was my right-bower girl, just big enough to be properly dressed in the most picturesque costume, and young enough to be unaffectedly childish. On the day before quitting the seashore, she was seen shovelling up a mound of sand on the beach.

"What are you doing?" I inquired.

"I am burying my playthings," she replied. "Don't tell any one, for no one will. I come back next summer and so I am burying them up, so they will be safe till I want them again."

Thereby she have made a summer pastime of flirtation may as well bury the season's sentiment. If it hasn't by this time brought a matrimonial engagement. The record in several winters much out the graves, as they will the sand heap which the little girl made, but there is no use in lugging worthless things away from a summer resort.

The Lenox contingent from Saratoga is more assorted than that from Newport, and along with the acknowledged swells are many who, although just as worthy in all respects, do not arrogate to themselves superiority over the rest of us. They bring their results of summer courtship, also, and one noteworthy pair of mutton lovers is composed of Rudolph Aronson, the musical manager of the New York Casino, and Alma Varrey, formerly a chorus girl at that establishment. Rudolph used to prize himself upon his imperviousness to any darts which Cupid might shoot at him from the range of his chorus, and for years he escaped the arrows which constantly flew from that source toward him. But at length it came to be observed that Alma Varrey, a very pretty chorister, had aimed successfully at his heart. His attention to her took on the semblance of serious courtship, and last spring she went with him on a European tour. This was preceded by a wedding ceremony, although the marriage was very quiet. Now the couple are having a short outing, as a climax to their honeymoon tour; and the exploitation of Miss Varrey as a prima donna in comic opera may reasonably be looked for as a consequence, although friends of Mr. Aronson say that she will retire instead from the stage altogether, leading henceforth a domestic life.

A characteristic Saratoga letter is narrated to me by a fair sojourner. "Sister and I were in Congress Park the morning before we came away," she said, "and I was reading intently a book describing the medicinal waters of the springs. There is a lot of printed matter—all rubbish, no doubt—telling you just when, what and how much of the salty waters to drink, and I was studying it up in order to quaff my final glasses understandingly. I suppose I looked puzzled, for I was trying to measure the physical requirements by the most complicated tables o analysis. Suddenly a voice said, close behind me:

"'Can I assist you? I know all about Congress Spring.'

"We turned sharply around, and what do you suppose that was speaking to us? A negro. He was gotten up in summery style, with a glass in one eye, a dudish collar, and all but a white skin to make him pass for a dandy. I impulsively concluded that he must be a black prince from some tropical realm, who was doing Saratoga in the shape, and was not unlike the Shah of Persia as to his hereditary right to speak to young ladies unintroduced. But my sister was not impressed that way. She gave the fellow a withering look of scorn quite as much as to say, 'What impudence!'

"'I beg pardon,' the black chap said, 'but you don't recognize me? I have served you at the hotel all summer—until the first of September, when the force was reduced—and now I am taking a little holiday.'

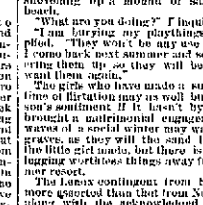
"So he didn't mean to be impudent, and so entirely was I within my worth illustrating. All the white-jacketed and spread obsequiousness of a waiter was gone, and he was an exact imitator of the white swells so evidently had studied closely as the hotel. A friend tells me that it is a common thing for summer resort waiters to supplement their summer's work with a few days of idleness of swelldom."

The keen and last fad of the closing season with the girls is the parasol fluctuation. Several years ago a language of fans was invented by somebody and it got into considerable use by romantic maidens. The use of a parasol for a similar silly purpose is a new whim at Lenox. Whence it was brought would be hard to discover, but it is here, and a dozen of our most aggressive belles are decurely employing it. A code of signals includes a score or more of meanings. For example, to hold the parasol across the right shoulder and behind the neck, with its canopy upward, exactly as shown in the picture, is to be interpreted as saying, "I invite you." As to the particular thing to which she thus extends the fellow, circumstances must determine. It may be a chat on a veranda or a walk through Parson's Meadow; perhaps it may prove an invitation to matrimony ultimately. These things are very subtle.

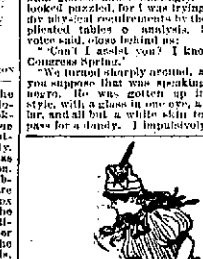
TERPSICHORE.

Copyright, 1883.

THERE are no roses without thorns, but there are thorns without roses.



"CAN I ASSIST YOU?"



DRIVING HER PLAYTHINGS.

THE PARASOL FLUCTUATION.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

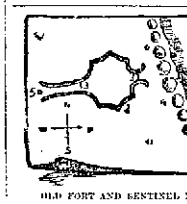
CURIOUS RELICS UNEARTHED NEAR TOOLSBOROUGH, IOWA.

Exhuming Skeletons of a Long Forgotten Race—Utensils and Implements of War that Were in Use Before the Red Man's Day.

THE ELEPHANT PIPE.

THERE is one locality of peculiar interest to relic hunters, archæologists, and students of history that, being somewhat obscure and rarely visited by writers, is comparatively unknown to the general public; and yet it is one of the most remarkable spots on the continent. After the close of the Black Hawk war the sable chieftain, with his three stalwart sons and small band of followers, brought a new home to the west of the "Father of Waters," and under the sheltering brow of a majestic bluff near the mouth of the Iowa they erected their wigwams. Where the Indian village stood is now the village of Iowa, later risen, and appropriately named Black Hawk. In the early days of Mississippi River navigation Black Hawk was looked upon as a town of promise; but such it has naught but a rumble-down hillside that will interest none but lovers of the quaint and curious. Ancient Black Hawk has merged into modern Toolesboro, a small village situated upon the plateau extending inland from the bluff. Black Hawk itself has long since been forgotten by the makers of maps.

A party of relic hunters, including the writer, arrived one fine morning in early autumn in the region of mounds lying to the north of Toolesboro. Those mound-builders were a strange race of people. This sentiment was forcibly before the advent of our modern red man, and their high type of civilization is a cause of wonderment. Their origin, their date, and their disappearance are explained only by theory and conjecture. Here, on this majestic bluff of the Mississippi, we are surrounded by huge unnatural and remarkable elevations of land, assembly the work of human hands, and of so distinctive a character that not even the famed works at Newark or Circleville will excite more archæological interest.



OLD FORT AND SENTINEL MOUNDS.

1. Interior of inclosure. 2. Embankments of earth. 3. Gates. 4. Sentinel mounds. 5. Location of former spring. 6. Iowa River. 7. Mississippi River. 8. High bluff. 9. Hollow land. 10. Site of Black Hawk. 11. Site of Toolesboro.

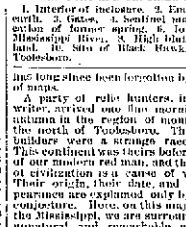
THE OLD FORT.

Just in the outskirts of Toolesboro is the inclosure work known locally as "The Old Fort." Still it does not appear to have been erected for defensive purposes. To class it as a sacred inclosure would be more in harmony with the theories advanced by scientific men who have made a study of the similar earthworks in the Ohio Valley. As an indication that it was not originally designed as a fortification, we observe that its plan of construction is more ornamental than practical; that it was built carefully—not hurriedly—and without regard to strength of position; and, further, it is an isolated specimen of an inclosure earthwork. If it were designed as a fortification for practical use in time of war there would be other fortifications and vestiges of war in the immediate neighborhood.

The line of defense of the mound-builders extended from New York State diagonally across the country to the Wabash, which conclusively proves that the hostilities encountered by the race came from the northeast, and that there was no occasion for a fort in this region. This inclosure is the only one of importance west of the Mississippi, and probably the most unique on the continent. It stands without a counterpart, while the various geometric forms, squares and circles represented at Newark and Circleville are common to other sections of the mound region of the Ohio Valley. The earthen embankments are now somewhat obliterated, but can still be distinctly traced, the angles and junctions exhibiting the form of an octagon, the sides of which are curved inward, and inclosing an area of but a dozen acres. A lane or passageway originally extended back from the west side of the inclosure several hundred feet to a spring which has now long ceased to be in existence, though it is remembered by the early settlers. Within the inclosure great quantities of pottery, flint chips, arrow points, polished stone axes and tomahawks, occasional pipes, copper implements and other articles have been picked up from time to time and found their way into collections and museums.

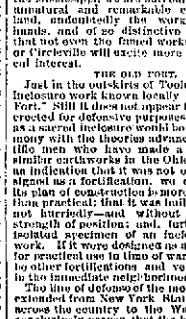
Standing upon the margin of this, the highest and most perfect one of Mississippi River bluffs, are eight sentinel mounds, drawn up in line as though constantly guarding through the ages the sacred inclosure just behind. They are conical in form, with a formation of earth that height is from twenty to thirty feet and their circumference from sixty to 100 feet.

Black Hawk and his followers had an inhabited cemetery for "The Old Fort," the "Sentinel Mounds," and the thousands of burial mounds scattered along the bluffs but their most remote traditions convey as little information of the origin of the curiously shaped pipes, of which the accompanying illustration is a fair representation, as they do of the antiquity of man on this continent. These pipes, carved from soft stone, representing the form of the elephant or mastodon—the only species known to have been found in Louisa County, Iowa, and both are now to be seen in the museum of the Academy of Sciences at Davenport. These pipes also bespeak a reasonable doubt that the mound-builder and the mastodon were contemporaneous. Their genuineness has been called into question, to be sure, but the severest criticism to which they were subjected only proves their value and importance. Their genuineness is attested by scientific men of the highest personal character.



SPECIMENS FROM THE MOUNDS.

1. Stone axe. 2. Copper axe. 3. Perforator or drill. 4. Carved lunar relic. 5. Another pipe form. 6. Flint knife. 7. Two modes of weaving of cloth found wrapped about copper implements. 8. Copper awls.



SOME FORMS OF ARROW POINTS.

1. Triangular. 2. Indented base. 3. Diamond-shaped. 4. Beveled. 5. Stemmed. 6. Lozenge-shaped. 7. Barbed. 8. Leaf-shaped.

EXPLORING THE REGION.

Our first day here was consumed in a general survey of the mound region, which included 8, in all, it on to the above, several thousand burial mounds, some far and some small, extending along the bluff for miles; and a most naturally conclusion that this was the site of a densely populated mound-builders' city. Early the following morning we were at work on the mounds, surveyed of the largest were attacked simultaneously. Human remains were first discovered in Mound No. 1.

When the earth was cleared away, exposing the skeleton, it became apparent that the individual had been buried in a sitting position, facing toward the rising sun. The skeleton was that of a man of medium height; around the neck was a string of shell beads, while scattered about the remains were numerous arrow points and two small stone axes. The cranium was of the short-headed type, the forehead less receding, and the crown less dome-shaped than that of the modern Indian. Nothing of consequence was exhumed from Mound No. 2. Mound No. 3 disclosed a perfect skeleton within a cist, or box, of the space which was readily identified as an intentional burial, and proved to be the remains of a representative American Indian. Intensive burials are not of uncommon occurrence, as the Indians, feeling an instinctive reverence for the mounds, frequently appropriate them for their own sepulchres. The practice confused early investigators, but from what is now known the limits of the buried habits of the two races, the question may be easily decided.

CREARING ANCIENT REMAINS.

The Indian remains were carefully removed and the excavating proceeded. At last the original occupants of the mound were unearthed—two figures in a sitting position facing eastward. This position of placing the remains in this position was a common though not universal custom of the mound-builders, and is one of the points of evidence on which archæologists base their opinion regarding them as a race of sun-worshipers. From this mound were secured relics which would indicate an age somewhat more advanced than shown by Mound No. 1. The knives and hatchets were of hammered copper; some being wrapped in a cloth of close texture, though exhibiting skilled workmanship, which could only have been preserved for so many centuries by the chemical action of the copper with which it had lain in contact. Copper beads and a copper bracelet adorned one of the skeletons. Finely carved pipes of earthnite, of the curved base variety—one representing a bird with eyes of pearl and the other an animal of questionable description—together with other specimens of less consequence, were discovered.

During the remainder of the week several more mounds were explored and numerous interesting relics of the prehistoric age were added to our collection. Here it was, in this immediate neighborhood, that the two elephant pipes—now world-famous—were found. Believing the strongest proof of the antiquity of man on this continent. These pipes, carved from soft stone, representing the form of the elephant or mastodon—the only species known to have been found in Louisa County, Iowa, and both are now to be seen in the museum of the Academy of Sciences at Davenport. These pipes also bespeak a reasonable doubt that the mound-builder and the mastodon were contemporaneous. Their genuineness has been called into question, to be sure, but the severest criticism to which they were subjected only proves their value and importance. Their genuineness is attested by scientific men of the highest personal character.

SPECIMENS OF POTTERY.

1. Funeral urn. 2. Water cooler. 3. Water jug. 4. Drinking vessel.

A "Queries" Column.

We (or I should say I, as I am not at this moment writing editorially) recently started a small paper, which would some day, I hoped, be a mighty power in national politics. On the second day of publication it became painfully evident that something must be done to interest the people. The public didn't appear to catch on with the vim which I had expected. I had all the news, plenty of editorial, and a full complement of reading matter. I also had personal references to half the people in the town, but the half who were not mentioned got mad because I left them out, and the half who were mentioned felt insulted because I did not say more about them. After a week of deep thought, during which the circulation was largely confined to the families of reporters and compositors, I had an inspiration.

"A 'Queries Column' is the thing!" I cried, and straightway I put the idea into practice by writing a lot of questions on history, literature, the tariff, etc., and duly answering them. The "Queries Column" took. Next day I found in my mail the following:

"When did the moon dry up?"

"Sharpe Bargan and co. advertise cutlery at three cents. Will they wash?"

"If A bets C that D flushes on the royal flush, and E loses first pass on last grounding from 1-4 mile pole with F nose to nose at the gin—ll. b. g. under king gambit, which takes the pot?"

"What is the color of the paper on Sullivan's bed-room?"

"Who invented the echisematicus, and why?"

"How many papers will a town the size of this support?"

"What is the best arrangement of 'White Wings,' and what key is it in?"

"What relation is Pete Perkins, the new postmaster of Podunk, to President Harrison?"

"If a baby's back teeth come before the front teeth, what is it a sign of?"

"How many years is it since the eruption of the Young Ling Volcano in China, said to be alluded to in the writings of Confucius as coexistent with the Flood?"

"What is the easiest, quickest, and cheapest way in get a drink in a Prohibition town where there are no drug stores, hotels, or restaurants?"

"Did Moses ever have the chicken pox?"

"What books would you recommend to a young man who wants to be an editor?"

A brand-new plant of a defunct newspaper in a flourishing town is for sale cheap. Good reasons for selling. —*New York Weekly.*

He Didn't Like the Judge.

It was in auto-war times; Androscoggin County was young and Auburn was a scene of unusual hustle, as it was court week. The presiding Justice stopped at one of the famous old hotels. At the same house boarded one of the oldest members of the bar, who for ready wit had no rival. The fire blazed brightly in the old fireplace of the hotel office. Judge ——, standing before the fire, was chatting with the gentleman, when some allusion was made to the personnel of the Maine Court. Our joker, it is suspected, had conceived a poor opinion of the ability of the Justice, and was longing for a chance to "light out" on him. "Yes," said the Judge in reply to an observation of the party, "I suppose I am the fattest Judge on the bench." "And about the slimmest one, too, I reckon," instantly responded his Impudence, to the surprise and amusement of the listeners.—*Lewiston Journal.*

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

WANTED.

WANTED Reliable energetic man to handle fast selling specialties. Salary from start. Apply at once if with position. L. P. THURSTON & CO., Empire Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. 14-13t

WANTED—A girl to do general housework. No. 202 West Wayne street. 14-tf

WANTED—Girl to do general housework in small family. Must be good cook. Good wages paid. Inquire at once at 229 West Berry street. 13-3t

WANTED—Special agents for the National Life association of Hartford, Conn. Also agents to canvass for Accident Insurance. Good salary to good men. Call or address, General Agent, room 1, Windsor hotel, Fort Wayne, Ind. 3-tf

DR. G. B. M. BOWER, 72 Harrison street, attends to all kinds of general medical and surgical practice. Medicines furnished when desired. Also electric, steam, vapor and medicated baths. 31-tf

WE want a reliable person in your vicinity to superintend posting up advertisements of our goods in conspicuous places. No experience required. Wages $2.00 per day and expenses. Steady employment. Address, enclosing 2c stamp for reply, UNIVERSAL SUPPLY CO., Rialto Bldg., Chicago, Ill. aug16-30

WANTED—People to come to 35 Clinton street for upholstered furniture, plush rockers for $7 and $8, mattresses $5. All kinds of work done on short notice. Respectfully, 34-tf B. E. HOCH.

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
J. F. CURTICE, Real Estate and Loan Broker,
Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National bank. 29-3m

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—One new railroad 8 ton hydraulic car. Address, Harry Snyder, Arcola, Allen county, Indiana.

FOR SALE—Farm of 180 acres, 2½ miles from city, on good gravel roads; will sell very cheap and on easy terms; also a farm of 40 acres, 8 miles from city, with good improvements and very suitable for gardening. For further particulars call at Bowman & Fleiffer's Meat Market, 44 West Berry street. sep19-1w

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—A good dwelling, house, $18 per month, vacant about Sept. 20. Apply to T. J. Logan, Bank Block, Court street. 14-tf

FOR RENT—Eight room house, newly painted and papered with good barn and carriage house, No. 288 West Washington street. 14-6t

LOST.

LOST—A black and tan Shepard collie about three months old. Finder will please leave at the store of Skelton, Watt & Will and receive reward. 13-3t

G. H. Morrill & Co.,

Manufacturers of

Printing,

Lithographic Inks,

and Varnishes.

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Chas. M. Moore, M'g'r.

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Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings.

DRIVE WELLS.

Natural Gas Fitting a Specialty.

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Tubular and Drive Wells

Put Down by Skilled Workmen.

Special Attention Given to Pump Repairing.

We keep on hand a full line of Pumps and Repairs. PERKINS WIND MILLS.

NUMBER 9 HARRISON STREET.
Sign of Wind Mill Redder. jun19-tf

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ROUSSEAU & & PFEIFFER,

44 WEST BERRY STREET,

Have one of the BEST MEAT MARKETS in the city. They handle nothing but first-class meat-ss sold at reasonable prices.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. E. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1889.

THE new court house at Albion will dedicated October 15.

BEN BUTLER denounces the men who abuse Tanner as copperheads.

THE people in the east make a terrible fuss about their recent storms.

PRESIDENT HARRISON is going to Deer Park again to remain some time. The Tanner muss unstrung his nerves.

CHAUNCEY DEPEW and John Sherman have returned from Europe. Chauncey expects to be president of the United States some time. Sherman used to feel that way about himself once, but he is contented now to be plain John Sherman.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD has issued his protest against the quacks who experiment with "elixirs" and who pretend to know something about his discovery. "I have never," he says, "made use of the word 'elixir,' much less the words 'elixir of life.' These are all expressions of sensational newspapers. If quacks or ignorant men in America have killed people, as stated by the New York papers, they would have avoided these murders had they paid the least attention to the elementary rules for the subcutaneous injection of animal substances." He thinks his old enemies, the anti-vivisectionists, are at the bottom of a good deal of the depreciation of his new experiments. "But what annoys me most," he remarks, "is that experiments should be made promiscuously, as it were, without proper study or precaution."

THE ST. PAUL LUTHERANS.

Their Magnificent New Church Edifice Will Be Dedicated to the Lord To-morrow.

To-morrow will be a grand day for the St. Paul Lutheran congregation of this city.

Their new church edifice, which has been completed at a cost of $58,000, will be dedicated with interesting and impressive services.

The building was commenced about a year and a half ago and to-day it stands a finished temple—a proud monument to the Christian devotion and liberality of one of the largest Protestant denominations in the city.

THE SENTINEL reporter this morning called upon Rev. H. C. Sauer, pastor of the church, and was shown through the edifice by the reverend gentleman. The new church stands on the site of the old one on Barr street, at the foot of Madison. Its steeple towers over 200 feet in the air and the spire can be seen in every part of the city.

Viewed from without, it is a handsome structure. The workmen have done their arduous task well, and architectural beauty and symmetry are seen in every detail of the handsome building. Entering from either one of three doorways in front, one is taken into the large entry from which he can pass to the auditorium below, or by means of a stairway on either side, to the gallery above.

The main auditorium will seat one thousand persons, the gallery 500, making the seating capacity of the church 1,500. In the rear of the upper floor of the church is the grand organ, which is the gift of the young ladies of the church. It cost $4,000 and all the money for its purchase was raised by them.

From any part of the interior, either above or below, one has a good view of the altar and the pulpit and the acoustic properties of the church are such that the minister's voice is heard easily, even by those sitting in the last seats.

The ceiling and walls are beautifully frescoed, and the altar, which is a gift of the ladies of the congregation, is artistic and handsome in every detail. On the right is the pulpit, the gift of the young men, and on the left the baptismal font, the gift of the children of the congregation. The minister enters the pulpit from his study, and near the baptismal font, on the other side of the altar, is another small room, which is used during the baptismal services.

The beauty and arrangement of the interior of the church are perfect and everything about the edifice is grand. No other word expresses it and with this abrupt ending we will close our imperfect attempt to describe the handsome and the costly St. Paul Lutheran church, only pausing to say that, costly as it is, it is already nearly paid for, $45,000 in money having been raised and the balance of the debt being secured by the personal pledges of the members.

THE EXERCISES TO-MORROW.

When the church will be dedicated, will be full of interest. At 9:50 o'clock the church doors will be thrown open and a little after 10 o'clock the services will commence, with a dedicatory prayer by Rev. Sauer, followed by singing from Professor Ungemach's choir and a sermon by Rev. C. M. Zorn, of Cleveland, Ohio.

In the afternoon at 2:30, Rev. C. Gross, of the Emanuel Lutheran church will preach and he will be followed by Rev. O. W. Wilkonn, of Saxony, president of the Lutheran Fruikirche, of Germany. In the evening the exercises will be in English. Prof. A. Graff, of Concordia college, will preach, and singing will be by Prof. Ungemach's and Prof. Hommel's choir.

Monday evening Rev. Wilkonn will deliver a lecture on the condition of the church in Germany, and Rev. Sauer authorizes us to say that to all of these services the public will be cordially welcomed.

The singing, and the music from the grand new organ, will be special features at all the services, and the occasion will be a notable one to the Lutherans of the city.

THE HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATION.

On Saturday, October 14, 1837, a few German citizens gathered at the court house in Fort Wayne and organized the first Evangelical Lutheran congregation in Indiana. They represented twenty-three families. Sixty-five persons had their names entered upon the church register, and after an organization had been perfected, Rev. Jesse Hoover, of Woodstock, Va., was called as pastor, and Adam Wefel and Henry Trier chosen as deacons, and Henry Rudisill and Conrad Nill as directors.

This was the nucleus from which sprung the St. Paul, and, in time, the other Lutheran congregations of this city and vicinity, and to the Christian efforts of Henry Rudisill, who was ever foremost in the early church work, is much honor due for the establishment of this pioneer congregation and its success afterwards.

When Pastor Hoover came here to take charge of the little congregation, Fort Wayne was but a village of 500 inhabitants. He was given a warm welcome, however, for he found warm Christian hearts, and he entered upon his work with a determination to do what he could for the Master.

His duties were varied, and, in addition to his pastoral labors, he served as teacher of the day school, from which sprung the large Lutheran schools now located on Barr street. The church services were held in the old court house, and when that building was declared unsafe the little congregation left it and worshipped in the old brick school house at the corner of Harrison and Superior streets.

Pastor Hoover died on the 23d day of May, 1838, two years after his first visit to Fort Wayne and Rev. Frederick Wyneken, a noble, Christian man, who is remembered as a benefactor of the poor and a faithful worker for Christ, took his place.

Rev. Wyneken began his church work in the old brick school house, but the congregation soon decided to build their first church and this was commenced in the fall of 1839. It was a frame structure, 24x40 feet, and was located on Barr street, and after many struggles, during which the congregation worshipped in a partially completed building, at the corner of Barr and Jefferson streets, the church edifice was finished and worship in it was commenced.

In 1845, Rev. Wyneken left here to accept a charge at Baltimore, Md., and Rev. Dr. Sihler, who was then stationed at Pomeroy, Ohio, was called to fill the vacancy, and for forty years, from 1845 to 1885, he continued as pastor of the church.

When he assumed charge the congregation numbered sixty families and soon the little church became too small for its increasing membership. It was consequently moved to the rear part of their lot, used as a school house, and a new frame temple sixty-four by forty-four feet erected. To this was afterwards added a wing, and these buildings continued the place of worship of the congregation until they were razed for the present handsome edifice.

In 1861 Rev. Stubnatzy was called as assistant pastor to Dr. Sihler and he served as such until 1868, when the Emanuel Lutheran church was built on West Jefferson street, and he was placed in charge of that branch as pastor. Dr. Sihler remained alone as pastor of the St. Paul until 1875, when Rev. H. G. Sauer was called as assistant.

The congregation kept constantly increasing and in 1882 another branch was sent off from the St. Paul, and the Zion Lutheran church was established on Creighton avenue and other congregations started in different parts of the surrounding country.

On the 7th of June, 1885, Dr. Sihler, on account of failing health, resigned his position as pastor of St. Paul, and died on the 27th of October following. Rev. H. G. Sauer, the assistant, became pastor, and, beloved by all, he has remained in charge since. The congregation has made rapid strides during his ministration, and St. Paul has now over 1,800 communicants and represents a worshipping people numbering more than 9,000 souls. Over this large flock Rev. Sauer exercises a pastoral care, and as he looks back through the history of the church in this city, and sees its growth since he took charge of it less than four years ago, his heart must fill with Christian gratitude. To-morrow will indeed be a grand day to him and his people will not forget that to his ministering efforts is due much of their prosperity to-day.

COMPARISON SOLICITED.—A wise discrimination should be exercised by all, who take medicine. The proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla solicit a careful comparison of this medicine with other blood purifiers and medicines, being confident that the peculiar merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla are so apparent that the people will unhesitatingly prefer it to any other preparation. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not a mixture of molasses and a few inert roots and herbs, but it is a peculiar concentrated extract of the best alterative and blood-purifying remedies of the vegetable kingdom. The enormous sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the wonderful cures effected, prove even more than has been claimed for this medicine. If you are sick the best medicine is none too good. Therefore, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Notice.

Mr. L. B. Sanborn is receiving daily shipments of Ohio Lake Shore Grapes which he will sell to dealers in fruit by soliciting orders and delivering goods direct from depot or Fort Wayne Storage House.

City Y. M. C. A. Notes.

An attractive pamphlet with a cut of the association building outside, and full particulars of the privileges offered to young men inside, is being printed for free distribution and will be ready on Wednesday of next week. Among other inducements are offered vocal music and arithmetic classes, and a Chautauqua circle. No effort will be spared to make the association rooms the most homelike and popular place in town for young men.

A reception is being planned by the reception committee to be given members, on the 1st of October. Drills in the gymnasium are being arranged and to-night at 8 the class meets for practice.

The boys' department bids fair to be successful. A reading room well supplied with the best boys' papers, an amusement room, furnished with popular games, and occasional receptions will be given boys from the age of 10 to 16 upon payment of $1 per year. Particulars of the prizes offered to the five boys securing the most members may be had of the secretary. On Sunday Mr. G. S. Sullivan speaks in the large hall on "Christian Prize-fighting" and a large attendance of young men is anticipated.

The Greatest Show on Earth Coming to Fort Wayne.

On Monday, September 30, Fort Wayne will be visited by that mammoth aggregation of wonderful sights, the Forepaugh show. It is difficult in so small a space to enumerate even a small proportion of the unique and startling exhibits that will be made. The mere announcement that the old veteran Adam Forepaugh is coming is sufficient to make everyone wait until his coming. This year he has added to his huge circus and hippodrome the great "Wild West" exhibition, headed by the renowned shot Dr. Carver. He has a band of Sioux Indians from Red Cloud's tribe, and the realistic production of "Custer's Last Raid" is of new and strange interest.

The Blondin horse is one of the greatest features of the age. This wonderful horse walks a rope with the greatest ease and is a sight which none should miss. The trapeze horse is another great feature. Young Adam Forepaugh will be a worthy successor to his father. He has just turned his twenty seventh year, and in the comparatively few years he has devoted to the education of animals has met with phenomenal success. All his sensational specialties with animals will be presented in the two performances in this city. Circus day will be a red letter day for Fort Wayne this fall.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. We know of no remedy for dyspepsia more successful than Hood's Sarsaparilla. It acts gently, yet surely and efficiently, tones the stomach and other organs, removes the faint feeling, creates a good appetite, cures headache, and refreshes the burdened mind. Give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. It will do you good.

Have you ever noticed how much other people are like you?

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kump's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle *free of cost*. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The large bottles are 50c and $1.

Can a chiropodist extract a corn from a mistletoe.

Eczema, or Pimples on the Face.

Occurs mostly in young people about the age of puberty, and is an inflammation and filling up of the sebaceous glands of the skin. In almost all cases the blood is impure. Loose's Extract Red Clover Blossoms will cure them without fail.

The only thing which beats a good wife is a bad husband.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Ask for Baker's Famous Headache Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme & Gross.

Harvest Excursions.

The Wabash railroad will run a series of harvest excursions to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho Colorado, Wyoming, Dakota, Montana, Minnesota, Iowa, Tennessee, Louisiana, and Mississippi on September 10 and 24, and October 8, 1889. Tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip, and will be limited to return passage thirty days from date of sale. Full and explicit information furnished upon application to

R. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
29 tf Fort Wayne, Ind.

Great Strength

Is not required to do washing and house-cleaning, when it is done with PEARLINE. With Pearline, a delicate woman can do this hardest of woman's work with comparative ease. She don't have to rub herself or her clothes to pieces when she washes in this new way.

You will find these labor-saving directions on every package, and one trial will convince you that in PEARLINE you have found the most improved means and method for all washing and cleaning. Millions are using it.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. 373 Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

Schedule of Prices, Adopted July 1, 1889, for Natural Gas.

COOK STOVES—DOMESTIC.

Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	March	April	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct
			Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th					Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th	
				Discount.	Net.					Discount.	Net.
No 7 Mixer			$2.50	.38	$2.50				$1.66	.16	$1.50
No 6 Mixer			2.22	.22	2.00				1.39	.14	1.25

Gas and Gasoline Stoves for Cooking, $1.00 Per Month.

LARGE COOKING RANGE.

From November 1 to May 1.				From May 1 to November 1.			
	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th			Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th	
		Discount.	Net.			Discount.	Net.
No 9 Mixer	$3.33	.33	$3.00		$2.22	.22	$2.00

LAUNDRY STOVES.

(When Cook Stove is Also Contracted.)

	Rate per month.	If paid before the 10th.	
		Discount.	Net.
No 7 Mixer	$1.11	.11	$1.00
No 6 Mixer	.85	.10	.75

HEATING STOVES AND GRATES.

	No. 7 MIXER.			No. 6 MIXER.		
	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th.		Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th.	
		Discount.	Net.		Discount.	Net.
First Stove	$5 00	.50	$4 50	$3 89	.39	$3 50
Second Stove	4 44	.44	4 00	3 33	.33	3 00
Third Stove	3 89	.39	3 50	2 78	.28	2 50
Fourth Stove	3 33	.33	3 00	2 22	.22	2 00
Fifth Stove	2 78	.28	2 50	1 66	.16	1 50
Sixth Stove	2 22	.22	2 00	1 39	.14	1 25

ANNUAL CHARGES FOR HEATING STOVES AND GRATES IN ADVANCE.

	No. 7 MIXER.	No. 6 MIXER.
First Stove	$27 00	$21 00
Second Stove	24 00	18 00
Third Stove	21 00	15 00
Fourth Stove	18 00	12 00
Fifth Stove	15 00	9 00
Sixth Stove	12 00	7 00

FURNACES.

	Rate per Month	If paid before the 10th.		Annual Charges in Advance.
		Discount.	Net.	
24-inch fire pot	$ 6 95	$ 70	$ 6 25	$ 67 50
24-inch fire pot	8 33	83	7 50	90 00
26-inch fire pot	9 44	94	8 50	102 00
28-inch fire pot	10 00	1 00	9 00	108 00
30-inch fire pot	11 11	1 12	10 00	120 00
32-inch fire pot	11 66	1 16	10 50	126 00
35-inch fire pot	12 22	1 22	11 00	132 00

Grates and open stoves using No. 8 Mixer or smaller, where boilers or furnaces are also used for heating the premises, shall be charged $7.50 each per annum.

The company will make all necessary connections with its street mains and run service pipes to the curb line without expense to the consumer.

The meters are owned by the company, and are furnished without charge. Patrons are cautioned against interfering with them in any manner. Any defective service on the part of the company will be promptly attended to, upon notice to the office. A damper in the stove pipe is necessary to insure successful service.

All bills are due on the 1st day of the month, and payable in advance AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMPANY. Ten days' grace is allowed to patrons who pay promptly, but BILLS MUST BE PAID ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF EACH MONTH TO SAVE DISCOUNT. Allowing the time for discount to expire before making payment does not give an extension of time on the bill.

All applications, notices and complaints must be made at the office to insure prompt attention.

The business of the company MUST be transacted AT ITS OFFICE. If you do not clearly understand any point in this circular, call at this office and explanations will be cheerfully given.

The mixer in the bath through which the gas passes to be mixed with air. A No. 3 mixer is the size generally used for domestic purposes and will supply sufficient gas for heating equal to an ordinary hard coal stove, burning from 4½ to 5 tons of coal during the season. No. 7 and upward are for hot air furnaces and steam heating apparatus.

No. 8 mixer has 4-32 opening.
No. 7 mixer has 6-32 opening.
No. 6 mixer has 8-32 opening.
Special attention is called to the annual rates, which are much below the cost of coal, wood or gasoline.

Furnace or cook stove will be counted as one stove, and where additional fires are used they will be figured on the basis of reduction named in price list.

Annual Contracts are payable in six monthly instalments, commencing with the date of connection, between November 1 and May 1, and continuing to April 1, and commencing again November 1 if necessary to complete six monthly instalments. In connection under Annual Contracts are made after May 1, but previous to November 1, three such monthly payments shall begin November 1 and continue to April 1.

Any consumer using 5,000 feet of gas per year according to above schedule shall have the right to require gas to be furnished by meter measurement instead of schedule rates; in which case the company shall have the right to charge ten (10) cents per 1,000 feet. Standard meters will be furnished by the company.

For all manufacturing purposes and for all other consumers not designated in the foregoing schedule, gas shall be furnished at the option of the consumer as follows:

First, by special agreement; or second, by meter measurement not exceeding seven (7) cents per 1,000 cubic feet.

For further information, apply at office.

THE SALIMONIE MINING AND NATURAL GAS CO., 50 CLINTON STREET.

If You think you have every known Disease, (and some that are not), take

HOPTONIC.

For sale at Thieme & Gross' Drug Store, Corner Calhoun and Wayne.

TAR-OID

NATURE HAS NO Other Compound of Tar for Wounds, Burns, Sores, Piles, Salt Rheum, Eczema, and

BETTER REMEDY Coughs, Croup, Scrofula, Ulcers, Varicose Veins, Bronchitis, and Consumption.

TAR-OID must not be confounded with the cheap remedies which are prepared on the theory that *like cures like*. They have their place in a want of vital action in the tissues, etc. It is soothing and wonderfully healing—gratifying results follow in every case. Children can be cured with perfect safety by any one. It is superior to all other remedies. There is positively nothing else like it.

TAR-OID is a sure cure for piles. It never fails. We warrant a cure or refund the money. It gives immediate relief. It is perfectly safe. It is powerful in its action.

Send for our "Good Samaritan" free.

CHICAGO'S BEST PHYSICIANS INDORSE IT.

TAR-OID has no equal for Sore Throat, Pneumonia and Pleurisy.
LEILA G. BRIDELL, M. D.
181 Dearborn St.

TAR-OID has visited excellent results in Croup, Bronchitis and Consumption.
J. H. BOYNTON, M. D., A.B., SCD., 75 State st.

TAR-OID gives me fine results in Rectal and Skin Troubles, Indolent Ulcers, and Enlarged Glands.
P. H. PRATT, M. D.,
17 Central Music Hall.

TAR-OID has a most wonderful action on the skin and has given me fine results in Coughs and Consumption.
W. H. HOLCOMB, M. D.,
115 Dearborn st.

TAR-OID acts like a charm on Piles, Old Sores, etc.
J. B. MOULLIGHIN, M. D.,
42 Halsted st.

TAR-OID gives me perfect satisfaction in Cervical Troubles, Swellings and Ulcers.
M. M. THOMPSON, 403 Oakley av.

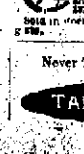
TAR-OID CO., 73 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

6 by Dreier Bros., Corner of Columbia and Calhoun.

ABOUT GLOVES.

When you are buying gloves remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too *cheap*. It is better to pay a fair price and get good gloves like the **Hutchinson's**. They are made from selected skins in the best manner and are warranted to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and Hutchinson's Gloves in particular, enclose stamp for the book "About Gloves." It will interest you. Established 1845.

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y.



Rock's Cream Meat Tenderer.—Contains Extract of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pumpkin Seed. Strengthens and revitalizes. Restores the natural color of gray hair. Sealed envelope, 25 cents. Lasts a month. POND DU PUY COMPANY, 181 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

Sold in Fort Wayne by Hamilton & Co., drug store. nov7, 18-1ST

Never Travel Without a Box of

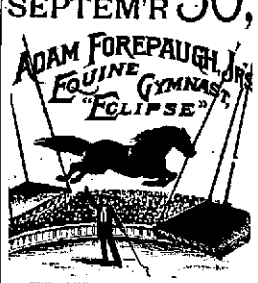
TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢ 11

AMUSEMENTS.

All Who Want the Earth Can Now Get a Large Slice of its Four Quarters!

With everything new and brilliant and protracted sessions in all the leading cities of the east and West, on

MONDAY, SEPTEM'R 30,



Will exhibit afternoon and evening at

Fort Wayne, on the Old Show Ground, Foot of Calhoun Street, at 2 and 8 o'clock p. m.

And now on its 28th annual tour, the great and only

FOREPAUGH - SHOW

Combined with which is the national and thrilling

WILD WEST

Exhibition and the peerless

PARIS HIPPODROME!

Its first season in America, and Forepaugh's colossal

3 Ring Circus

AND

MOST STUPENDOUS MENAGERIE

On this Continent.

2 Times the Greatest Show on Earth!

30 TRAINED ELEPHANTS,

100 Marvellous Educated Animals, 150 Distinguished Artists, 1,000 Men and Horses.

1,000 RARE ANIMALS,

Birds and 200 Scouts and Savages.

Realistic Wild West Scenes—Custer's Last Rally, Arrapoo Mountain Meadow Massacre, Exciting Hippodrome Races, Dashing and Daring Arabic Triumphs, United Wild West Circus and Hippodrome.

GRAND STREET PARADE

will move from the show grounds at about 10:30 o'clock on the morning of Exhibition Day. It will be the most varied, vast, superb show pageant ever seen upon the streets of an American city. Admission to 20 cents. Children under nine years, 25 cents. Reserved seats on the grand stand and admission tickets at the usual advance at which they will be sold during the exhibition at C. H. WOOLWORTH & CO.'S DRUG STORE, AVELINE HOUSE BLOCK, CORNER CALHOUN AND BERRY STREETS.

Two performances at 2 and 8 p. m. Open one hour previous. Courteous ushers in attendance and the same careful attention to the comfort and safety of visitors, especially ladies and children, that is the distinguishing feature of this exhibition.

☞ This will be the only great tented exhibition that will visit the city this year. ADAM FOREPAUGH, Sole Proprietor; ADAM FOREPAUGH, Jr., Manager.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Monday, September 16th.

The Great and Only

HAPPY CAL WAGNER'S

OLD TIME

MINSTRELS!

COMPRISING

25 The People's Favorites. 25

HAPPY CAL WAGNER,

The original BILLY BIRCH, the world's favorite, COOL BURGESS, the distinguished silver voiced tenor, CHARLES HENRY, the renowned banjoist, JOHN H. MACK, the fascinating prima donna, CHARLES HEYWOOD, the matchless musical sketch artists, COLEMAN and MORTON, the famous MANHATTAN SIXTETTE, the great clog dancers, HOONEY and KELLY, Mammoth Brass Band and Orchestra.

A new and original ideal spectacular scenic first part, copyrighted by Cal Wagner, entitled

THE PLANTER'S WEDDING,

Introducing a Realistic Plantation Home.

Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.

☞ Sale of Seats Commences Friday.

Grand Minstrel Parade during the Day.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 17th.

The Representative Irish Comedian,

W. J. SCANLAN

"PEEK-A-BOO."

Under the Management of

Augustus Pitou.

His first appearance here in the new Irish Comedy-Drama,

MYLES AROON!

Written by Geo. H. Jessop and Horace Townsend.

Hear Scanlan's New Songs,

Written and composed by him for this play.

"SCANLAN'S SWING SONG,"

"YOU AND I—LOVE,"

"LIVE, MY LOVE, OH! LIVE,"

—AND—

"MY MAGGIE."

Sale of Seats for Scanlan Saturday.

PRICES, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.

FOR Mosquito Bites Sunburn Piles Burns Inflammations Hemorrhages Soreness Sprains Lameness Sore Eyes Chafing Wounds Bruises and ALL PAIN USE POND'S EXTRACT

DEMAND POND'S EXTRACT. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE FOR IT

FACSIMILE OF BOTTLE WITH BUFF WRAPPER

TO CURE THE WORST CASES OF PILES USE POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.

BY MAIL FOR 50 CTS A BOTTLE.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 7 ...th Ave., New York.

BALL'S

CORSETS

BONED WITH KABO.

Warranted Not to Break or Roll Up with Ordinary Wear

If they do we will cheerfully refund the amount paid for them, or if the fitting is not SATISFACTORY IN EVERY RESPECT in after 2 weeks' wear it may be returned to us and money will be refunded.

CHICAGO CORSET CO

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER

...commended by the highest medical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every one guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money refunded.

...Can. 30 oz., 25c.; 16 oz., 15c.

...your dealer does not keep Crown, do not allow him persuade you to buy some other brand said to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

WESTMINSTER SEMINARY.

Fall Term Opens, Sept. 11.

Music, Art, Gymnastics, Elocution, German, Latin, Higher Mathematics, Literature.

First Class Instruction. Select Association. Individual Attention.

ONE DAILY SESSION.

Tuition, First Term, $20.00.

Primary and Boy's Departments open same day.

For information apply at the Seminary.

For Old and Young.

Tutt's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

Tutt's Pills

Give tone to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder. To these organs their strengthening qualities are wonderful, causing them to perform their functions as in youth.

Sold Everywhere.

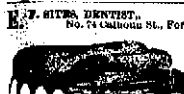
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

BROU'S INJECTION

An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary Organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture; no disgusting nauseating drugs to interfere with digestion. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere. J. Farrel, successor to Brou & Bertrand, Paris.

E. J. SITES, DENTIST,

No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind.



DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

...hours 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1889.

THE TEACHERS.

A List of Those Who Will Enter Upon Their Duties of Instruction Next Monday.

The public schools will open next Monday. Superintendent J. S. Irwin announces the following official list of teachers:

SPECIAL TEACHERS.

Drawing, Miss Charlotte J. Emmins.
Reading, Miss Sarah B. Tenney.
Music, Wilbur F. Heath.
Writing, John L. Tyler.
Stenography, Wilson E. McDermut.
Bookkeeping, J. Frank Whitcomther.

CENTRAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Principal, Chester T. Lane, A. B.
Assistant, Charles R. Dryer, A. M., M. D.
Assistant, Miss Hannah E. Evry.
Assistant, Miss Frances E. Tower.
Assistant, Miss Mary L. Jay.
Assistant, Miss Sarah A. Updegraff.
Assistant, Miss Ellen McKeag.
Assistant, Miss E. Louise Hamilton.
Janitor-in-chief, James A. Gavin.
Janitor, Conrad Leidolf.

JEFFERSON STREET SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Harriet E. Leonard.
A, intermediate, (1) Miss Clara Phelps.
A, intermediate, (2) Miss Laura A. Kimball.
B, intermediate, Miss Janet A. McPhail.
B and C, intermediate, Miss Elizabeth M. Biegler.
C and D, intermediate, Miss Georgia L. Dennison.
D, intermediate, Miss Adella V. Ross.
A, primary, Miss Elizabeth E. Chapin.
A and B, primary, Miss Helen Brunton.
B, primary, Miss Mary Smyser.
C, primary, (1) Miss Anna E. Truesam.
C, primary, (2) Miss Katherine H. Blynn.
D, primary, (1) Miss R. Etta Gotherell.
D, primary, (2) Mrs. Elsie A. Hall.
Janitor, John Immel.

CLAY STREET SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Mary McClure.
A, intermediate, Miss Louvie E. Strong.
A and B intermediate, Miss Sarah E. McKean.
B, intermediate, Miss Emma L. Armstrong.
C and D intermediate, Miss M. Belle Clark.
D, intermediate, Miss Elizabeth Collins.
A, primary, Miss M. Georgina Wadge.
A and B primary, Miss Mary E. Christie.
B and C primary, Miss Mary E. Markey.
C, primary, Miss Annette Gaskins.
C and D primary, Miss Georgianna Boyd.
D, primary, (1) Miss Annie G. Habecker.
D, primary, (2) Mrs. Jennie S. Woodward.
Janitor, Michael S. Brannan.

MOAGLAND AVENUE SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Frances Hamilton.
A, intermediate, Miss Mary A. Abel.
B, intermediate, Miss Katie A. Ross.
B and C, intermediate, Miss Mary E. Dick.
C and D intermediate, Miss Emma F. Gaskins.
D, intermediate, Miss Minnie F. Hombher.
A, primary, Miss M. Ella Orff.
B, primary, Miss Annie E. Farnen.
B and C primary, Miss Emma F. Kinnaird.
C, primary, Miss Miriam Cohen.
D primary, (1) Miss Addie F. Davis.
D primary, (2) Miss Elizabeth B. Mitchell.
D primary, (3) Miss Lillie B. Beaber.
Janitor, Mrs. Anna O. Callahan.

HANNA STREET SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Belle R. Lloyd.
A and B intermediate, Mrs. Marian H. Brenton.
B and C intermediate, Miss Jennie M. Abel.
C intermediate, Miss Margaret A. Wade.
D intermediate, Miss Martha E. Wohlfort.
A primary, Miss Addie H. Williams.
A and B primary, Miss Annie B. Dick.
B and C primary, Miss Cecelia Foley.
C primary, Miss May C. Hodekin.
C and D primary, Miss Catherine Freeman.
D primary, (1) Miss Clara F. Humphrey.
D primary, (2) Mrs. Elizabeth O. Collins.
Janitor, Mrs. Maria Perrott.

WASHINGTON STREET SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Margaret S. Cochrane.
B intermediate, Miss Lettie A. Van Alstine.
C intermediate, Miss Jessie L. Humphrey.
C and D intermediate, Miss Lizzie F. Irwin.
D intermediate, Mrs. Mabel E. Clayton.
A primary, Miss Luella C. Boles.
A and B primary, Miss Adah T. Bittenger.
B primary, Miss Marianna J. Geake.
B and C primary, Miss Elizabeth T. Burgess.
C and D primary, Miss Abbie C. Keegan.
D primary, Miss Fannie Humphreys.
D primary, Miss Helen M. Cothrell.
Janitor, Mrs. [illegible]

BLOOMINGDALE SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Margaret M. McPhail.
A and B intermediate, Miss Alice M. Hill.
B and C intermediate, Miss Emma Stanley.
C and D intermediate, Zernich E. McLain.
D intermediate, Mrs. Sarah J. Stahl.
A primary, Miss Grace M. Waldo.
A and B primary, Miss Emma H. Ersig.
B and C primary, Miss Alice L. Hamil.
C primary, Miss Nellie P. Ransom.
D primary, 1, Miss Elizabeth J. Bowman.
D primary, 2, Miss Mary E. Freeman.
D primary, 3, Miss Victoria Carter.
Gorman, Miss Emilie Weber.
Janitor, Miss Catharine Sheridan.

HARPER STREET SCHOOL.

Principal, Mrs. Mary S. Waldo.
C intermediate, Miss Matilda E. Knight.
D intermediate, Miss Ella R. Willard.
A primary, Miss Florence Clark.
B and C primary, Miss Henrietta M. Winbaugh.
C and D primary, Miss Edith M. Bosoker.
D primary, Miss Effie Lumbard.
Janitor, Mrs. Anna J. Clark.

MINER STREET SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Alice M. Habecker.
A primary, Miss Rachel O. Boles.
B primary, Miss Martha M. Clark.
C and D primary, Mrs. Delia Wilson.
D primary, Miss Grace G. Hayden.
Janitor, Mrs. Orpha Clippongor.

HOLTON AVENUE SCHOOL.

Principal and C primary, Miss Edith M. Brewster.
D primary, Miss Prudence L. Bowman.
Gorman, Miss Martha Stumpf.
Janitor, Mrs. Julia Richard.

NEBRASKA SCHOOL.

Principal and D. primary, Miss Susan S. Sinclair.
C and D primary, Miss Lillie V. Bowen.
Janitor, Mrs. Anna Ronzor.

M'CULLOCH STREET SCHOOL.

Principal and D primary, Miss Edith E. Ersig.
C primary, Miss Effie C. Lane.
Janitor, Mrs. Mary E. Dolan.

E. GERMAN SCHOOL.

Principal, Miss Emma C. Weber.
Assistant, Miss Bertha Ritter.

W. GERMAN SCHOOL.

Principal, Carl Schwarz.
Assistant, Miss Annie Boss.
Assistant, Miss Sarah C. Schaaf.
Janitor, Mrs. Elizabeth Rohlman.

THE CITY OF THE MORMONS.

Hon. J. W. Hayden Writes Interestingly of the Trip of the Fort Wayne Party to Salt Lake City.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Sept. 9, 1889.

To the Editor of The Sentinel:

Presuming somewhat upon your courtesy, I will venture a few paragraphs by way of incident and description of the Salt Lake excursionists who left Fort Wayne on the 20th ultimo, fully intent on having an inside view of the City of Latter Day Saints, and a personal observation of the horrors of the social evil, which, at long range, is supposed to hang like a gloomy pall, over the otherwise seeming and Eden like valley of the Great Salt Lake.

The party consisted of Messrs. E. L. Craw, Peter Cortis, Joseph A. Grier, B. Rothschild, wife and son, G. W. Seavey and wife, and the writer, who were joined by several other gentlemen and their ladies from Indiana as they passed through the state, via. the Wabash Western railway. Kansas City being reached some two hours behind time, caused a delay in our departure, which was the first incident of note, it being very unusual ever to be behind time in getting into this city, and we could safely add an almost unheard of circumstance of ever getting out when once there. At least that was the conclusion some of our party came to before we got off.

Having made our escape from the wonderful whirlpool of business excitement, we sped across bleeding Kansas for the farther west and arrived at the Queen City of the plains on Tuesday at 12 m., from whence, after a brief stop for lunch, we again proceeded on our way. At Cheyenne we were attached to the Union Pacific train, which was also largely made up of excursionists from Chicago and points east and west of there, bound for Ogden, Salt Lake and the Pacific slope.

On Friday, August 23, at 8:30 p. m., we disembarked from the train at the foot of North Temple street, Salt Lake City, without further incident than that mentioned, save that at Ogden Messrs. Craw and Cortis became—during our short stop at that would be great metropolis—so excited over the brilliant prospects of immediate and fabulous fortunes, superinduced, of course, by the eloquent, flowery and even pathetic appeals of Ogden boomers, that they forgot to stay aboard the train as it pulled out and were consequently left unprotected amid a wild group of real estate cormorants, each eager to give them twenty to one on thirty days time, on any purchase they would make, and a Mormon wife thrown in.

The spell broke finally, however, and they escaped by the next train down, and when we met them we could not but observe that they had the appearance of sadder, but wiser men.

There is but little to interest the traveler by railway in crossing the plains, and even the mountains are not striking until you pass Larime, which is near the summit and begins the descent, when the scenery changes and finally becomes picturesque, grand and even sublime, as you sweep down through Webber cannon, past the Devil's Slide, the perpendicular cliffs of solid granite rising thousands of feet on either side, while the Webber river and the railroad track continually contend with each other for the right of way until they emerge from the narrow canon and side by side glide down the valley to the city of Ogden.

In going from Ogden, by the Denver and Rio Grand railroad, you pass along in sight of the great Salt Lake for a number of miles and are fully impressed with the magnitude of this wonderful inland sea, but know nothing of its invigorating force and the charms of its rocking waves, until you have once committed yourself to its saline waters in a never-to-be forgotten bath. Thousands upon thousands here find health and rest, and their is certainly no place yet known, other than this, where all the aches and pains that flesh is heir to, can find so sweet a solace, so complete a panacea.

So much has been said and written concerning the city of Salt Lake, that we deem it inadvisable to say anything here regarding it, but may be pardoned a few reflections as to what, to us seemed most striking and the most to be observed.

You are at once impressed with the magnificent distances with which you meet on every hand; the blocks being six hundred and sixty feet square, and containing ten acres, streets one hundred and thirty feet in width; sidewalks twenty-five, with alleys the same, where you find one, which is very seldom. The mountains, which you think are but a stone's throw away, are, on inquiry, or experimental demonstration, found to be from one to one and one half miles distant; and, attempting their ascent, you give up in utter despair, after you have passed the mesa, and reached the top of the foot hills.

The city is rapidly improving, but can never become a great commercial place until radical changes have been wrought, both as to its government and its physical aspect. Its enormous squares must be quartered, its streets reduced by lines of parks running along their centers, its sewerage perfected and its water supply quadrupled. These things, with an enlightened, progressive, energetic, conservative government, will speedily make Salt Lake City the Omaha of the Jourdan, or the Chicago of the Great Salt Lake.

I fear I have exceeded the limit of space allotted correspondents, and will therefore conclude at this point, promising to return our little party safely in my next. H.

Do not be induced to take some other preparation when you call for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

Many men of many minds;
Many pills of various kinds.
But for a mild, effective, vegetable purgative, you had better get Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They cure sick headache, billious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, and billiouts attacks; 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

The sheriff knows a good thing when he seizes it.

What Druggists Say.

Office of Bassett & L'Hommedieu, Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

J. M. Loose Red Clover Co., Gentlemen: Yours of the 26th inst. received. In reply would say that your Loose's Extract Red Clover Blossoms is meeting with a large and rapidly increasing sale with us and that it gives excellent satisfaction. We think it will take the lead for the cure of blood diseases, especially those of a cancerous nature.

Yours truly,
Bassett & L'Hommedieu.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle *Free*, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

A lawyer depends on words; the real estate man on deeds.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won for Hood's Sarsaparilla

Merit Wins a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, and is prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,

21 W. Berry St,

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

THIRD POINT

You should read the Chicago Daily News because it's *an independent newspaper*. There are two sides to every political question, and The Daily News gives them both with equal fairness. A party organ suggests one side and derails the other. No sensible man wants to be trifled with in this fashion. The time has gone by when American citizens expect to inherit their political opinions. They want to make their own—and to do this they want a paper to tell them the truth, regardless of their own personal preferences. If you are an honest man, independent and self-reliant in thought, read an honest and independent newspaper—read The Chicago Daily News.

Remember—Its circulation is 200,000 a day; over a million a week—and it costs by mail 25 cts. a month, four months $1.00,—*one cent a day.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE BYRON ROLL COLLAR.

COMFORTABLE and ELEGANT.

For Sale by Leading Dealers.

M'f'd Solely by WM. BARKER, Troy, N.Y.

Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme & Groos, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

JAMES MADDEN,

PLUMBER,

Steam and Gas Fitter,

101 Calhoun Street,

Next door to Y. M. C. A.,

Fort Wayne, - - - Indiana

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

48 East Main St.

FORT WAYNE, ... IND

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. 29 West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

Girls' Higher School

Removed from La Salle Ave. to 479 & 481 Dearborn Ave., Chicago. Fourteenth year begins Sept. 18th. Boarding and day school for young ladies and children. Full course of study, including preparation for college. Excellent houses thoroughly fitted up.

Address { Miss Rebecca S. Rice, A. M.,
Miss Mary E. Beedy, A. M., } Princ.

aug16-1m

—THE FORT WAYNE—

FANCY STEAM DYE WORKS,

NO. 51 EAST MAIN STREET,

PAUL BAUMANN, Prop.

Practical Dyer and Cleaner.
Experience in Europe and America.

J. S. McCURDY,

D·E·N·T·I·S·T

OFFICE—Room 15, over First National Bank. tues&sattfn

A. FOSTER,

THE FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor!

Is now receiving his LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK of

FALL GOODS

Which are the Nobbiest ever brought to this city. He intends making

Suits in the Latest Styles

—AND AT—

Very Low Prices this Fall

and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,

NO. 15 W. WAYNE ST.

L. JAXTHEIMER,

MERCHANT

TAILOR!

—CARRIES A—

+ FULL LINE +

Of Foreign and Domestic Goods, Suitings, FALL

OVERCOATINGS,

Trouserings. All work WARRANTED.

83 Calhoun Street.

WATER WORKS.

Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.

—AT—

C. W. BRUNS & CO.,

PLUMBERS,

166 Calhoun Street,

Opposite the Cathedral. Fort Wayne, Ind.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

GIVEN TO

Natural Gas Fittings.

BOSTON TEA STORE.

20 West Berry Street.

Watermelons.
Peaches.
Red and Black Raspberries.
Fresh Vegetables.
Extra sugar cured hams.
The Finest Coffee Sold.

A. F. GESSLER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH, SALT —AND— SMOKED - MEATS,

60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker & Embalmer

17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK 62 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Infill secu... up same, rooms Loc... cupied 14 years ago.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

All the Latest Styles in Fancy Bosoms and French Flannels. All Flannels are shrunken before they are cut. Satisfaction guaranteed.

P. G. KUTTNER,

july 20-3m] 144 Calhoun St.

THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY

GOTTLIEB HALLER

South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at

No. 300 CALHOUN STREET.

AND HANNA STREET (WESEL BLOCK.)

The D&C TO MACKINAC

SUMMER TOURS.

PALACE STEAMERS. LOW RATES.

Four Trips per Week Between

DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND

Petoskey, Sault Ste. Marie, and Lake Huron Way Ports.

Every Week Day Between

DETROIT AND CLEVELAND

Special Sunday Trips during June, July, August and Sept.

Double Daily Line Between

CHICAGO AND ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS

Rates and Excursion Tickets will be furnished by your Ticket Agents, or address

E. B. WHITCOMB, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.,

Detroit and Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.

REMINGTON

STANDARD TYPEWRITER

It has been for fifteen years the STANDARD, and embraces the latest and highest achievements of inventive skill.

SEND FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,

81 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

May 23-3mo

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

Under Schedule in Effect May 12, 1889.

Trains leave the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago station at Fort Wayne as follows:

(STANDARD TIME.)

EASTBOUND—For Pittsburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York *2:30 a. m., 12:30 p. m., *6:00 p. m., *2:00 p. m. Crestline accommodation, 12:30 a. m.

WESTBOUND—For Chicago, *2:35 a. m., 11:20 a. m., *2:30 p. m., *7:05 p. m. Valparaiso accommodation leaves at 8:30 a. m. For Plymouth, 4:30 p. m.

*Daily.
†Daily, except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

CENTRAL EAST		CENTRAL WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 15 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 a m

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN. [Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM FORTY		SOUTH NORTH
10 30 a m—A.	Cincinnati Ex.....	*1 00
	Detroit Ex.....	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m	"—Detroit Ex.....	" 10 05 m
5 20 p m	"—Way Freight.....	" 6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

(MUNCIE ROUTE)

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITEWATER RAILWAYS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

TIME CARD. Aug. 26, 1889.	No. 8. Daily.	No. 1. Ex. Sunday.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne...lv	7 20 a. m.	10:40 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Indianapolis...ar	11 35 a. m.	3:25 p. m.	10:45 p. m.
Cincinnati...ar	——	6:20 p. m.	——
Louisville...ar	——	6:25 p. m.	——

Returning, service is equally fast. Two trains daily from Indianapolis. Three trains daily, except Sunday, and one train from Louisville and Cincinnati. Trains leave from North depot, Fort Wayne.

WABASH RAILWAY. MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	8 02 a. m.
Kansas City ex. daily except Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail.....	5 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule limited daily.....	5 05 a. m.
Cannon Ball, except Sunday.....	1 30
Limited Express, daily	6 35
Lafayette accom arrives 11 a. m.	

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 30 a m	10 30 a m
10 45 a m	3 30 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m	1 10 p m
1 30 p m	5 10 p m
7 40 p m	11 30 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect June 16, '89

GOING NORTH.	
*For Grand Rapids and North.....	Lv 2 15 a m
" " "	" 8 45 a m
For Grand Rapids.....	" 2 50 p m
From Richmond.....	Ar 6 15 p m
From Portland.....	Ar 7 30 a m
GOING SOUTH.	
For Richmond and Cincinnati.....	Lv 5 50 a m
" " "	" 12 30 p m
" " "	" 11 10 p m
For Portland.....	" 6 50 p m
From Grand Rapids.....	Ar 5 35 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids. All other trains daily except Sunday.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 162 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. Sold by Thieme & Groos, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

S. BREIDENSTEIN.

Real Estate & Loans

26 Court Street.

Watch his bulletin for some special bargains.

FRANK B. ERNDRICK,

ARCHITECT,

138 CALHOUN STREET,

FORT WAYNE, - - - - - INDIANA

J. M. E. RIEDEL.

ARCHITECT.

ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.

112 Calhoun St. - Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City.

Wing & Mahurin,

ARCHITECTS

Rooms 41 and 42, Pixley & Long Block.

"THE DAY IS AT HAND."

SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TALMAGE IN BROOKLYN.

He Is Welcomed Home by a Glad Throng and He Prefaces His Sermon by the Statement That He Is In a Happy Frame of Mind.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., was welcomed home Sunday, Sept. 8, by an overflowing congregation, at the opening of the service the hymn beginning,

> Welcome, sweet day of rest,
> That saw the Lord arise,

was sung with fine effect. Dr. Talmage's subject was: "The Sunrise," and his text: "The day is at hand." Romans xiii, 12. He said:

Back from the mountains and the seaside, and the springs, and the farmhouse, your cheek bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done; the deep plowing of the keel followed by the flash of the phosphorescence.

Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the Colorado mountains twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, or the tonic atmosphere of the Pacific coast, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I cannot tell. I simply know I am grandly and gloriously and inexpressibly happy. It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermons, and to extricate himself would cry "Hallelujah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new ecclesiastical year I want to give you the key note of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tune of Antioch, Ariel and Coronation. Some time ago we had a new stop put in this organ—a new trumpet stop—and I want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons.

In our Christian work you and I need more of the element of gladness. That man has no right to say that Christ never laughed. Do you suppose that he stood mum at the wedding in Cana of Galilee? Do you suppose Christ was unresponsive when the children clambered over his knee and shoulder at his own invitation? Do you suppose that the evangelist meant nothing when he said of Christ: "He rejoiced in spirit?" Do you believe that the divine Christ who pours all the water over the rocks at Niagara Falls, Yosemite, down here in the sparkle and gallop and tumultuous joy and rushing raptures of human life? I believe that not only the morning laughs, and that the mountains laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the cascades laugh, but that Christ laughed. Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an homiletic, and essay them, and test them, and analyze them, and you will find as much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows itself in facial illumination. John Wesley said he was sure of a good religious impression being produced because of what he calls the great laughter he saw among the people. Godless merriment is blasphemy anywhere, but expression of Christian joy is appropriate everywhere.

Moreover the outlook of the world ought to stir us to gladness. Astronomers recently disturbed many people by telling them that there is danger of stellar collision. We have been told through the papers by these astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have plagues, and wars, and tumults, and perhaps the world's destruction. Do not be scared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center, where ten or twenty or thirty tracks cross each other, and seen by the movement of the switch one or two inches the train shoots this way and that without colliding, then you may understand how fifty worlds may come within an inch of disaster, and that inch be as good as a million miles. If a human switchtender can shoot the trains this way or that without harm, cannot the Hand that for thousands of years has upheld the universe keep our little world out of harm's way? Christian geologists tell us that this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take millions of years to build a house which was to last only 6,000 years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world, terrestrial or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout gospel breeze might scatter all the miasma of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at about half past 6, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand."

The first ray of the dawn I see in the gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of the sword.

That Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By men-of-war off the Narrows, or off the Mersey? By the Gulf Stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human blood? By the pathway of nations incarnadined? No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over, and telegraph to Washington and to London: "All settled." Peace. Peace. England pays to the United States the amount awarded—pays to-day more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled—settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

So, the quarrel eight or nine years ago about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. Engh not solid? Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries?" The United States said: "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say: "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. And a pound of powder burned not a cartridge bitten off, not one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle.

So the Samoan controversy in any other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think, through peaceable of ambassador, bring on a battle with other nations. She sees that God, in punishment of Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation died in a war that has not even the dignity of being respectable. What is that blush on the cheek of England to-day? What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war. Down with the sword and up with the trowel.

We in that country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the thrust of the sword. Philanthropy said to the North: "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a certain time be born *free.*" Philanthropy at the same time said to the South: "You sell the slaves, and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The North replied: "I won't pay a cent." The South replied: "I won't sell." War! War! A million dead men, and a national debt which might have ground this nation to powder.

Why did we not let William H. Seward, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over, and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the north pay in cost of war, four billion seven hundred million dollars, and the south pay four billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars, the destroying angel leaving the first born dead in so many houses all the way from the Penobscot to the Alabama, the aged men, whose sons fell in battle, do you not think that would have been better? Oh yes! we have come to believe, I think, in this country, that arbitration is better than battle.

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war paint, and Afghan and Zulu their poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that war disaster to victors as well as vanquished, and that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God this nation might have no model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave Gen. Custers. Stop exasperating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the reservation. A general of the United States Army, in high repute throughout this land, and who, perhaps, has been in more Indian wars than any other general, one he has been wounded again and again in behalf of our government in battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred between Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations, let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative or contest.

I inherit a large estate, and the woods are rich with fish, and the woods are sought with birds, and my cornfields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder, under that locust tree, my father died. An invader comes, and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me out, and crowds me into a closer corner, and still closer corner, until after a while I say: "Stand back, don't crowd me any more, or I'll strike. What right have you to come here and drive me off of my premises? I got this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say: "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this property to a great deal better use than you do." And you go crowding me back and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and fired by their hardships I flew you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero. I am the culprit. Behold the United States Government and the North American Indian. The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Brooklyn home or a New York home is right in defense of a home on the Rocky Mountains. Before this swindling red race gluts our valleys out, I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's judgment, I would rather there be a blood smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer or an Indian reservation. One man was a barbarian and a savage, and never made claim to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other man pretended to be a representative of a Christian nation. Notwithstanding all this, the general disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glittering edge of steel is a sign unmistakable that "the day is at hand."

I find another ery of the dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, small like, almost immovable thing would have been the world's rectification with fourteen hundred millions of population and no facile means of communication; but now, through the agency for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading, the twenty-five thousand miles of the world's circumference are shrivelling up into insignificant brevity. Hong Kong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity. A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in a few minutes. Christianity has been preparing batteries for nineteen centuries, and may go on the work through other centuries; but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may all do their work in twenty-four hours. The world sometimes derides the church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did it not take science five thousand six hundred and fifty-two years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took five thousand eight hundred years before it even guessed that there was any practical use that might be made of this subtle and mighty element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces, and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. Do we not read the quick speech of the last proroguing of parliament the day before it landed? If that be so, is it anything marvelous to believe that in twenty-four hours a divine communication can reach the whole earth? Suppose Christ should descend on the nations—many expect that Christ will come among the nations personally—an apostle at 8 o'clock morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should descend upon these cities. Would not that fact be known all the world over in twenty-four hours? Suppose he should present his Gospel in a few words saying: "I am the Son of God; I came to pardon all your sins and to save all your sorrow; to prove that I am a supernatural being, I have just descended from the clouds; do you believe me, and do you believe me now?" Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck. Tell you all these things to show you that I put among the impossibilities or even the improbabilities of these Christ will conquer the whole earth, and do it instanter, when the time comes. There are irreckonings in the air. Something great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down or that the axis of the world is going to break; but I mean something great for the world's blessing and not for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough, the London plagues. Enough, the Asiatic cholera. Enough, the wars. Enough, the shipwrecks. Enough, the conflagrations. I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatories opened toward the heavens, and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new application of mighty influence. Better have a few new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some new banner that has never been carried, ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court houses. For the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of Heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and whitening into the lilies of morning cloud, and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day-fit garlands, whether white or red, for Him on whose head are many crowns. "The day is at hand!"

One more ray of the dawn I see in facts chronological and mathematical. Come now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that matter settled. If we believe Enoch and Ezekiel and Hosea, and Micah, and Malachi, and John, and Peter, and Paul, and Christ, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success or toward a dead failure. If there is a child in your house sick, and you are sure he is going to get well, though complicate with present pains, but all the time he is going to get well, in a cyclone off the Florida coast, and the captain assures you the vessel is staunch and the winds are changing for a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness and despair, or on toward light and blessedness. You and I believe the latter, and if so, every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is mercurable in chronology and mathematics commend you to good cheer and courage. If there is anything in arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent termin-us. Then every winter passed is one winter less for our poor world. Then every summer gone by brings us nearer unfading arboreascence. Put your edge-bin down on the top of your Bible and rejoice.

If it is nearer morning at 3 o'clock than it is at 2, if it is nearer morning at 4 o'clock than it is at 3, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings as fast, the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once: they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand."

There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and heavenly world may, after a while, make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no spiritualist; but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after a while, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what that is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however; that the veil between this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after a while, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenports brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in this battle against unrighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—him of the Red Sea, him of the valley of Ajalon, him of Mars Hill. History says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of a war brought up all the old cavalry horses lest they be turned out to drudgery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground as a resource for them, and turned those old war horses into the thickest and richest pasture to spend the rest of their days for what they had done in other days. One day a thunderstorm came up, and those war horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle, and they wheeled into line—no riders on their backs—they wheeled into line ready for the fray. And I doubt me whether, when the last thunder of this battle for God and truth goes booming through the heavens, the old scriptural warriors can keep their pinces on their thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet, and palm branch for weapon, and come down out of the king's glories into the arena, crying: "Make room! I must fight in the great Armageddon."

My beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet young and vigorous and bold and quick is going to be counted up in favor of final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all Heaven is on our side—saintly, cherubic, archangelic, omnipotent, charriot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion. He who hath the moon under his feet, and all the armies of Heaven on white horses.

Brethren, brethren! all I am afraid of is, not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood bought immortality. Oh, Christ! how shall I meet Thee, thou of the scarred brow and the scarred back and the scarred hand and the scarred side and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or wounds gotten in thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, you foes of God, I dare you to the combat. Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on, with tongues forked and viperine and adiderous. Come on, with types soaking in the serum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on! I bare my brow. I uncover my heart. Strike! You cannot see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with him on earth we cannot glorify with him in Heaven. Take good heart. On! On! On! See! the skies have brightened! See! the hour is about to come! Pick out the choicest of the harpchems. Let the orchestra string their best instruments. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

THE expression "busy as a bee" is sophistry. That honey-making humbug lives in luxurious idleness nearly two-thirds of the year.

You can't count votes honestly by elect trick light.—*Boston Star.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

ENTERTAINING DISSERTATION ON SERIOUS SUBJECTS.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be Found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, September 15, may be found in 1 Sam. 21: 4-17.

INTRODUCTORY.

We have been hearing strong verse from the period of the exile. The career of David as a banished prince extended from B. C. 1062 to 1055, about seven years. And they were years of trial. The picture of the hunted and persecuted David is a moving one. From Nob to Gath, from Gath to Adullam, from Adullam to the forest of Hareth this parents in the meantime being in the care of the king of Moab), from Hareth to Keilah, from Keilah to the wilderness of Ziph, from the wilderness of Ziph to the wilderness of Maon, from the wilderness of Maon to the strongholds at Engedi, where our lesson finds him, and his experiences as a fugitive are not yet ended. A less God-pursuaded soul would long ere this have either given up in despair or have driven into some act of treason or of desperation. But we see David, through all his vicissitudes, holding true to Israel and to Israel's God. For he knew in his heart that he was Israel's future king, under the trees of the forest was the real royal court. And that it had its high compensation his lesson indicates. We are reminded of those brave words of Shakspeare's exile-duke in the forest of Ardon:

> "Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
> Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
> Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
> More free from peril than the envious court?
> * * * * * * *
> Sweet are the uses of adversity
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
> And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

The town of David. There was now quite an army of David's adherents though not all of them, perhaps, with him in this cave. Four hundred came to him at Adullam (ch. 22:2). Saul had just returned from a momentary break with the pestilent Philistines, resuming his pur-uit of David with redoubled vigor. Adullam was a town, the cave was doubtless large with hidden resources allowing such whispered conference. The cliffs of Engedi were 2,500 feet above the Dead Sea, in the far north of Judea.——*Behold the day.* Probably pointing at the same time toward the sleeping Saul visible at the mouth of the cave, themselves being in the dark interior. *Will deliver thine enemy.* Probably the subject of repeated conversations and based upon the command-ation of Saul in 1 Sam. 15:23. *Not thou suspect,* rather, *and touch shalt,* the simple conviction your being near. *Privily.* Secretly or stealthily. An indication of David's prowess.

Cut off. When he had crept back after the initial reconnoiter. *David's heart smote him.* The verb means to hurt or punish. A sensitive heart, such as David had, is itself a monitor.——*Because he had cut off Saul's skirt,* as the margin intimates, the skirt "which was Saul's." The emphasis is on the fact that it belonged to Saul, the Lord's anointed.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

The men of David. They were no uncommon men, greatness seems to be, in some degree, gregarious. Might provokes might. It was a wonderful day in Israel's history. A day of great crises, and of great moral development, and the men with whom David surrounded himself there in his palace of the forests were only less valorous and true than David himself. Read the account of those who came to him in the twelfth chapter of First Chronicles. There is not usually much inspiration in catalogues of names, but you can scarcely peruse this catalogue without feeling your blood tingle. One of the leading convention speakers of the West has made during all of his most stirring discourses. They came with a figuring purpose "armed with bows," they could "use both the right hand and the left" in hurling or shooting, faces "like the faces of lions," with the speed upon the mountains. There in the "hold" at that time "day by day" such men came to David "to help him" until, as we read, "it was a great host, *like the host of God.*" The Lord has prepared help for his anointed. If we are in his cause enlisted, though we be apparently unhappily situated as David in banishment, yet, be assured, the Lord will send us "mighty men, helpers of the war."

David's heart smote him. The shepherd-king had now part of his heritage of the herd. A good conscience. One of his marked characteristics was his tenderheartedness. It appears all through his wonderful songs, making them the fit vehicles for the conveyance of Christian sentiment. We have been perusing again that soul-full Fifty-first Psalm. The sinner's psalm. It has been called. the psalm of penitence. "Have mercy upon me, O God."—"blot out my transgressions"—"wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity"—"cleanse me from my sins"—"I acknowledge my transgressions"—my sin is ever before me."—"Against thee, thee only, have I sinned and done this evil in thy sight!" What a burst of true confession and of real repentance! Thank God for that smiting heart of David! It was taught us the vocabulary of penitence and the way of access to the throne of grace.

Wherefore hearest thou men's words? Doubtless there were men who envied David. There are many instances that he was basely calumniated and slandered at court. He needed a friend like Jonathan there, because he had so many enemies. Beginning with the Fifty-fifth verse there are a group of poetic laments that especially emphasize this situation of affairs in David's life. Psalm Fifty-fifth we have reached in our study Bible. *"The Exile's Psalm."* "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." David cries, and his complaints of one who has proven traitor and false-hearted. "A man mine equal, my guide and mine acquaintance." Psalm Fifty-sixth we term *"The Martyr's Psalm."*—"Be merciful unto me, O God, for man would swallow me up." Psalm Fifty-seventh, *"The Suppliant's Psalm."* "In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge." Psalm Fifty-eighth, *"The Defendant's Psalm."* "Do you indeed speak righteousness, O congregation? do you judge uprightly, O ye sons of men?" Psalm Fifty-ninth, *The Fugitive's Psalm.* "Deliver me from mine enemies, O my God." Certainly David was a man who knew by actual hailing of men's tongues. And yet David prevailed.

But mine hand shall not be upon thee. We see from here David's wise policy of quelling. He trusted to God's judgment and to God's time. How hopefully rings out his verse in that martyr *Psalm:* "When I cry unto them, then shall mine enemies turn back: this I know, *for God is for me!*" He did not mean non-resistance. That was far from the policy of David's campaign of unceasing watchfulness. It simply meant calm hope and trust in God. He waited patiently on the Lord. He submitted his case to God. In fact, as v. 15 intimates, his whole judicature from with Jehovah—bench, bar, and final appeal. He acted as in the words of Isaiah (33: 22), "For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our law-giver, the Lord is our King. Certainly then one might add with confidence, he will save us." A faint prefigurement here of Him who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." This then the reason for not—his patient, therefore, brotherly, unto the coming of the Lord."

Is this thy voice, my son David? Or dropping the interrogational word: "This thy voice, my son David? This sounds like thee, David; this is what at heart I really thought thou wast." So, in sense, Saul responds. It is David's voice "speaking." Such is the case. Above the clamorous slanders of saul's courtiers sounds now this clear note from David's lips, and, for the time, at least, it is very sweet to Saul's ear. It stirs him back for a happy moment to his old-time relations. The herd son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite; and he weeps. O, there is nothing like a calling back of hearts. It is mercy that breaks the hard heart. We build our sturdy cathedrals, we organize religious campaigns, we preach, sing, pray. The world is not much moved. Father Dundon gives his simple life in sheer compassion; and all the world pauses in deference and respect. For better than David's victories over Saul with sword and spear was that triumph of mercy at Engedi.

Next Lesson—"Death of Saul and His Sons." 1 Sam. 31: 1-13.

Cool.

"I saw a man engaged in a cool proceeding yesterday."

"What was that?"

"Driving an ice wagon."

Very Risky Indeed.

To tamper with symptoms indicative of growing kidney disorder; to neglect for a brief time needful attenuation of the renal organs when their inactivity points, as it always and unmistakably does, to their eventual permanent disease, is certainly very risky indeed. This is, however, a risk that many persons perceptibly drifting into Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, etc., constantly incur. To those who read, reflect and heed the lessons of recorded experience, the advisability of using Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a diuretic needs scarcely more than a suggestion. No fact is more generally admitted by the medical profession and the public than its efficacy for the prevention of certain renal diseases. The immediate excitants of commerce, no matter how pure, bear in mind, react prejudicially upon the kidneys when inactive. The Bitters subdues malaria, constipation and rheumatism.

Anything But That.

Benedict—You saw that man over there? He is a person whom I shall never forgive.

Bluffkins—What has he done to you? Robbed you?

"Worse than that. I shall never forgive him."

"Ruined your character by slandering you, perhaps?"

"A thousand times worse. He did me an irreparable injury."

"Cheated you in some way, then?"

"That would be nothing. I could forgive him for that."

"Then what in goodness' name did he do to you that you are so bitter against him?"

"He is the minister who married me."
—*Lawrence American.*

The Best Testimonial

Yet published for any blood medicine is the *printed guarantee* of the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which *warrants* that wonderful medicine to benefit or cure in all cases of those diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded. It cures all diseases arising from torpid liver and impure blood, and their names are *legion.* All Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, Eruptions, Sores and Swellings, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin, Blotches, Tetter, Erysipelas and kindred diseases are among those in which the "Discovery" effected marvelous cures.

When everything else fails Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures. 50 cents, by druggists.

An Insult to the Cloth.

Einstein—Don't talk to your father, Roy. I tole you I wouldn't go mit der ball game. You hear dot?

Roy—But, father, you neber vent yet. You don't know if you would enchoy it.

Einstein—Ya, I vent vonce, and so soon as I come on der ground a feller hollered "three balls!" I vouldn't hef der business insulted dot way.—*America.*

To Those Interested.

Hastings, Mich., April 22, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

Gents—This is to certify that I had been troubled with rheumatism in all its forms for the past twelve years, and was confined to my bed at various periods from three to six months at a time, and I could get relief only by the aid of crutches. I employed several first-class physicians of this city, some of whom effected a cure or gave temporary relief, at most.

About two years ago I was induced to try Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and, after taking a few bottles I experienced relief, and now consider myself cured. I unhesitatingly recommend this medicine to rheumatism. I know what it has done for me, what physicians could not do, i. e., cured me of rheumatism.

Mrs. H. J. Kenfield.

Ask your druggist for it.
I certify to the above statement.
Fred L. Heath, Druggist.

Almost Strangers.

Mr. Nowkonut—Mr. Lamb, I have been recommended by Mr. Wells, the broker, to purchase my meat from you. He says you not very liberality with him and give him good meat. You are acquainted with him, are you not?

Mr. Lamb—O, yes, but not intimately as I once was.

"How is that?"

"Because I don't see him as often as when he paid me cash."—*Time.*

"The days of miracles are past." That may be, and yet some of the most wonderful things ever witnessed by the human family have occurred within the last decade. Not the least of these wonders is the success which the agents of B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., are meeting. Write them for particulars. They will show you how to work wonders.

Books, like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a most nourishing food and medicine. It heals the irritation of the throat and lungs, and gives flesh and strength quicker than any other remedy known. It is very palatable, having none of the disagreeable taste of the crude oil.

AT a stand still—the Pea-nut business.—*New York News.*

Nearly every article sold is cheapened, in cost of production, at expense of quality. Doubling the size of Pearline would only swell it, it was in 1865, *absolutely* pure harmless and uniform. Ask your grocer for it.

Why is the mosquito like charity? Because it begins to hum.—*Texas Siftings.*

A 10c. smoke for 5c.—"Tansill's Punch."

Strictly plain—the stern practice.—*New York Journal.*

Salt Rheum

Often causes great misery with its intense itching and burning. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, cures salt rheum, and all skin diseases. It thoroughly cleanses, renovates, and enriches the blood. Give it a trial.

"After the failure of three skillful physicians to cure my boy of salt rheum, I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and Olive Ointment. I have now used four boxes of Ointment and one and a half bottles of Sarsaparilla, and the boy is to all appearances completely cured. He is now four years old, and has been afflicted since he was seven months old." Mrs. B. Sanderson, 36 Newhall Street, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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SENT FREE on receipt of stamp. Address THEODORE HOLLAND, P. O. Box 120, P. Hadia., Pa.

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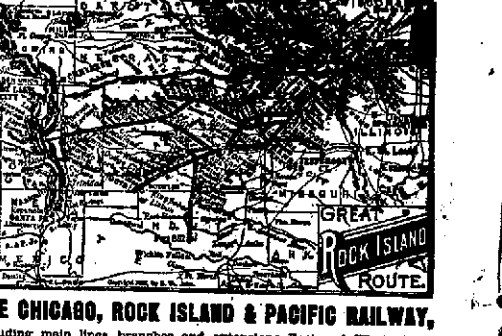

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SABBATH READING.

It Has Been Said That a Holy Life is a Continual Sermon.

THE CHURCHES AND THE PEOPLE

She Mistook Him for a Sinner—Saved by a Hymn—Things Unlike a Christian.

She Mistook Him for a Sinner.

Ministers, as a rule, are as fond of a good joke as other people, no matter whether they are the joker or the victim. One evening recently, when Mrs. Van Cott was holding revival meetings in St. Paul, a party of ministers, including Rev. Dr. Dewart of the Bates Avenue Church, were present, and in response to a request by Mrs. Van Cott gave "experience talk." The Bates avenue minister was the only one who failed to respond, and was made the subject of remarks from the pulpit, the lady not knowing that Dr. Dewart was also a minister.

Finally she came down from the pulpit and, standing directly over him, said: "Young man, unless you repent of your sins and walk in the narrow path, your soul will be forever lost." Seeing that she was laboring under a misapprehension, the reverend gentleman good-naturedly listened to the exhortations, while his ministerial brethren were forced to laugh outright. Noticing the broad smiles, Mrs. Van Cott suspected the truth and returned to the pulpit. After the services a good laugh was indulged in.

The Churches and the People.

"Mr. Moody says, not unkindly or supercilliously, that 'the churches do not reach the masses of the people.' The newspapers frequently say the same thing, and it is much to be feared," says the *Churchman*, "that Mr. Moody and the newspapers say nothing but the truth. 'The churches' do not reach the people. Many of them are not intended to reach 'the people.'. We may as well take notice of the fact; for fact it is, and it is the most deplorable fact in the popular christianity of the time, that its 'churches' are not in a true sense popular. In great cities the tendencies of 'the churches' are to follow wealth, leaving the districts in which the masses of people are found, and crowding together in manifest rivalry in wealthy districts. With most of them this is simply a necessity. They are not endowed; they have no means of support except the voluntary offerings or pew rents of their congregations. To attract a congregation they have adopted expensive ways of conducting divine service. It has come to be understood that if people are to attend public worship they must be entertained. The duty of public worship has been lost sight of."

Things Unlike a Christian.

It is not like a Christian to come into church on the Lord's day, after the worship has commenced, and sit down as if you had nothing to be ashamed of.

It is not like a Christian to stare about during the service, and to be busied in pulling on your gloves and arranging you dress whilst the acts of worship are being offered.

It is not like a Christian to wander from you own church and to choose to meet with a strange congregation, when the members of your own church are assembled for worship.

It is not like a Christian to absent yourself from the prayer-meeting, when a little sacrifice would enable you to attend.

It is not like a Christian to subscribe $1 for missions, while you can afford to subscribe $10.

It is not like a Christian to gauge the amount of contributions by what others give, and to over-look the rule which requires us to give as God hath prospered us.

It is very unlike a Christian to absent yourself from church when a special collection is to be taken.

It is very unlike a Christian to go out of your church when the Supper of the Lord is to be observed.

It is not like a Christian to leave others to teach the young, and visit and instruct the ignorant adults, when you have ah opportunity in the good work.

It is not like a Christian to give labor and substance to unbside societies when your own church stands in need of your help.

It is not like a Christian to deem anything unimportant which Christ has commanded, or to treat with indifference matters relating to church-government because they are not essential to salvation.

It is not like a Christian to be a self seeker, or to overlook the rule that whether we eat or drink, or what an ever we do, we are to do all for the glory of God.—*Christian Inquirer.*

Saved by a Hymn.

The wonderful faith and trust of the Huguenots carried them through many perils. The following story of the early pioneer life is only one of many such:

Three years after their arrival in Kingston, a woman, Catherine Dubois, wife of Louis Dubois, and three of their children, were seized by prowling Indians and carried into captivity, and all the efforts of the distressed husband and father to trace them proved unavailing.

At length a friendly Indian came and told him that if he would follow Roundout Creek and up Wallkill River, to a certain point in the forest, he would find the Indian camp where his wife and children were; but that he must go in haste, for the savages would soon put the captives to torture and death. The unhappy man started immediately, with a company of friends, through the wilderness, and arrived barely in time to stop the barbarous preparations before the prisoners' lives were sacrificed. Dubois and his men fell upon the camp, and soon routed the Indians; and when he saw his wife and children safe again, he had time to contemplate the fate she had just escaped, and to learn the astonishing details. Mrs. Dubois told him that the savages had placed her on a pile of dry wood, to burn her alive; and just before they applied the torch, she looked up to Heaven and began to sing a hymn. The singing seemed to charm the Indians, and the torturer waited with the fire-brand in his hand. They listened till she finished the hymn; and then visibly softened, they bade her "sing another." She complied, and again they said "sing another;" and thus she sang hymn after hymn of hope and holy trust in God, while the savages listened, pleased, and apparently filled with a kind of awe, at the sound of a death music they had never heard before, until the rescuers surprised them, and the precious life was saved.

In gratitude to God for this remarkable deliverance, Louis Dubois and his companions, so continues the tradition, determined to commence a settlement on the spot where the Christian wife and mother so nearly met her death. So the town of New Paltz was founded; and the Reformed Church edifice now stands only about a hundred yards from the place where Catherine Dubois sang her hymns of faith on her funeral pile.

DAVID CROCKETT.

The people down in Tennessee are collecting money for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to David Crockett, who perished in the Alamo. Crockett was born in Tennessee, where he was also raised.

The original David Crockett will live in American history for ever. He was as brave as a lion, as tenderhearted as a woman, and full of natural wit. He was also a mighty hunter, and a warrior from the ground up. He was a natural orator, and although uneducated, he could make a more effective stump speech than any college graduate that was ever pitted against him. On one occasion, when addressing the backwoodsmen in a district where he was comparatively unknown, he opened his speech by saying: "Fellow citizens, when I first arrived here I supposed I had no friends. But I hear the woods are full of them. Listen to them calling 'Crocket! Crocket!!' He referred to numerous bull-frogs in an adjoining swamp that were making the air musical with their croaking, which sounded so much like "Crockett, Crockett!" that the crowd of backwoodsmen gave way to homeric laughter. Crockett was the hero of the hour, and the eloquence of his opponent availed him naught, as the audience imitated the frogs and called for Crockett.

On one occasion when Crocket had no money to carry on the canvass in a certain frontier settlement, he shot a coon and sold the skin to the bar-keeper for two quarts of whisky, which he used to enhance his popularity among the suffragans. When the bartender was not looking, Crockett abstracted the coon-skin, and obtained two more quarts for it, the bartender imagining that it was a different skin. This little game Crocket repeated six times, until he became popular with the masses.

To those who know him in Texas, Crockett is described as the perfect embodiment of jolly good nature. He did not know the meaning of the word dismal. He was like Bachus, ever young and fair. He was a good performer on the violin, and when he was not fiddling, telling stories, or singing songs, he was fighting Mexicans. No doubt he cheered up the spirits of the doomed men in the Alamo with his joyful, rollicking fun, even when the shades of death were closing around them.—*Texas Siftings.*

DANGERS OF TIGHT CLOTHING.

Now that rational ideas as to dress have acquired a definite place in public esteem, it may be imagined that the practice of tight lacing and customs of a like nature, if known at all, are not what they used to be. A case of sudden death lately reported from Birmingham, England, proves that it is still too early to indulge in such illusory ideas. The deceased, a servant girl of excitable temperament, died suddenly in an epileptoid fit, and the evidence given before the Coroner respecting her death attributed the fatal issue to asphyxia, due in a great measure to the fact that both neck and waist were unnaturally constricted by her clothing, the former by a tight collar, the latter by a belt worn under the stays. There is no organ of the body whose free movement is at such times more important than the heart. Yet on the one hand we find its movement is hampered by a tight girdle so placed that it could with difficulty be undone at a critical moment and on the other a contrivance admirably adapted to allow the passage to the brain, while impeding its return. This is no isolated case as regards its essential character, though, happily, somewhat singular in its termination. Minor degrees of asphyxiation are still submitted to by a good many of the self-torturing children of vanity. The tight corset and the high heel still work mischief on the bodies of their devoted wearers. Taste and reason combine to deprecate their injurious and vulgar bondage, and by no means unsuccessfully. Still, the evil maintains itself to a dangerous degree.

IN THE EARLY DAWN.

Proprietor of museum—I am glad to see that you are looking out for my interest so well. That last freak—the girl who hasn't slept for fourteen years—is a dandy——

Manager—Sh—h! Not so loud. She has just gone into the next room, and she told me not to wake her until half an hour of show time.

A HORSE may pull with all his might, but never with his name.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle Anent Maternity Mother, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

A Conscientious Girl.

They were sitting by the seaside in the calm twilight hour and Penelope, a soft Boston girl, felt her being diffused with the tender emotions of the hour and scene and company.

Suddenly she leaned too far forward and plashing waves received her graceful form.

Clarence was only quick enough to seize her hair.

"Will it hold, dearest? Is it your own?" he asked.

"Ah Clarence," and the lustrous eyes gazed up at him with a rapt expression, "I can not tell a lie, the bill has not yet been presented."—*Epoch.*

Health of House Mothers.

So much depends upon a woman's health that I wonder young wives do not consider it more. Let your physical well-being be a chief consideration. Let nothing deter you from taking your daily walk. Have plenty of sunshine admitted into your home. Spend as much time as possible in the open air. While generally speaking early rising is healthful, yet if you feel that you cannot get up at the regular hour, do not do so. Nature never makes mistakes, and if she demands another hour of slumber you will be the gainer by yielding. Have your meals at proper times. If your husband is detained at his shop beyond the regular dinner hour, let no sentimental consideration induce you to wait for him beyond fifteen minutes. By adhering to this you will develop in him a remarkable punctuality. Above all things keep cheerful. Do not let trifles ruffle your serenity. I am satisfied that cheerfulness does more to promote health than all other efforts.

Just Like a Man.

Many pairs of eyes have opened very wide in amazement at the sight of a black-eyed and bright-faced young woman in the engine-room of the steamer Ocean City, which plies on Great Egg Harbor Bay, between Long Port, Ocean City, and Somers Point, N. J., and when passengers see the ease and familiarity with which she handles the wheels and levers of the engine they hold their breath for a few seconds to see what stranger things can happen. The young lady is Mrs. Nora Buck, and she makes as efficient an assistant to her husband, the engineer of the Ocean City, as any man who could be put in her place. She is skilled in the management of the machinery, and presides over the engine room with perfect confidence and complacency.

Mrs. Buck is the granddaughter of Com. Lavelotte, and the daughter of the founder of Lavalette City, N. J., upon the water she is always at home, and can handle an oar or sail a yacht like an expert. She is 19 years old, and a perfect picture of health, weighing about 130 pounds. Her hair and eyes are black, and her Tam O'Shanter hat, cambric dress and big checked apron are a pleasant sight to the people who patronize the Ocean City. Aside from the novelty of her position in the engine-room, her bright face and pleasant manners have made her a great favorite with people who visit Atlantic City and other neighboring places along the shore.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Women in Commerce.

Capt. H. S. Lubbock, Superintending Inspector of the First District, returned recently from a tour of inspection of steamers in the Portland district. Since his arrival here his attention has been called to an article lately published in regard to what women can do and are doing in the way of earning a livelihood. The article spoke of a lady who was engineer of a steamer on the Columbia River, and, thinking that a history of the fair one might prove interesting, a *Chronicle* reporter called on Capt. Lubbock with a view of learning something of this paragon. She is not an engineer, as was stated, but is master of the vessel. There is but one other lady captain known in the United States, who has a master's license on the Mississippi River.

The lady commander of the Columbia was born in Albany, Oregon, in 1865, and lived at that place until a short time before her marriage with Charles Hill, which took place in 1883. Mr. Hill was at that time purser of the steamer Joseph Kellogg. He continued in this position for three years, being assisted in his duties by his young wife. Living economically all this time, they managed to save $1,000. With this money they purchased an old schooner and converted her into a trading boat, putting a small engine into her. Mrs. Hill's next step was to take out a second-class master's license. She had studied navigation, and had thoroughly learned the Columbia and Williamette Rivers while assisting her husband, and she passed her examination without any trouble. Her husband obtained an engineer's license in December, 1885, for the steamer Minnie Hill to run from Portland to Astoria, a distance of 110. Then they brought a stock of goods on credit and launched into a trading business at the various points on the Columbia River.

Their venture was crowned with success, and in the second year their business had assumed such proportions that they were obliged to get a larger steamer, for which they paid $3,000, money which had been made by them during their first year of trading, besides paying off all indebtedness. They bought the Chatsap Chief, and November 20, 1887, Mrs. Capt. Hill applied for and was granted a master's and pilot's license, and on that day she entered on her duties as commander of the Chatsap Chief, while her husband went on as engineer. A large stock of goods was put on board, as they had found it profitable to branch out and take in more territory. Another year followed and their fortune was established.

Capt. Minnie Hill and her husband and their trading was known all over the Columbia and Willamette Rivers. The Captain had won the heart of every one by her happy disposition, her kindly heart, and charming manners, while the engineer was equally well liked for his upright and manly qualities. In another year they bought the steamer General Newde for $7,500. The steamer is 111 5-12 feet in length, 20 5-12 feet beam, and has a depth of hold of 5 feet. Their business is flourishing greater than ever. They now carry nearly every article that can be found in a general merchandise store. Engineer Hill runs the lower deck, where he looks after the men's wants, and the Captain dickers with the women on the upper deck, and is said to be an excellent hand at making a shrewd bargain. She steers their ships of life, and her husband gallantly responds to the bells, and "goes ahead" or "slows down" as she directs, and a happier couple is unknown. When not on the river their home is at Portland, where it is said they have accumulated property to the amount of about $25,000.

Mrs. Capt. Hill is a handsome brunette, about five and one-half feet in height and weights about 140 pounds. She has the happy faculty of making friends, and no one is more highly thought of among her large circle of acquaintances than is Mrs. Capt. Minnie Hill.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE OTHER SIDE.

The possessor of tact always has his wits about him, and never runs the risk of giving offence, no matter how pachydermatous his companions may be. Few people really enjoy being told that they are unduly pale or red, thin or stout; so, unless you can say "How well you are looking!" it were better to make no remark on the personal appearance of your friend. Never tell a lady who has on a particularly becoming gown or bonnet that she looks ten years younger in that than in anything you have seen her wear. That is at best but a dubious compliment. You mean it to be flattering, but it is equivalent to saying, "All your other gowns are unbecoming and make you look old." No woman wants one garment praised at the expense of every other that she possesses. Don't tell her, either, that it is the most becoming thing you have ever seen her wear. That is an impeachment of her taste heretofore, though you probably may have no such thought. If you should notice a bit of black court-plaster on a friend's cheek, don't try to be witty by pointing to it and asking him if he has been fighting; he knows it is there, certainly, or it would not be there, hence it is superfluous as well as offensive to speak of it. Whatever pertains to one's toilet is of a strictly private nature and the well-bred stranger or friend intermeddleth not. When elderly persons are present don't tell how you dread and hate the thought of old age. Never, when in mixed company, introduce subjects of conversation that might prove offensive to ordinarily sensitive people, as for the rest, by conscientiously observing the politeness which comes from the heart, even the hyper-sensitive are comparatively safe in your presence, and beyond the danger of receiving any serious offence.

A CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

"My son," said an Indiana man to his 9-year-old boy, "you are about to enter into the mysteries of this great world around you. Before doing so it will be necessary to pass a searching ordeal. Are you ready for the trial?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where have you been to-day?"

"Been fishing."

(Murmurs of applause from his fond mother.)

"Did you run away from home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inside the schoolhouse for the past week?"

"No, sir."

"What did you do yesterday?"

"Stole some lead pipe and sold it to the junkshop for money to buy a matinee ticket."

"Do you go to the theater often?"

"Twice a week."

"My son, the examination is satisfactory. I have now the pleasure of presenting to you one of the emblems of your future profession in this world as the boss honest boy of the city. It is a little hatchet, what will you do with it?"

"Trade it off for a pint of peanuts and two fire balloons."

"Correct. The candidate is ready for initiation. His mother will provide herself with a skate strap and take him into the bath-room and administer to him the first degree. No other business being now before the lodge, I declare it closed until the next regular meeting."—*Wasp.*

JUST AS GOOD AS AN EARTHQUAKE.

Mrs. Casey—Oi do hear tell, Mrs. Flynn, that in California th' earthquakes are that violent as to break dishes and knock off any little ornaments on th' mantlepaces.

Mrs. Flynn—Sure, an' that's nothin'! Moy man, Moike, do do th' same ting ivry blissed Saturday nite, when he do come home drunk.—*Life.*

"PEOPLE live to a great age now, do they not, doctor?" "Yes; but don't indulge in false hopes. They are usually men of brains."—*Boston Gazette.*

THE STAGE.

Current Gossip About Prominent Players and Professionals.

WITH A LITTLE HUMOR ADDED.

Various Fancies of the Footlight Realm—Movements of Noted Stars on Both Sides of the Ocean.

HELEN RUSSELL, is to play Violet Mondo a, in "A Possible Case."

IT is said that young lady ushers will be an experiment in a New York theater next season.

MINNIE SELIGMAN will play the heroine of Harry Lee's new melodrama, "The Suspect."

T. W. KEENE is this year managed by Ariel Barney, as are also Miss Julia Marlowe, and Miss Mather.

JOHN HARVEY is "booking time" for the starring tour this season of his daughter Hattie and Edward D. Lyons.

HELEN DAUVRAY will not act this season after all, owing to the opposition of John Montgomery Ward, her husband.

A REAL Irish jaunting car has been employed in Advertising "The Fairy's Well," all in the interest of dramatic art.

EDWIN BOOTH has donated $500 for the formation of a library to bear his name in his native town of Bel Air, Md.

HOLMES GROVER, JR., actor and playwright, died lately at Helena, Mont., from the effects of an overdose of morphine.

DESPITE all reports to the contrary, Manager F. G. Gilmore will star Mrs. Leslie Carter so soon as a play can be found to suit her capacity.

MRS. POTTER started in some time ago to elevate the stage; but she hasn't got it high enough yet for us to see it over the hats of the ladies in front.

CARLETON, the opera manager, after spending $5,000 in costumes for the production of "The Brigands," has just discovered that Rudolph Aronson owns the copyright by purchase.

MISS MARY ANDERSON is now in Scotland, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. William Black, at their country-seat, near Oban. Later on she will visit Lord and Lady Tennyson in the Isle of Wright.

WHEN Salvini begins his tour in this country, Wesley Sisson, who represents A. M. Palmer during the latter's absence in the management of his two theaters, will go with him as manager.

MISS VICTORIA YORKE will be supported this season by Mme. Nancaze, Miss Vernon, Miss Agnes Acres and Messrs. Charles W. Butler, Fred Sidney, Leighton Baker and Walter Thomas. Miss Yokes has not decided with what play she will open the season, but "Hubby," the English success, is likely to be chosen.

MR. DANIEL DAY, who is to star this season in the Dalys' greatest success, "Upside Down," has engaged a company of remarkable clever actors to support him. Many changes have been made in the comedy, and it will be brighter and more enjoyable than ever. The character which Mr. Daly plays in the second part was created by him, and is a study from rural life.

Stuart Robson's company next season will consist of Messrs. James E. Wilson, George S. Woodward, Frank Murdamt, Edward J. Ratcliffe, Ernest Tarleton, John L. Wonderson, Revel Garmaine, Thomas Murden, Herbert Blanchard, and the Misses Eugenia Lindeman, May Waldron, Helen Mar, Katherine Florence, Jennie R. Rushy, Mario Murchison, and Mrs. Agatha Hallam and William R. Hayden, manager.

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL and Joseph Haworth have for several years been intimate friends, and Mr. Haworth has often been a welcome visitor to the colonel's house. The other day the colonel, hearing that Mr. Haworth was going to star in Paul Kauvar, wrote him one of his characteristic letters, saying, among other things: "No one can or ever will play that character better than you do. You get out of it all that is in it, and, in it all that it will hold."

FRANCIS LEON, known all over the world as "the only Leon," and for a long time identified with Kelly & Leon's minstrels, has returned to the active field of entertainment and has organized a comedy company which presents several unique features. It is to give Vaudeville in a refined manner somewhat after the style of the Yokes, and in one of the pieces Leon will be returned to the public in those specialties of dancing, singing and character mimetics for which he has long been famous.

THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE, who was criticised for leaving "King Cole" in order to join "The Fakir," states that he was under no contract to Mr. Dickson, manager of the former piece; that he gave Mr. Dickson two weeks' notice before leaving; that the managers of "The Fakir" gave the management of the Columbia Theater three weeks' notice; that Mr. Dickson still owes him (Seabrooke) for his last four performances, and also for several protested notes which Mr. Seabrooke holds.

LOUIS ALDRICH'S efforts to compel Richard Mansfield to pay duties upon the scenery and costumes of "Richard III., just arrived from England, have not been successful. The customs authorities, acting upon the precedent afforded by the memorable Mapleson case, having ordered the scenery, etc., to be admitted free of duty, on the ground that theatrical properties were not for sale, but were transferred from place to place for the purpose of public stage representations.

FREDERICK DE BELLEVILLE, Clara Morris' leading man is back from Europe.

SIDNEY LEE, an old actor, and Mrs. Henrietta De Bar, widow of the rare old Ben De Bar, the once famous St. Louis actor and manager, are to be admitted to the Forrest Home, Philadelphia.

AGNES HUNTINGTON, one of the most prominent American prima donna, has become quite a favorite in London since she was engaged by the late Carl Rosa to sing the title role of the comic opera "Paul Jones" at the Prince of Wales Theater. The *Era* and other English papers speak in the highest praise of her singing in a recent concert she gave in London in aid of the Johnstown sufferers.

ARONSON of the New York Casino wishes it stated that he bought all the American rights to the "The Brigands" from Bousey & Co., London, and Colombier, Paris, three years ago. He doesn't say they had any right to sell them, but he probably means that they have. He advances the startling opinion that if the opera had been a failure at the Casino there would have been no attempts to pirate it, and adds that he will prosecute all who try to do so "to the extent of the law."

WILSON BARRETT had intended to produce Good Old Times in America himself, but he has come to the conclusion that the drama is a trifle too lurid in its character for him to personally identify himself with over here. He has therefore sold the American rights of the play to Col. W. E. Sinn, manager of the Parker Theater, Brooklyn. Mr. Barrett will substitute "The Lord Harry," a former London success, and a romantic drama, of which he is co author, in his repertoire.

VICTORIA YORKE is stopping at her sister's flat in New York, while Rosina Vokes is in Europe recuperating, and selecting a few more pieces for her coming tour. The only two members of the Vokes family now surviving are the youngest, since Jessie and Fred are both dead. The extraordinary popularity of the family, both socially and dramatically, in America, has led Victoria to follow in her sister Rosina's footsteps, so that two light comedy companies will tour the country this year bearing the name of Vokes.

A WELL-KNOWN actor who has made a fortune and a generous measure of fame before a gray hair or a crow's foot has dared to obtrude upon his natural vanity, is opposed to the common croaking about the alluged degeneracy of the stage. There is, he avers, a deal of unadulterated rot in the "palmy days" chestnut. Actors are now better paid and plays are better acted and better staged than at any previous time during my stage life. More than that, the actor is progressing in other directions. The set who could night after night disappoint and insult the public and still retain favor, is known among us no more. The "wrecked genius"—the fellow who never amounted to anything until he became notorious through drunkenness—was one of the conspicuous figures of the "palmy days." Still, I will confess that in certain characters Edwin Forrest, in his old age, was so much greater than any other actor I have seen, that there is absolutely no plane of comparison. But you needed to close your eyes. The grand old man became a student at 60, and died with the pages of the master open before him.

GEN. CUSTER, Lawrence Barrett and Stuart Robson went over to Brooklyn years ago to hear Mr. Beecher preach. After the sermon the three went around to the house of a friend where Mr. Beecher was to come immediately after church. They were seated in the parlor chatting as the great preacher came in. The names had been given to him in the hall. As soon as he reached the threshold of the parlor door he said, "Mr. Robson!" The actor went over and extended his hand. "I am delighted to see you, delighted to see you. But you are a much younger looking man than I expected to find." "Oh, I am 46 years, at least, Mr. Beecher," replied Robson. "I shouldn't think it, sir; I shouldn't think it. You are a very young man to be Secretary of the Navy." "I am not Mr. Robson, the Secretary of the Navy, but Mr. Robson, actor." "Oh, it makes no difference," said Mr. Beecher, "I am glad to see you notwithstanding my mistake." But he lost no time in turning from him to pay court to Gen. Custer. As he had made a mistake on the political end he made up for it by paying court to the military here until the discussion became general.

MRS. MADGE KENDAL in her racy theatrical sketches says: "I have often been asked whether actors who play minor parts conspicuously well spring suddenly into more prominent positions. The question reminds me of an incident which occurred in a play by Arthur Sketchley, the well-known author of the 'Mrs. Brown' series. He had written a three-act drama called 'Blanche,' which my husband and I, on a tour at the time, were playing at the Alexander Theater, Liverpool. The plot was taken from an old French drama, and consisted of a woman being falsely accused of poisoning her husband. It was very hard work. I remember, for three acts for every one in the play. In the last scene, when the villain steps forward and denounces the heroine with the words, 'You poisoned your husband. I saw you put the poison in the glass at such and such a time,' a black man servant comes forward and says 'Liar!' I am sorry to say that this was the only occasion for genuine applause throughout the play. So great was the success of the minor actor that he immediately jumped into a most prominent position in the provinces and became a leading man. Whether he has kept his position till now I do not know, for I have lost sight of him."

INDIANA HAPPENINGS.

EVENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crime, Casualties and General News Notes.

Colored Millionaires Discovered.

The descendants of Benjamin Talbott, colored, by claim to about six hundred and forty acres, covering the central portion of Logansport. Talbott, while a slave, settled at Logansport fifty-three years ago, with Mr. McBane and family, from Yellow Springs, Ky. He bought from the Government 640 acres of land and lived on it until the passage of the fugitive slave law, when he abandoned his property and fled to Canada. He never returned to claim it, but often spoke of it to his children. Not long ago, one of them put the matter into the hands of attorneys, who, upon examination, found Talbott's title indisputable. It is said the Wabash and Erie River railroads, with valuable buildings on the Talbott grounds, have already compromised. The entire property is estimated to be worth several millions. There are four sons and two daughters who are the heirs. One of the sons, Henry Talbott, has not been heard of for several years. He was last heard from at Danville, Ky.

Attacked by a Gorilla.

Billy Stewart, of Fort Wayne, proprietor of the Dime Museum, is the owner of a gorilla 7 years old and about half grown. The animal is kept in an iron cage in Stewart's barn when the show is not on the road. The other day a farmer, Isaiah Slade, of Akron, Ohio, intent upon a free look at the curiosity, entered the barn and poked up the gorilla with a stick. A loose bar in the front of the cage had been raised to admit of a panful of victuals, and the enraged animal sprang at the opening with such force that he squeezed his way through. The astonished farmer was ferociously attacked and knocked down. Half of his bushy beard was torn out, his face lacerated, and the beast had begun to wrench his arm when his cuteries attracted Showman Stewart, who beat the gorilla with a billet of wood until he consented to re-enter his cage. Dr. A. C. Boswell, who dressed Slade's wounds, pronounced them very serious.

Return of a Prodigal.

About twenty-five years ago a 10-year-old boy named George Davis, who resided with Isaac Houghland, then a prominent farmer and doctor living in the southern part of Scott County, suddenly disappeared. The day he left he was severely chastised for some offense, and going to the station at Vienna, fell in company with some soldiers and went with them to Louisville, from there he went to Cincinnati, and thence to Nashville, Tenn. In the course of time he married and engaged in farming. Some time since he and his wife separated, and he resolved to return to Scott County in search of his relatives, having never heard from them since his flight. On his arrival he was informed that during his absence his widowed mother had married Asa Broady, and, after his death a few years ago, removed to Kansas, where she now resides. Davis started anew on his journey to find his mother, who has mourned him as dead for years.

Family Poisoned.

A very strange case of poisoning occurred at Greensburg recently. Mr. Lafayette Shelborn has resided on a farm in Adams township, but removed to Greensburg the other day. The family brought with them everything they ate, except bread, which was procured at a bakery. About 10 o'clock at night the entire family was taken violently ill. The physician was sent for and soon pronounced it a case of poisoning. Mr. Shelborn was least affected; his wife and two daughters, aged 8, 10, and 22 respectively, were all very sick, and Ida Cline, a servant, 15 years old, was worse than any of the others. All are better, though the servant is very ill, and her case may yet prove fatal. Dr. Falconbury says that the symptoms indicate poison from croton oil, and he can account for it in no other way than that some miscreant threw some of the oil in the well, and it was brought up by one of the chain pump.

Saved by a Dog.

James Tilson, a young man living east of Franklin, has a dog that no money could buy, for had it not been for the dog he would now have been in his grave. The other day, while young Tilson was plowing on his father's farm, a large black snake, six feet long, jumped on him from the tall grass lining the field, and wound itself around his neck. A terrible battle ensued between Tilson and the snake, and the outcome would probably have been death to the young man had not his large shepherd dog, which had been following him, come to his assistance, and between them the snake was killed. It was an experience that will long be remembered by the young man, and the dog will ever have a kindly feeling from his master.

Minor State Items.

—There are ninety-nine lakes in Steuben County by actual count.

—Mooresville has decided to issue $2,000 bonds and have free gas.

—A team of horses was stung to death by honey bees at Orland recently.

—Lewi Mercer, of Rochester, proposes to open a park at Lake Manitou.

—Gen. B. F. Butler has presented a new flag to the Soldier's Home at Marion.

—Otto Ogden, of Jeffersonville, claims the smallest baby in the world. The little girl weighs but eighteen ounces.

—A new military company is being formed at Crawfordsville, and will be under the charge of Gen. Lew Wallace.

—Receiver A. D. Lynch, of the defunct Richmond Bank, expects to declare another 4 per cent. dividend, making 70 per cent.

—John M. Short, time-keeper of the Evansville and Richmond road at Seymour, attempted suicide with morphine, but failed.

—John Bowman, aged 75, a pioneer and one of the oldest Masons of Clark County, dropped dead suddenly at his home in Bethlehem.

—The people of Wayne County will upon be asked to vote on the purchase of the toll-roads, and an affirmative decision is confidently expected.

FUR R·U·G·S.

These are to be one of The Choicest Novelties for the coming Fall and Winter. We have in store over Five hundred handsome ones.

BEAR,

FOX,

ANGORA,

GOAT.

BLACK RUGS.
WHITE RUGS.
GREY RUGS.
BROWN RUGS.
YELLOW RUGS.
GREEN RUGS.
BLUE RUGS.
RED RUGS.
ECRU RUGS.

And here's another new novelty at just about one fourth the price they usually come at.

THE NOMAD RUG.

For durability there's no other Rug made that will equal them.

SIBERIAN RUGS.
JAPANESE RUGS.
SMYRNA RUGS.
ADELAIDE RUGS.
MOQUETTE RUGS.
BRUSSELS RUGS.

If you want a Rug, we want you to look through this splendid line.

ROOT & COMPANY

MERIT WINS SUCCESS.

No business can prosper year after year that is not run in a square, honest way. People like to trade with prosperous houses, but few people realize, that the reason why they do is because prosperity indicates a meritorious management of one's business.

The continued and rapid growth of our business in this city is especially gratifying to us on this account.

For the fall trade in Furniture, Carpets, Window Draperies, etc., we are offering:

An Entirely New Stock.

Styles the Very Latest Out.

Quality of Workmanship The Very Best the Country Affords.

An Immense Assortment to Select From.

Prices Lower Than Ever.

FOSTER

Furniture Company.

Chattanooga and Return $9.00 Via the Muncie Route.

For those desiring to attend the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, the Muncie route will make the above low rate. Tickets good going September 12 to 19 inclusive, and returning until October 10. This is the only line running into the Grand Central depot and making direct connections at Cincinnati.

For further information apply to

W. H. FISHER,
Gen. Pass. and T'kt Agt.,
10-4t Ft. W., C. & L. R. R.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 14, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

See Nellie McHenry to-night.

Silas S. Bass post met last night.

The Baptist fair will close to-night.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Trott —a girl.

Hon. J. M. Barrett has returned from his trip to Southern Illinois.

The Fort Wayne M. E. college will open the new term next Monday.

Mrs. Fogerty, of Ewing street, has returned from a visit at Clifton, Iowa.

New bells have been placed in the tower of the new St. Paul Lutheran church.

Miss Ella Walters, of Roanoke, is the guest of Miss Laura Caldwell, of Harrison street.

Mr. Albert Gessler's trotting mare has been purchased for the stables of Pearse & Loag.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fox have returned from Mt. Clemens, where Mrs. Fox was under treatment.

Joseph B. Hailey has been appointed postmaster at Leo, this county, vice Victor H. Huller, resigned.

H. B. Hull, of the Constantine, Mich., *Advertiser*, is visiting with his brother, Fred, of the Newspaper Union.

Prof. G. W. Lehr, a graduate of Fort Wayne college, has accepted the principalship of the commercial department in that institution.

Mr. J. H. Roberts, of this city, was elected grand chaplain of the Indiana Grand lodge of Colored Masons at their meeting at Marion, Ind., on Thursday.

Mr. Cyrus Underhill, formerly of Washington township, this county, died at Wilson, Ky., Thursday. Mrs. Underhill will probably return here to reside.

Mr. E. Seidel will arrive home tonight from New York city. He landed from his European trip a couple of days ago. His wife went to New York to meet him.

At the time of the collision in the Lake Shore yards, recently, Mrs. T. J. Casey, of 55 Boone street, received injuries which have proved quite serious, but she is improving.

Mr. Jacob Ertle, the young man from Huntington, who was injured in a runaway accident, is recovering and will soon be able to return home. His parents have been at his bedside.

Commodore Foote and the Fairy Queen (Charles and Eliza Nestle) will leave Monday for Columbus, Ohio, where they will go on the stage again. They may make a tour of the states this season.

Mr. Ben Fisher, the well-known traveling salesman, who used to be connected with A. C. Trentman's wholesale house, but now of Van Wert, is in the city. He stopped over en route home from Mt. Clemens.

Engineer A. J. Yon, of the Nickel Plate, had a close call in the recent wreck at Millersburg. When the collision occurred his engine was going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Jumping saved him from a terrible fate.

Mr. Percy Ravenscraft landed in New York from England on Thursday and will arrive in this city this evening. Mr. Ravenscraft was once a student in the office of Dr. G. W. Long. He is going to finish his dental studies at Ann Arbor, Mich.

The various gas companies of Indiana have a community of interests in having the new law on piping gas outside the state sustained. They have employed attorneys to fight the case in the supreme court, where it came almost by default, from Jay county.

The friends of Mr. Henry Wilhelm, salesman for the Singer Manufacturing company, are very glad to learn of his appointment as traveling salesman for the large music house of Emil Wulsheer, of Indianapolis. Henry is a good salesman and always on hustle.

Yesterday a peculiarly constructed balloon looking much like a parachute, passed over the city to the north, going in a westerly direction. Ex-chief of Police Hugh Diehl saw the object by means of a field glass, and describes it as being made of silk. It sailed at a high altitude.

The Zollinger battery was out for a practical drill last night, and on East Berry street went through their hardy maneuvres like old veterans. Second Lieutenant Mungeon commanded the drill squad, First Lieutenant Ranke was gunner. The drill squad is composed of Darwin Myers, Gus Wafel, Charles Tigar, Mart Cleary, J. Wolf, E. Cutler, Ed. Evans and Charles Thomas.

At 5 o'clock Thursday evening Richard Moer, a porter in the employ of O. W. Petroe & Co's, wholesale house, Lafayette, was caught in the elevator and crushed to death. His shoulder was crushed on the right side and the ribs pressed into the lungs. His neck was also crushed to some extent. After being taken from the elevator he lived about ten minutes, but was unconscious and unable to speak.

It is stated that W. J. Scanlan, the young Irish comedian, is now one of the richest actors on the stage. There is probably a great deal of truth in this, as he has been playing to large business for several years, and is known to be of a saving disposition. "Billy" is a hard worker, and is one of the most industrious young men upon the stage. He has won his place by honest attention to his business, and deserves all the success he has achieved.

Temple to-night.

Secure seats for Nellie McHenry.

Percy Smith has recovered from a sickness.

Mr. R. S. Walchson has gone to Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. Howard McCullough returned today from Petoskey.

Mrs. Judge Zollars and daughter left for Chicago to-day on a visit.

Mr. A. G. Barnett, of the bus barn, has returned from Springfield, Ill.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robinson, of West Superior street—a boy.

Mr. E. C. Smith, of 11 Monroe street, celebrates his forty-third birthday today.

The Nellie McHenry company came here from Sandusky, Ohio, and go to Chicago.

The elegant improvements in the office of the Salamonie company are completed.

Miss Maggie Sinclair, of West De-Wald street, will leave next Monday for Pleasant Lake.

Mr. Andy Luly, salesman for T. R. Pickard & Co., has gone to Michigan for a two weeks' vacation.

Messrs. H. G. Olds and S. C. Lumbard, with their families, arrived home from Bear Lake to-day.

Mr. George Terry, of Bucyrus, Ohio, now holds a position in the Western Union Telegraph office.

Mr. Cass Hunter, of the county treasurer's office, went to Claypool, Ind., today, where his brother, Sidney, is quite sick.

Monthly business meeting of the City Y. M. C. A., on Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

The Wayne Street M. E. church choir will meet this evening for rehearsal under their new leader, Prof. W. F. Heath.

Mrs. George Adams, wife of the money order clerk at the postoffice returns to-day from a visit with friends at Toledo.

Mr. Frank Brooks' drum corps accompanied the Sons of Veterans to Maysville to-day. The party went out in good style.

There will be no services at Trinity Lutheran church to-morrow, Rev. S. M. Wagenhals and his family being at Ebensburg, Pa.

Members of the Sons of Veterans went to Maysville this afternoon, where they will institute a camp. They went out in a band wagon.

Mr. W. H. Fyke, the grocer, is selling out his stock as fast as possible. He will locate in the south below North Carolina somewhere.

Mr. Wm. H. Goshorn, ex-county surveyor, who has been confined to his home on East Washington street with inflammatory rheumatism, is some better.

The public schools will open next Monday. Superintendent J. S. Irwin met the teachers to-day at his office. A list of teachers is published elsewhere in this issue.

The Indiana state fair will be held at Indianapolis, September 23 to 28. Every effort is being made by the management to make the fair the best and most attractive ever held.

A contractor from Angola has commenced work on the new Lake Shore depot, which will be a frame structure to cost about $6,000. New offices for for the freight department will also be built.

Professor W. P. Winter, B. A., of the Ohio Wesleyan university, and Miss Alice Knause, of DePauw university, are in the city preparatory to entering upon their work next week as teachers in Fort Wayne college.

The Anthony Wayne manufacturing company send many of their washing machines to foreign countries. They have an order for a shipment to Moscow, Russia. To-day the firm sent a car-load to New Orleans.

Mr. Hiram Watson, of Eel River township, an old ex-soldier, was in the city to-day. He has been accepted at the Soldiers' home, Dayton, and will leave for that place soon. He was a member of Company A, Thirtieth Indiana regiment.

The minstrels on their arrival Monday will parade through the principal streets of the city. Cal Wagner, Cool Burgess, Billy Birch, Heywood and Mack are old timers, and will surely sustain their wonderful reputation as burnt cork artists Monday evening.

The remains of Mrs. Augusta Siemon will arrive in the city from the east this afternoon at 5 o'clock, over the Pittsburg road, and will be conveyed to the home of the bereaved husband, on the Concordia college grounds. The funeral occurs Monday at 1:30 p. m. from the residence and at 2 o'clock from the St. Paul Lutheran church.

The comedienne, Miss Nellie McHenry, opened her season last Monday in New York, and in two weeks will be on the Pacific coast, where the company try their new piece, "On the Dog," in San Francisco. "Green Room Fun," which is to be presented here to-night, is a very amusing comedy of the highest order and elicits the careful attention of every theatre-goer.

Wabash *Plaindealer*: "The wedding of Emil Rochm, a popular young business man of Fort Wayne, and Miss Hattie Wessner, a well known young lady of this city, occurred last Tuesday evening at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Rochm will make their home in Fort Wayne. The *Plaindealer* joins with the many Wabash friends of the bride in extending congratulations."

The old water house on Lafayette street is being demolished.

Mr. E. H. McDonald and family arrived home from Rome City to-day.

Mr. W. H. Brady, of Root & Co., has returned from a week's vacation spent at Chicago.

A gasoline stove exploded at the residence of A. C. Perrin, but no damage was done.

Francis Romary, as administrator, has filed the final report in the estate of Elizabeth Henry.

South Broadway has been left in a fearful condition by reason of the laying of natural gas mains.

Dr. Greenawalt was called last night to attend a young traveling man named Strong at the Wayne hotel.

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Fort Wayne Driving club at the Wayne hotel Monday evening next.

Mrs. Ellen Holland, aged fifty years, died yesterday at the St. Joe hospital of consumption. She was buried this afternoon.

Dr. W. H. Myers has returned from Evansville, Ind., where he read a paper before the Mississippi Valley Medical association.

All the railroads will bring excursions into the city to-morrow on account of the dedication of the new St. Paul Lutheran church.

The services at the Hebrew temple last evening and this morning were conducted by Rev. Gutmacher and were very interesting.

Messrs. E. G. Anderson and Orren Ross, who are at Petoskey, sent a huge string of fish to Ticket Agent John E. Ross this afternoon.

Mr. A. J. Moynihan, editor of the *Journal*, will to-morrow become a member of the St. Bernard council Catholic Knights of America.

J. M. Head, who has been confined to the City hospital, recovered enough to be taken to his boarding place to-day. He had typhoid malarial fever.

Dr. J. W. Youngo yesterday afternoon extricated a tumor weighing nearly eighteen pounds from the breast of Mrs. W. S. Gephart, who lives near Markle.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Kendall, twin girl babies. Mr. Kendall is connected with the Journey works and he is receiving congratulations right and left.

Mr. D. H. Caldwell, chief train dispatcher in the Nickel Plate offices, found a purse containing a sum of money last night and turned it over to the owner, Mr. Chas. Meegan.

Mr. John Mowrer, of Wooster, Ohio, the venerable father of County Treasurer Mowrer, came to to the city only to find his son on a trip west. He returned home to-day.

Mary Guistoffer, for prostitution, and another for associating with her in an illicit manner over Freistoffer's blacksmith shop, were each fined $5 and costs to-day. The fines were paid.

United States Deputy Marshal Blair returned this afternoon from Indianapolis, where he took Daniel Rhynard, the counterfeiter, who was bound over in the sum of $800. The prisoner will probably furnish bond.

At the commissioners' session this afternoon evidence was heard relating to the validity of Mr. Edward Harper holding office as trustee of Jefferson township. Colonel R. S. Robertson represents Mr. Harper, while Mr. S. L. Morris is counsel for the commissioners.

To-day the county commissioners received a petition from land owners in Maumee township asking that cows and other stock be prevented from running at large. Also one from Marion township. The signers of the Maumee township petition own 8,871½ acres of land. A remonstrance against granting the petition has been received.

This morning 'Squire France performed the matrimonial feat that tied for better or for worse, James McBride and Philippine Eckels. The bridegroom and his bride each wore a nosegay and the suffused blushes of the young lady caused Pegg Miller and several other spectators to smack their lips and cast enviable glances at the young man. Mr. McBride is a new comer here while Miss Eckels has for a time been connected with the Windsor hotel. THE SENTINEL extends congratulations to the young couple.

On next Monday the supreme court will convene. In that court, awaiting immediate decision, are two important cases. One of these is the suit to test the right of Wm. A. Poole, jr., to hold the office of chief of the bureau of statistics; the other will be to determine who is entitled to act as state oil inspector and receive the fees and emoluments of that office. Attorneys in these cases expect to argue them during the first week of court, and it is thought decisions will follow before October 1. The state oil inspector suit will also determine who is to hold the office of state geologist, or, as it is now called, the bureau of geology and natural science.

Ball Games.

The games played yesterday were as follows:

National league—Boston 0, Cleveland 5; Boston 5, Cleveland 4.

American association—Athletics 11, St. Louis 0.

PHINEAS D. BARTON, the oldest citizen of Granby, Mass., has fallen in love at the age of 90, and only the watchful eyes of his sons and daughters prevent him from taking a second wife. It is said that he has been courting widows in three different towns.

SAD TIDINGS.

The Death of James Parmin, at Denver, Col.

August Parmin received a telegram this afternoon from Denver, Col., that his son James who went to that city a short time ago to reside, died suddenly to-day, but gave no particulars as to the cause of his death. His remains will be brought home for interment.

Miss Daun, of Chicago, will give massage treatment and Swedish movement thoroughly recommended for nervous prostration, paralysis, stiff joints, and rheumatism. Indorsed by the eminent physicians of this city. Private rooms, 24 West Berry street.

As Eve remarked to Adam: "The fall has come."

It don't pay to hang damaged wall paper if Fred Kruibaum sells good Wall Paper at 4 cents per roll. Call at 90 Barr street and get prices before placing your order.

WANTED to rent a good stock farm, Apply to James A. Reilly, Walton avenue. d&w,

Any person intending to begin a course of study in bookkeeping or shorthand, should not fail to call at McDermut & Whitleather's Business college.

Get your natural gas pipe put in by John Pressler. 10-5t

Large Shipment of Grapes—150 Baskets From Kelly Island.

Delaware and Concord Grapes, 11-pound baskets, 40c each.
Choice Crawford Peaches, 35c basket.
Choice Bananas, 15c dozen.
Pound Bartlett Pears, 25c peck.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Fine Jewelry at Voirol's.

The anxiety over the location of the new East Main street bridge is now at an end, as the commissioners have decided upon a location at the Columbia street site. So might the sufferers from Hay Fever and Catarrh be relieved of his anxiety if he knew the safe and certain remedy for his disease to be found at No. 41 West Berry street. There is no malady that affords such speedy and permanent relief as compound oxygen. Those who try to get relief by change of climate only go to a place where the oxygen of the air is more abundant. Inhaling compound oxygen furnishes relief in the same manner. We ask only that any sufferer of either of those diseases would come to our rooms, where our large bank is in operation in which the oxygen is generated and give it a trial. Trial treatment free.

Go to John Pressler for your natural gas work. 10-5t

Bring your old books to Renner, Crabley & Co., 56 Calhoun street; they will pay you more for them than anyone else and sell you school supplies cheaper.

John Pressler has got a fine line of Mantels and Grates for natural gas. See them. 10-5t

Renner, Crabley & Co. are to be temporarily located for business at their old stand, 56 Calhoun street, when they will sell School Books and school supplies for the opening of the city schools on Monday, Sept. 16th.

John Pressler has none but the best workmen. 10-5t

Bring your old books to Renner, Crabley & Co., 56 Calhoun street; they will pay you more than anyone and sell you supplies cheaper.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at F. J. Voirol's, 244 Calhoun Street.

Renner, Crabley & Co. have a full supply of school books on hand and will exchange new books for old ones in good condition.

Real Silk Guipure Laces.

We offer to-morrow
100 pieces Black Guipure Lace,
an auction lot from New York,
at 20c and 25c yard,
popular prices 75c and 85c yard.
Come immediately for this
Great Bargain.
M. FRANK & CO.,
BEE HIVE.

First of the Season.

New York Quinces.

New York Quinces, 60c peck.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Railroad Watches at Voirol's.

Second books of the new series of readers and arithmetics to be used in the public schools of the city can be had at Renner, Crabley & Co., their old old stand, 56 Calhoun street, and will be given in exchange for old McGuffey's readers in good condition.

Fort Wayne Market.

Corrected by J. H. Manning & Co.

Flour—No. 1 white, $4.25; No. 1 red, $4.25; second class family, $3.50@4.00; Graham, 50c per sack.
Wheat—72@73.
Oats—27, New, 21@22.
Corn—In car, 40@42.
Rye—48.
Oil Meal—Perewt. $1.90.
Corn Meal—Perewt. $1.00@1.25.
Clover Seed—$4.25.
Timothy Seed—$1.50.
Flax Seed—100@$1.10.
Barley—45.
Hay—Old, $7, New, $8 per ton.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Ry

Steam Heated and Electric Light Vestibuled Trains to St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Finest Dining Cars in the World.
Through Sleeping Cars to Denver.
The route of the first "Golden Gate Special."
Excursion Tickets to Colorado.
Excursion Tickets to California.
Everything First-Class.
First-Class People patronize First-Class Lines.
Ticket Agents everywhere sell Tickets over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. 7-11-d&wtf

SIMPLY SUPREME!

In the Display of Fashionable Suitings at the House of Jos. M. Clark and Company.

The display in new fall styles of men's suitings and overcoatings at the popular house of Messrs. Joseph M. Clark & Co., on East Berry street, surpasses anything of the kind in the city. The selection of both foreign and domestic materials is the best ever kept by this house.

Mr. Perry DeHaven has been engaged in arranging the stock for the past week, and invites an inspection. Their list of customers includes the best-dressed men in the city, and not a merchant tailor in the west enjoys a better reputation for turning out a fashionable and well-fitting garment than Jos. M. Clark & Co.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 13.—It is rumored that Mr. Charles Schiff will retire from the presidency of the Queen and Crescent line.

Thimm & Gross, the druggists, will be pleased to have all who suffer from headaches give Baker's Famous Headache Specific, the new discovery, a trial. There is no other remedy which gives such universal satisfaction, and it is fast becoming a household remedy. Use it once and you will never be without it.

Don't forget that Renner, Crabley & Co., will have their old place.

Cranberries and Sweet Potatoes.

Cape Cod Cranberries, 10c quart.
Jersey Sweet Potatoes, 35c peck.
FRUIT HOUSE.

Wedding Rings at Voirol's.

Renner, Crabley & Co. will be temporarily located for business on Monday, Sept. 16th, '89, at their old quarters, 56 Calhoun street, with school supplies and school books, and will sell supplies cheap to prepare for their new stock, now on the way. They expect to open up with an entire new stock Oct. 1st; the largest and finest ever brought to this city.

Get your old tin roofs coated with pure "Trinidad Asphalte." The best Roof Paint in the world. It is cheap and will out last any roof paint in the world. Leave orders with the Osborn Remington Co., D. H. Lawton, Manager, Room 19, Pixley-Long Block. 6 tf.

Bring your old school books to Renner, Crabley & Co., 56 Calhoun street, their old stand. They will pay you more for them than any one.

A JOB.

Great Ribbon Sale.

The Bee Hive opens to-morrow 5000 pieces Fancy Silk Ribbons, Very pretty and entirely new styles, at 23c and 29c a yard, Worth double the price. M. FRANK & CO., Bee Hive.

The first term of the School of Music, at 30 West Wayne street, will begin on Monday Sept. 16.

M. H. ANDERSON,
JOSEPHINE LARGE,
F. J. Voirol's for Watches.

STRAYED—From 216 south Webster street, a white colored horn d. goes by the name of Jim. 14-1t

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

BIG DRIVES
—IN—
DRY GOODS.

One Bale yard-wide
UNBLEACHED MUSLIN,
At 4c. per Yard.

One Case, good quality,
CANTON ✻ FLANNELS!
At 4 1-2c pr Yard.

100 BOXES Fancy Ruchings
At 10c per yard, worth 25c.

EXTRA BARGAINS
—IN—
Linen Towels!
At 10, 12½ and 25c.

A complete New Line of
Chenille Portierss,
Lace Curtains,
Poles and
Brass Trimmigs,
Roller Shades, &c.
All at Our Usual Low Prices.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
Dozois, Beadell & Co.
(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

Excursions to Chicago via the Pennsylvania Lines.

For the Industrial Exposition excursion tickets will be sold to Chicago and return via the Pennsylvania lines at a rate of $4.20 from Fort Wayne on Tuesdays, September 10th, 17th, 24th, October 1st, 8th and 15th, good returning until the Monday following date of sale. Rate includes admission to the Exposition. 7-nkm-td

Second-hand school books of the new series can be bought cheaper at Renner, Crabley & Co's. and will be given in exchange for McGuffey's readers at prices below any one. Bring on your old McGuffey's readers.

J. G. THIEME & SON,
Clothiers and Tailors.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS!
FOR FALL ARE NOW
✻READY+FOR+INSPECTION.✻

Our stock of Suitings, Overcoat Patterns and Trowserings is more complete than ever.

COR. CLINTON & COLUMBIA.

THIEME BROS'.
THE LEADING
✻ TAILORS. ✻
are now prepared to show their new fall goods.
Novelties in Overcoats, Suits and Trousers.
A Line of Our
SPECIAL IMPORTATIONS.
We only can show them.
12 West Berry Street.

NOTHING EQUAL TO IT!
Blooker's Dutch Cocoa!
CHOICEST, PUREST AND BEST!
In the World. It aids Digestion and has a Soothing Effect on the whole Constitution. Physicians recommend it especially to the Weak, to Children and Convalescents, in preference to Tea or Coffee. TRY IT.

PYKE'S GROCERY
80 CALHOUN ST.